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DEMOCRATIC CONTROL OF FOREIGN POLICY

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I

ON November 23, 1912, there appeared in the London *Times* a remarkable article, from which the following is an extract:—

‘Who then makes war? The answer is to be found in the Chancelleries of Europe, among the men who have too long played with human lives as pawns in a game of chess, who have become so enmeshed in formulæ and the jargon of diplomacy that they have ceased to be conscious of the poignant realities with which they trifle. And thus war will continue to be made, until the great masses who are the sport of professional schemers and dreamers say the word which shall bring, not eternal peace, for that is impossible, but a determination that war shall be fought only in a just and righteous and vital cause.’

Less than two years later the great war broke out; and at the first shock of it, it was regarded as just such a war of diplomats. Thus the *Standard*, a conservative organ, said on August 3, 1914:—

‘We do not know what sort of children our grandchildren will be, but if they are at all like ourselves they will recall with astonishment how Europe went to war in 1914 without passion, VOL. 118—NO. 2

or hatred, or malice—how between two and three hundred millions of people set out to slaughter one another in a fatalistic way merely because the diplomatists had arranged things so. . . . The Powers of Europe are at each others’ throats in obedience to a barren diplomatic formula.’

Presently, under the stress of war, this truth became too intolerable to be credible. People cannot fight unless they believe that they are fighting for a great cause; and so, in fact, they always manage to believe it. None the less, these voices at the outset of the war were the true ones. It is a diplomats’ war. None of the peoples wanted it, and none of them would have stood for it, if in some way they could have been jointly consulted in the light of full knowledge of the fact. But they were not consulted, either jointly or severally, no more in the countries called democratic than in the autocracies. If they had been, there would have been no war. Hence the movement for the democratic control of foreign policy.

That movement, I believe, is essentially sound. The existing situation, in democratic countries, is on the face of it preposterous. On questions of domestic policy, in such countries, the people are constantly consulted. An

insurance bill, a shop-hours bill, an education bill, a land bill, are canvassed eagerly and passionately in Parliament and the country. The whole press is set in motion; public meetings are held, deputations are arranged, ministries rise and fall. But where hundreds of millions of money and hundreds of thousands of lives are concerned; where the very existence of the country is at stake; where the decision to be taken involves not an extra tax, or a tentative experiment in social legislation, easily to be recalled or modified if it does not succeed, but the immediate summoning of the whole manhood of the country to kill and be killed in ways of unimaginable horror; when, in short, that very thing to the fostering and development of which every act of man, private and public, is rightly and exclusively directed; when life itself is to be destroyed wholesale, that decision, the most terrible any nation can be called upon to take, is precipitated by the fiat of half a dozen men, working in the dark, without discussion, without criticism, without a 'by your leave' or 'with your leave'; and those who are to sacrifice, in pursuance of it, everything which hitherto they have created and cherished, have no other choice than to accept the decision and pay the intolerable price. Surely only a god should have such power over men! And we give it to an emperor or a secretary of state!

That, in brief, is the general case for democratic control of foreign affairs. And to any one who believes at all in the root principle of democracy, the control by men of their own lives and their own affairs, it must seem a strong one. There are, however, real difficulties felt in accepting it even among men otherwise democratically minded. And these difficulties must be fairly considered.

It seems to be thought by many that

there is something about foreign policy peculiarly difficult to understand; that it is a thing of mysteries and special faculties, so that, although the methods of representative government may be trusted to conduct us safely through all the intricacies of our home affairs, though the people, roughly and in the last resort, are fit to decide about free trade and tariff reform, contributory or non-contributory insurance, the nearer or remoter effects of this or that method of taxation, and all the innumerable questions, difficult even to experts, that are raised by almost any of the legislative measures adopted year by year in progressive countries; yet the same people are specially and peculiarly unfit to judge about international relations.

This contention appears to me mistaken. Foreign questions, I suggest, are commonly simpler and more comprehensible than domestic ones. The difficulties connected with the former are rather moral than intellectual. The hard thing is not to see what would be the right thing, but to get the right thing done, where, on every side, there is suspicion, fear, jealousy, and bad will.

Let me illustrate from some contemporary issues. Take the case of Morocco. Essentially, what was it? The French wanted to annex Morocco. The Germans were opposed to this, mainly because they were interested in the trade and resources of the country. The British were willing to consent to a French annexation, so long as the strip of coast opposite Gibraltar did not fall into the hands of the French or of any strong power. Nothing can be simpler than all this. It is not an intellectual problem at all. It is a contention for power and influence. Compare it, for difficulty of an intellectual kind, with the question of the ultimate effects on employment, wages,

and prices, of a protective tariff. Yet it never occurs to any one to withdraw this latter question from the ultimate control of the people.

Take again the Balkan question. It is, of course, intricate. It requires for its solution knowledge of a number of facts about races, boundaries, and the like. But so far as questions of general policy are concerned, — questions that alone could be laid before a Parliament, — the matter is simplicity itself. Is Austria to eat up those peoples? Is Russia to eat them up? Or are they to eat up one another? Or is such an arrangement to be promoted as will separate out the nationalities, so far as may be practicable, and permit them each to develop freely in their own way? The difficulty here is to get people to do the right thing, not to see what the right thing is. And so far as the Balkan question concerns this country, I conceive Parliament to be as competent to decide what attitude we should adopt toward it as it is to decide upon the desirability of fixing by law the wage of agricultural laborers.

Or take the Mexican question. It is complicated, of course. But the main difficulty for the ordinary citizen in forming an opinion about it is that he is kept ignorant of essential facts, such as the operations of the American and British oil or railroad interests, and their influence on the political situation. But if the facts were sufficiently made known, it seems clear that the decision of American policy would turn upon the answer to be given to certain questions which are exactly of the kind that ought to be submitted to the people, as: Ought we to recognize any government that can keep order in Mexico, or only such a government as stands for the interests of the Mexican people? Does American honor require us to go to war because the American flag has been insulted? Or because

American citizens have been murdered on the frontier? Is the Mexican anarchy so serious and incurable that the United States have an interest and a duty to end it at the cost of a long and bloody war?

These are not easy questions to answer, even when the relevant facts are known. They will be answered differently by different temperaments. But they are not — like tariff questions, for example — questions for experts. There can be no experts in such matters. The problems are moral — for what issues will we take what risks and make what sacrifices? And it is exactly such questions that a democracy exists to answer.

It may be urged, in reply, that the objection to democratic control of foreign affairs is not that the questions are too complicated, but that they are too important for popular decision. Their importance is, I think, often misrepresented by those who concern themselves with international relations. They are apt to assume that the real business of a state is its foreign policy, and that domestic policy is a kind of sordid game, dividing a nation and weakening it in the pursuit of its true purposes. Whereas a just estimate would show that the contrary is the case: that, for example, the domestic questions that have been rightly pre-occupying England and France during the last decade touch vitally those real needs of men and women which it is difficult to bring into any relation at all to the issues that led up to the war. Still, foreign policy is very important, if only because it may produce war. But then, what reason is there to suppose that, for this reason, the people, if properly informed, would be unfit to deal with it?

In fact, two opposite charges are brought against them, either of which might be true at one time or another.

It is supposed that they would not be ready to face the test of war, when it was vital to the nation's interest that they should. And it is supposed that they would rush into war when their wise counselors would have kept them out of it.

Either of these things might certainly happen. But what happens now? What has been happening for centuries? Let us take the present war. What are all Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians saying? Are they not accusing the German government of precipitating upon Europe a monstrous and unnecessary war? Are they not urging that the only way to prevent such a catastrophe in the future is the democratization of the German constitution? That is, precisely, the calling in of the people to put an end to aggressive jingoism! Perhaps that method might be unsuccessful. My point is, that the other method has also been unsuccessful. Or look at Austria. These diplomats who sent the ultimatum to Serbia, who refused to extend the time-limit, who rejected recourse to arbitration, who rejected diplomatic mediation — could the parliament of a democratic country have done worse? Is it not practically certain that it would have done otherwise and better? Or turn to the case of Italy. The Italian government, we are told, was forced into the war by popular enthusiasm. I do not know whether this is a true account. But, if it be, for those who believe in the cause of the Allies it is an example of the sound instinct of the people, defeating the erroneous calculations of statesmen.

It is true that upon foreign policy issues of life and death hang more immediately and perilously than upon domestic. It is true that parliaments and peoples cannot be trusted to decide with infallibly right judgment. But that is true also of statesmen and

diplomats. There is nothing special about foreign policy which makes democratic principles less applicable there than in other departments of national life. Broadly, almost every question of foreign policy is one of power, or of the prestige which is a guaranty of power. And it is precisely on these questions of power that the people ought to pronounce, since it is their blood that has to purchase or maintain the power. What bearing has this 'power' on the good life of men, our own or that of others for whom we may be rightly responsible? There is the most general problem of foreign policy, put as it ought to be put. How the people would answer it I do not take upon myself to say. I think they would answer it not as the diplomats have done. But, in any case, it is for them to answer it, if it is for them to answer anything at all. I doubt whether any one will deny this who at all accepts democracy.

There is then, I would urge, on the face of the facts, the same reason for subjecting to public control the issues of foreign policy that there is for so subjecting any other issue. This does not imply the dispensing with training and knowledge. It implies the putting of that training and knowledge at the disposal of the nation for its instruction, and the acceptance of the verdict of the nation thus instructed. We, in England, require a Salisbury, a Lansdowne, a Grey. Americans require a Root or a Lansing. But in a democracy these men are required, not to direct a passive nation, but to take it into their confidence and then leave to it the decision. Now it is clear that, in Europe, at any rate, the people have no control over foreign policy, even in countries otherwise democratic. This war certainly was sprung upon the British nation. True, after it had been so sprung, the nation endorsed it. But it

was in the years preceding that the control ought to have been exercised. How the control would have operated must be matter of conjecture. But it is clear that, from a democratic point of view, the nation ought to have known what policy was being pursued and what the risks were. It could then have decided whether it would pursue a policy that might land it at any moment in a European war (in which case, presumably, it would have made the requisite preparations), or whether it would alter the whole direction of its policy, by proceeding, for example, on the lines indicated by Sir Edward Grey in his often-quoted dispatch.¹ Or if it should have become evident, in attempting that change, that Germany was bent upon war, it would have been all the better that the fact should be known and the requisite measures taken. The result of not taking the nation into the confidence of the government was about as bad as anything could be — a policy drifting into war without making any adequate preparations for war.

II

That the peoples of Europe have, in fact, even in countries otherwise democratic, no control over foreign policy will hardly be disputed. But the question remains, how does this come about? In detail, the answer will be different in different countries, according to the details of constitutional machinery and parliamentary procedure. But one fundamental fact ap-

¹ 'And I will say this: if the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavour will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia and ourselves jointly or separately.' (British White Paper, no. 101.)

plies generally. The people in no country have cared to know or control. In England, and no doubt in other countries, it is plainly true that the advent of democracy has meant, so far, not more but less interest in foreign policy. The new classes admitted to the franchise have, naturally enough, concentrated their interest on the domestic legislation that bears directly on the conditions of their life. This legislation, more and more, has taken up the time and attention of Parliament. The front benches have profited by the situation to withdraw foreign policy from the arena of party controversy. And this withdrawal has meant that discussion has been discouraged, and that the foreign secretary has been able to evade all requests for information, with the full approval of the bulk of members in the House. It is thus that the almost incredible thing has occurred, that the whole of our foreign policy has received a new direction, that Great Britain has moved away from her old friend Germany, and toward her old enemies France and Russia, that she has abandoned the policy of isolation and adopted that of alliances, and that Englishmen have made themselves liable to be involved in a European war on a gigantic scale and to be converted, contrary to the whole tradition of our liberties, into a military and conscript nation, almost without notice being taken in the country of this tremendous transformation, carried out by the Foreign Secretary and a handful of officials at the Foreign Office, without ever becoming, even in a subordinate way, an issue at a general election.

Now, it would hardly be honest to put the blame for all this on the Foreign Secretary and the Foreign Office. They prefer, no doubt, to conduct foreign affairs autocratically, and are skeptical of the new point of view that

an instructed democracy might bring to bear upon them. But, after all, in the English system any matter can be made public and brought under control if the people are determined to do it. And in England it must be admitted that, if this has not been done, it is because the people have not cared to do it. A foreign secretary would have had to give information, if it had been made clear that otherwise there would be a vote of censure. And improvements in the machinery of our parliamentary government, useful and necessary as they may be, will not ensure democratic control, unless the people are determined to have it. Will they be determined? I cannot say. But after the experience of this war, it does not seem likely that they will revert to the illusion that foreign policy does not concern them.

The popular control of foreign policy will become possible, then, in democratic states, if, and only if, the people care enough about it to insist upon having it. But not all states are democratic, or likely to become so in the immediate future. And it is urged that democratic diplomacy must be at a disadvantage when it has to deal with an autocracy. But this is not self-evident. Has autocratic diplomacy, in fact, shown itself to be so intelligent and effective? German diplomacy certainly has not. It has led Germany into a war in which she is faced by a coalition unexampled since that which combined against Napoleon; and no one is more critical of German diplomacy than the German people.

Autocracy is no guaranty of good diplomacy. Nor, of course, is democracy. There can be no such guaranty. The advantage of democracy is that it puts responsibility for failure where it should reside, with the people who have to take the consequences. And to those who urge that the people, in

fact, would be less careful of the national interest, and less willing to make sacrifices for it than professional diplomats, it must be replied, first, that there is no evidence of this; secondly, that if it were true it would still be no argument.

The time has gone by for intrusting the destinies of nations to the supposed wisdom of experts. Experts, if indeed they exist, should advise, they should not control. The decision must rest with the nation, that is, with the total result of all the forces, material, moral and intellectual, progressive and regressive, pacifist and militarist, which combine in it and contend for mastery. To desire to withdraw foreign affairs from the control of this growing life, to keep them as a mystery for a profession, or a clique, or a class, is to attempt to fasten upon the present and the future the stamp of the past, to assume in this one department of life unchanging facts and principles, and a finished science. People who so think have too narrow a conception of democracy. Democracy is the whole sum of the arrangements whereby all the faculties of a nation are brought to bear upon its public life. The representative system — itself, no doubt, capable of and requiring much improvement — is the machinery by which the decisions thus reached are translated into action.

Our present conduct of foreign affairs, even in otherwise democratic countries, is a survival from a different order, where a nation was regarded as mere passive stuff from which a few men, with credentials held to be divine, should shape what figure they might choose. That order, I believe, has passed with the conceptions on which it rested. A new order is struggling into life. And from the principles of that new order no department of life can claim to be exempt.

Supposing democratic control to be established, what would be its effect on peace and war? I am one of those who think it would make for peace. Not that I suppose the mass of men to be less pugnacious and bellicose than the class that has hitherto conducted foreign policy. This war has proved, if proof were needed, that an artisan is of much the same stuff as a nobleman; as obstinate when he is in a fight, as averse from reason and reflection, as determined to go on till he has won and never to inquire what can be gained or lost by winning. Once let a war be on the near horizon and the people will lose their heads just as much as any one else. But it is in the process of getting the war on to the horizon that I should expect a change. The governing classes have been influenced in their foreign policy, partly by the abstract idea of power, partly by class interests. They have been appealed to by the pride of being a 'dominant race'; by a sporting feeling about war; by an instinct that war puts them back into the position of ascendancy to which they feel that they have a natural right.

These are the 'aristocratic' motives, plainly very strong in Germany, and not without considerable influence in England. To these must be added the more modern motives of plutocracy: the intrigues with governments of financiers and traders to push their particular interests; that whole competition between the capitalists of different nations which, directly or indirectly, has been the cause lying behind recent wars. These motives democratic control would set aside. It would insist upon putting the plain question that has hardly begun to influence governments in their conduct of foreign affairs, though it is the only relevant question: How does your policy bear upon the life of the people? A radical transformation was begun in the whole

direction of domestic policy when the much-maligned utilitarians brought that question forward in a way in which it could no longer be evaded. But the question has never yet been put effectively, and so that it cannot be evaded, to the directors of foreign policy. Democratic control would mean that it would be put; and the consequences, I believe, would be all favorable to peace. And that, not because the people are, as individuals, all pacific, nor because they are idealists, but because their general interest and outlook is favorable to peace.¹

To what extent what has here been said about European conditions is also applicable to America, American readers can best judge. To a foreigner it appears as though the conditions of popular control were present there more fully than in any other country. The president, it is true, has enormous powers; and although he cannot actually declare war, he can, of course, conduct negotiations in such a way that Congress has no choice save to declare it. On the other hand, the fact that he is an elected officer, and, in his first term, commonly seeks reelection; the absence of a trained bureaucracy with a tradition, in the conduct of foreign affairs, indifferent to and contemptuous of the will and the judgment of the nation; and the apparent desire of the president to feel the support of public opinion, and for that reason to take it into his confidence — these conditions seem to offer good guarantees that the foreign policy of America, as it comes to be more and more important, may not be withdrawn into that night of secrecy in which the wars of Europe are engendered.

From this point of view, it may perhaps be suggested, Americans would do

¹ That is, to international peace. I am not here discussing the causes or possibility of civil war.
— THE AUTHOR.

well to watch very carefully the growth of an expert diplomatic service. For there seems to be nothing in the nature of the case to prevent such a body, once it has been created, from dominating a president necessarily preoccupied with other concerns, as it can dominate foreign secretaries in European countries, and so, by an imperceptible process, substituting its irresponsible decisions for the judgment of the magistrate elected by the people, supported by public confidence, which he has invited and received. In no department of democratic government is it so urgent as in this to solve the problem of *associating expert knowledge with government* without allowing the experts to determine policy.

Granting that the people in the different states should have an effective will to control foreign affairs, the machinery of constitutional government will have to be adapted to this purpose. The method of doing this must be worked out in each case by those who are conversant with the constitutional theory and practice of the countries concerned. It is, however, important to insist that there must be international as well as national publicity. All nations must have an opportunity, in the case of an acute dispute, of know-

ing the position and claims of all other nations. This can be done only through a full inquiry by an international authority which shall publish to the world its findings and recommendations.

The creation of an authority for this purpose, and an agreement on the part of the nations to refer their disputes to it, is the essential feature of that American 'League to Enforce Peace,' with whose proposals the governments of the states of Europe are openly associating themselves, and the inauguration of which in the United States may prove to be a turning-point in international history.

There is no magic means of conjuring war. The passions, the cupidities, possibly even the convictions of nations may provoke it in the future, as they have done in the past. But at least it should be possible to secure that, if there is to be war, it should be the people themselves that choose it with their eyes open; and that, if a whole generation of young men is to be destroyed, at least they should see the catastrophe coming and be able to affirm with full knowledge that so it had to be and that to them no choice was given. 'Εν δὲ φάει καὶ ὀλεσσον.' 'Destroy us, if it must be so. But let it be in the light.'

PANSIES

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

[*Mrs. Basil de Sélincourt*]

I

'Of course it is a horrid little garden, but one gets so fond of one's own things, even when they are horrid,' said Miss Edith Glover, with her gentle deprecatory laugh.

She stood with her friend at the door of the conservatory that led from the sitting-room to the oblong plot of garden — a small, middle-aged woman, with soft brown eyes, and hair the color of a faded leaf; her wasted throat and transparent temples and faint yet feverish flush marking her already with menacing symptoms.

The conservatory was of the sort that crops out irrelevantly at the back of many suburban houses, like glaucous fungi; but in Miss Glover's little establishment, its shelves filled with neatly ranged boxes of seedlings, with bundles of raffia, tidy baskets, and carefully garnered labels, it was completely utilitarian, with never a fern or begonia to recall its usual state. Miss Glover's house was suburban, or nearly so, for though it stood in secure detachment from other villas on the southern slopes of a small Surrey town, the town, on its northern side, spread into ugly patches of red brick that devoured the woods and fields and ran long tentacles almost up to London. Acacia Road was removed from this peril of vitality, and its upper windows looked over pleasant stretches of untouched hill and meadow.

The Nook had been left to Miss Glover by an aunt five years ago, and to her it was, from its porch before to its garden behind, a paradise pure and simple, though she described the garden now, in showing it to Florrie Lennard, so disparagingly. If she called it horrid, however, it was only because, with her strong sense of other people's claims and opinions, she recognized that to Florrie, accustomed to grand weekends at big country-places, it must, *qua* garden, look very dim and meagre. That it must also look, in its humility, very lovely, she took for granted.

Mrs. Lennard, however, standing with her on the conservatory step, her robust silken arm protectingly and benevolently laid within hers, did not contradict her, though her cheerful eyes roamed kindly over the borders of pansies, the beds of mignonette, and the clumps of sweet peas in the corners; but her kindness was for her friend rather than for the garden, and she said, 'You have n't had strength, I expect, for doing more with it.'

'I've never had much strength,' said Miss Glover. 'It does n't want much hard work, luckily. The pansies go on from year to year and only need dividing in the autumn, and then there are the bulbs, of course, in spring; I have crocuses and daffodils and narcissi and some beautiful tulips. The rest I do with penny packets. All those sweet peas and all that mignonette came from two penny packets.'

'You can't expect much for a penny, can you?' said Mrs. Lennard with her rather jovial air; and now she stepped down on to the narrow strip of lawn that had a bird-bath sunken in the middle and a rose-bush at each corner, of the kind now seldom seen, known as Prince Charlie or Maiden's Blush — dark and small of foliage, with flat flowers that would be snowy were they not tinged with a cold pink. They always made Miss Glover think of an old Scotch ballad. Their flowering season was over, now, however. The old *Pyrus japonica* that grew against the wall was also, long since, over, though its fresh, vigorous green embossed the dull bricks; but on the wall opposite, a Madame Alfred Carrière was throwing out a second blooming, dreamy, melancholy, and romantic as only she could be. Madame Alfred Carrière made Miss Glover think of a Chopin waltz, and she hoped that Florrie might at all events remark favorably on her abundance. But Florrie hardly glanced at her. Pausing, as they paced the lawn, to look with tolerant interest at the bird-bath, she observed, —

'I've just been staying with the Isaacsons in Hertfordshire. Such a lovely place. They've a broad sanded walk leading from the house to the rose-garden, as long as — well, to the end of this road, and it's arched with roses all the way, a regular roof of roses, the latest climbers; I never saw such a sight. And their herbaceous border, even now, is a blaze of color. I wish you could see it. It would do you good. It did *me* good, I know. I told Mrs. Isaacson I always feel a better woman after a week-end in her garden. Flowers mean so much to me. I can't get along without them. I run down to the Isaacsons whenever, as I say to her, I need an æsthetic cocktail. Of course they've half a dozen gardeners working from dawn till dewy eve.

You can do pretty much what you want in the way of gardens when you're as rich as the Isaacsons. What it must have cost them to make that sunken rose-garden! — all flagged between the beds, and with a sun-dial and a fountain in the middle and bowers of roses all about. They terraced the lawns, too, with flights of stone steps leading down one from the other, and great white stone vases on the pilasters simply foaming over, my dear, with pink geraniums. Against the blue sky it's dazzling.

'Such nice people they are, too, the Isaacsons. Di, the eldest girl, is marrying Lord Haymouth next week, you know. People say it's a *mariage de convenance*, of course, for she's to have £50,000 and he's without the proverbial penny. But I happen to know it's a love match: love at first sight; a regular *coup de foudre*. I was with the Isaacsons at Ascot this spring when they met, and I saw in a moment that Di's fate was sealed. Do you remember the big photo of Di in court dress on the piano in the flat? No? Well, I should have thought it could n't have escaped notice. Such a splendid young creature; dark, proud, glowing beauty. I think, when they're young, there's nothing to beat a beautiful Jewess. She has a gorgeous voice, too, Di; could have made her fortune in grand opera. I've given her a gold cigarette-case with her monogram in diamonds and rubies. It nearly broke me; but they've always been simply sweet to me. She's very fond of smoking. Smokes too much, her mother and I tell her, though I'm afraid *I'm* not a very good example to set before the young!'

Mrs. Lennard's face, while she thus spoke, expressed her contentment with the Isaacsons, with herself, the cigarette-case, and life in general. It was large and ruddy and masterful, with aquiline nose and small, jocund mouth,

creasing to the chin in a deep line that spoke of good nature and ingenuous sensuality; the full throat supported by a high lace collar, well boned up behind the ears; the prominent blue eyes at once bland and beaming. She was tall, of a fine presence, her handsome bosom thickly decorated with turquoise ornaments, her shoes of glittering patent leather; and from her wrist dangled a purse of fringed and woven gold — an offering to her from the proprietor of the lady's paper that, for many years, she had edited with so much *flair* and ability.

She had made a very good thing of her life, had Mrs. Lennard; and, nearing the fifties as she was, she had amassed a small but secure income and a large number of affluent friends; friends always engaged in vigorous and costly pursuits that involved many rich toilettes, meals to the sound of orchestras in sumptuous restaurants, and constant motoring from place to place. Among such friends poor Edie Glover had not counted. She and Mrs. Lennard had been schoolmates in early days when their fortunes, one as the daughter of a poor parson and one of a poor doctor, were equally unpromising. But Florrie had married an ambitious young journalist, typified always, in Miss Glover's memory, from her one rather dazed and shrinking impression of him, by extraordinarily smart mustard-colored spats and the weighty and imposing seal ring on his finger; and, though early widowed, Florrie had followed along the paths where he had set her feet with an energy and shrewdness that he could not have bettered.

Meanwhile, poor Edie — for so Mrs. Lennard always thought of her — struggled through many years of waning youth to make her living, and support her mother, as a music-teacher in London. Mrs. Lennard, even when the tides of her own fortune ran low, never

lost sight of her. She had always been the kindest of friends, sowing the Glovers' dun-colored days with 'complimentary' theatre or concert tickets and asking them frequently to tea with her at her club. Even after Edie, now alone in the world, had retired to Acacia Road and left youth and London behind her, Mrs. Lennard, who had the air of fully possessing both, kept constantly in touch. She had never managed, it was true, but for one half hour as she motored by on a winter's day, to visit Acacia Road; but it was to her flat on the borders of Westminster and Charing Cross that Miss Glover always came when called to London by mild necessities or pleasures. Florrie insisted on it; and though, in some ways, Miss Glover would have preferred the house of her cousin in Bayswater, — overflowing with children as it was, and offering only the tiniest of back bedrooms on the top floor, — or the villa of a school-mistress friend at Golder's Green, it had always been impossible to resist Florrie's determined benevolence.

'Nonsense, my dear Edie,' she would say. 'Your cousin can't want you. You'll only be in the way, with those dozens of children. And as for Golder's Green, what can you see of London from Golder's Green?' (Florrie overlooked the fact that for forty-odd years Miss Glover had done nothing but 'see' London.) 'You'll be worn out with tubes and motor-buses if you go to Golder's Green. Whereas with me you are ten minutes from everywhere, be it dentist or dressmaker or concert, and your bedroom's waiting for you — Muriel Lestrangle left me only last Monday; and you can't make me believe you'd not rather have your bath in my lovely porcelain tub, with steaming hot water day *and* night, than in one of those awful, antediluvian, blistered monsters, that fold you up like a jack-

knife — and the tin of tepid water hauled up four flights by a slavey. I know my London, my dear, through *and* through, and any pleasure here depends upon how you start your day, upon your bath and your breakfast. I can't offer much, but I can offer both of those, A number one.'

So she could. Miss Glover could not deny it, though loyally and unheededly murmuring that the villa at Golder's Green had also its bathroom. It could n't, however, compare with Florrie's, all snowy tiles and glittering taps and ranged jars and bottles of salts and scents. Florrie's bathroom seemed to her always to be the very centre and symbol of Florrie's life — modern, invigorating, rejuvenating, at once utilitarian and decorative. It was a sort of brilliant magician's cave from which all the rest radiated: the compact yet so sumptuous little drawing-room with its baby-grand and its palm, its silver-framed photographs, frilled crêtonnes, and rose-colored carpet; the dining-room, even more compact, yet, in its sobriety, as sumptuous — where the breakfasts always, in spite of familiarity, broke upon Miss Glover as revelations of what coffee and rolls and kidneys and bacon could be in the way of strength and heat and crispness; even the pink silk quilt beneath which she crept at night, and the little maid who brought her early tea, looking, in her fluted caps and aprons, as though she belonged to a theatrical troupe — all seemed emanations of that magic centre where Florrie lay of a morning in hot, scented water and read the paper and smoked a cigarette before emerging armed and panoplied for the avocations and gayeties of the day.

Yet it was not so much Florrie's bathroom and breakfasts, or even Florrie's kindness, that overbore her protests as Florrie's determination, her way of knowing so much better

than you yourself could know what was not only good, but happy for you. There was never an answer to be found to her; and though Florrie's flat, with all its sumptuousness, dazed and even tired Miss Glover a little, just as dear Florrie herself sometimes dazed and tired her, she found herself installed there always, feeling her own pursuits, her little tea-parties, her concerts, her timid, bewildered shopping, to be very humdrum and inappropriate as issuing from such a base of operations. The only return she was able to make was to emboss Florrie's sheets and towels and table-linen with beautifully embroidered monograms, and she had always a slight and pleasant sense of being, at all events, a country mouse who had contributed its little offering of grain or honey when she recognized these trophies of her craft on her bed and on the table and in the bathroom.

But the last time she had gone up that summer, only, now, three weeks ago, she had found herself suddenly of a significance almost as great as that of any of Florrie's brilliant friends. To become significant to Florrie one had either to be brilliant or piteous, and she was piteous. Florrie had gone with her to the doctor's, and it was Florrie, kind Florrie, an arm about her shoulders and a breast spread to her tired head, who had broken to her the verdict.

She was menaced, gravely menaced. — Yes; it did not surprise her — she had thought it might be that. She had seen her father and two sisters die of it. — And unless she could go away and spend a year in a Swiss open-air cure, the doctor did n't think she'd live through the winter.

Seated on Florrie's frilled sofa, while Florrie, all encompassing tact and urgency, passed on the verdict, it was not of it that she first thought. Her mind, perhaps in an instinctive recoil, fixed itself upon the oddly insistent impres-

sion of pinkness that she was aware, suddenly, of receiving. Florrie's blouse, under her cheek, was a bright blur of pink; and when she turned her eyes away from that they met, everywhere, garlands of roses looped with knots of blue ribbon on a background of white and pink stripes. Too much pink; this was the absurdly irrelevant criticism that, dimly, but as if culminatingly, emerged. She must have felt it as too pink for many years, but only now was she aware of it. And then, with a sense of refuge, came the vision of her pansies: those borders of white and purple pansies under the dull brick wall that she had looked at so fondly that morning before starting for her journey. But she would have to leave her pansies, then; not only for a season; perhaps forever.

It was in this form and in this roundabout way that the thought of death became real to her; with pathos rather than poignancy and with yearning regret rather than fear. She did not feel afraid of dying. Her quiet little faith that, though so still, was deep enough for all her needs, had sunken wells of wordless security in her. She was not afraid; but the thought of leaving her flowers, her garden, the skyey view from her bedroom window, symbolized for her all the sadness of death. There was, indeed, nothing else to regret much. Every one she had loved most dearly was gone; and when all was said and done, and in spite of the peace of the last five years, she was a battered, tired little creature, with few of the springs of desire left in her. Her life, as she looked back on it, seemed to have been spent, for the most part, in crowded buses on wet evenings, with not enough lunch behind and not enough dinner before her; in those, and in going up and down the steps of strangers' houses. There had been, of course, more than that; she had never,

except when her dearest young sister died, been very unhappy, and there had been interests and alleviations always—beautiful evening walks across the Park and relaxations over tea with a book before the fire in her lodging-house sitting-room; but the past, when she called it up in an image, seemed always to crumple into that jolting, rattling, wet, and crowded omnibus. So there was not much strength now left in her for resistance or regret; but she would do her best to live, and that really meant that she would do her best not yet to leave her garden.

When she was older, too old to dig a little, divide the pansies in autumn and sow the penny packets in spring, too old to care for the Madame Alfred Carrière or the *Pyrus japonica*, would be time enough to go. But in coming back to it that evening, she knew how deeply, how tenaciously she loved her garden. It was the only thing she had ever owned in her life, the only thing she had ever made: her work and creation; its roots seemed to go down into her heart; and she could not feel that in heaven there would be old white roses and white and purple pansies and mignonette and sweet peas that one had sown one's self from penny packets.

II

At first, when Florrie told her, the verdict had seemed unescapable. She had said, after the little silence in which she received it,—the silence in which much had happened to her,—she had said, in a very quiet voice that had surprised herself, 'I'm afraid it's no good, then, Florrie dear. I can't afford to go away.'

Aunt Kate had left her only the house and its contents. She had saved only the tiniest sum herself—just enough to yield an income that paid for her food and light and coal. To

pay for Jane, her good old servant, to pay for her clothes and washing, to pay for the trips to London and the crumpets and cakes that she gave her friends at tea in Acacia Road, she had still to depend upon the pupils that, fortunately, she had found in the small Surrey town. On three afternoons a week she sallied forth, peacefully indeed, with no sense of anxiety or pressure, and made her way to the houses of the doctor, the rector, the big London manufacturer, and instructed their young daughters in the excellent Munich method that she had imbibed in youth. With these delightfully convenient strings to her bow she could manage perfectly. But to give them up and to pay for an open-air cure in Switzerland was outside the bounds of her possibilities.

So she explained, in the quiet voice, to Florrie; and it was then that Florrie, revealing herself as a more wonderfully kind friend than even in Miss Glover's grateful eyes she had always been, said, the tears suddenly hopping down her cheeks and making dark spots on the pink silk blouse, —

'Stuff and nonsense, my dearest Edie! What do a few pounds more or less matter at a time like this? You *shall* go! It's a question of life or death. Now, not a word, my dear, and listen to me. *I'll* send you. It'll be the proudest day of my life that sees you off. What's all my good luck worth to me if I can't give a friend a helping hand when she needs it? I can sell out some investments. I've more than enough, and I'll soon fill my stocking again. And you shall go as soon as we can get you ready; and first class, my dear, all the way, boat *and* train. Don't I know the difference it makes — and getting off to sleep on the way? Jane shall go with you to take care of you — oh, yes, she shall! — I won't hear of your going alone; and you'll come back next spring a sound woman.

'I know all about those Swiss open-air cures,' Florrie rushed on. 'They're magical. Poor Lady Forestalls was at death's door three years ago — there she is — over there on the piano — that tall, regal-looking woman with the Pekinese: worse than you she was, by far. And she went to Switzerland and came back in six months' time, cured; absolutely cured. Never a touch of it since. She does everything and goes everywhere. And such scenery, my dear, such flowers! You'll revel in it. And Julia Forestalls told me that the people were so interesting. She made a number of friends — Italian, German, Russian. You shall take my tea-basket, my dear. Jane can carry it easily. It's a gem; everything complete and so convenient. It makes simply all the difference on a journey if you can get a steaming hot cup of tea at any time you like, day or night. I saved Cora Clement's life with my tea-basket in Venice; she says so herself. She got chilled to the bone on the lagoons. Over there on the writing-bureau she is; American. Not a beauty, but *jolie laide*, and dresses exquisitely — as you can see. She's always taken for a Frenchwoman.'

Miss Glover, even more than usual, felt to-day that dear Florrie dazed and bewildered her a little; but the mere fact that Florrie's tears had dried so soon, that she could, so soon, be telling her about Lady Forestalls and Cora Clement, was encouraging. Miss Glover felt that her case was evidently but one among many to which Florrie had seen the happiest endings — a comparatively unalarming affair; entirely unalarming, though exceedingly engrossing, Florrie's tone and demeanor indicated, when taken in hand by such as she.

And how she took it in hand! There was no use protesting against anything. As always, Florrie made her feel that

she knew better than she herself could what was good for her. It was all arranged before they parted that day, and Florrie had further smoothed her path by declaring that nothing would suit her better, if Edie really felt fussed about the money, than to take The Nook during her absence. 'The very thing I need,' said Florrie. 'I've been thinking for some time that I must have a little place near London to run down to for week-ends. And you've that duck of a spare-room, too, I remember, where I can put up a friend; and it's so near town that people can motor down and have tea with me of an afternoon. My dear, nothing could be more providential.'

During the three weeks that followed, Florrie, in London, shopped for her, decided on the clothes she would need and the conveniences that she must take; and interesting parcels arrived at The Nook every morning. It was strange and exciting to be made much of, strange and exciting to be starting on a journey; she had not been out of England since that stay, in girlhood, in Munich; and in spite of the shadow hanging over her, the sense of haste lest she be overtaken, she felt the days of preparation as almost happy ones. Jane, it was true, was rather gloomy about everything, but even beneath her sombre demeanor Miss Glover felt sure that she, too, was touched by the sense of adventure, for Jane had never been out of England at all.

And now the boxes were all packed and Miss Glover's dressing-case stood open, half filled, in her bedroom, waiting only for her sponge-bag and pin-tray and brush and comb to be added to-morrow morning, when she and Jane and Florrie were to go up together to Victoria, and Florrie was to see them off; and while Jane prepared her most festive tea, Miss Glover had been show-

ing Florrie all over her new domain on that August afternoon when she had spoken of her garden as horrid. Florrie, in answer to her shy request that she might, perhaps, if it was n't too much bother, sow some mignonette and sweet peas for her next spring, had answered with reassuring decision, 'To be sure I will, my dear. I'll take care of everything and have it all waiting for you spick and span when you get back.' And then Jane's gong had summoned them in, and it had been reassuring, too, to see how benignant were the glances that Florrie cast about the little sitting-room while she stirred her tea and commended Jane's cakes. 'Beeswax and turpentine for all the furniture once a week. *I* know. And dusted every morning without fail.'

Yes, it was safe in Florrie's competent hands, dear little room. In her heart of hearts, though she had no faintest flicker of criticism or comparison, — except for that one strangely painful memory of the rush of pinkness, — Miss Glover very much preferred her own room, shabby and simple as it was, to Florrie's; just as, though so well aware of the relative insignificance of her garden, she knew that she would prefer it to the Isaacsons', with its arches of roses and its geraniums in white stone vases. She liked quiet, soft, gentle things; the ever-so-faded ancient chintzes on her aunt's chairs and sofa, showing here and there a ghostly bird of paradise or a knot of nearly obliterated flowers, her aunt's absurd, faded, old-fashioned carpet, — fortunately faded! — and her grandmother's Lowestoft cups ranged above the mantelpiece. Everything was in its place: her knitting-basket between her chair and the fireplace; her beaded footstool before the best armchair, where Florrie sat; the little table, with a bowl of white and purple pansies on it, where lay the daily paper and the two books

from the circulating library. All were dear to her; all spoke of continuity with the past, of long association, of quiet, small, peaceful activities; and as she looked about she knew that her heart would have sunk a little at the thought of leaving them, had it not been for Florrie's sustaining presence.

Florrie, while her second cup of tea was being made, drew forth and laid beside the tea-tray, with an air of infinite sagacity, the coupons for the reserved seats in the first-class carriage. 'I'll keep my eyes on those,' said Florrie. It was almost as if they had been tickets for some brilliant entertainment — as if, Miss Glover felt, she and Jane were going to be taken to the opera rather than to Switzerland. It was owing to Florrie that she had almost come to feel that Switzerland *was* the opera.

But that night, when they had gone upstairs and the house was still, the sense of adventure deserted her. Sitting in her dressing-gown before her mirror while, with hands that tired so easily, she brushed and braided her hair, she felt, suddenly, very middle-aged, very lonely, ill, and almost frightened. The look of her gaping dressing-case, as she glanced round at it, was frightening, as was the emptiness of the mantelpiece, from which the family photographs had all been taken to be packed, together with the Bible and prayer-book from the table near her bed. It was a room already deserted. It looked as it might look if she had died. What, indeed, in spite of Florrie's good cheer, if she were to die out there, alone, away from everything and every one she knew? And, with a curious impulse, rising to go and close the gaping dressing-case, she realized that she had not said good-bye to anything. The morning had all been spent in packing — in that and in preparations for Florrie's arrival; and all the after-

noon Florrie had been with her, and she was to be with her till her departure to-morrow. She would not again be alone in her little house; she would not again be alone in her garden. The thought of her pansies came with a pang of reproach; it was as if she had forgotten them, like children sent to bed without a good-night kiss.

She drew her curtain and looked out. Yes; there they were. The moon was shining brightly and the white pansies lay below like pools of milk upon the ground. She looked at them for some moments, while the soft fragrance of the night mounted to her and seemed with gently supplicating hands to draw her forth; and then, cautiously — for Florrie slept across the way — but with decision, she put on her heavy cloak over her dressing-gown, wrapped a shawl about her head and shoulders, and stole downstairs.

The drawing-room was very dark; she felt her way swiftly through it past the familiar objects, and the conservatory door opened on a flood of silvery light. She saw the far, shining disk, and the great black poplar tree that grew in the neighboring garden seemed vast against the sky. As she stepped out, she made herself think of Diamond in 'At the Back of the North Wind.' It was like stepping into a fairy-tale; only something more sweet and solemn than a fairy-tale, as that book was; something, for all its beauty, a little awful. But when she looked down from the moon, the sky, the poplar, there was only sweetness. The fragrance that had solicited her seemed now to welcome her, to clasp and caress her. The pansies were all looking up at her. On the wall Madame Alfred Carrière was more beautiful than she had ever before seen her, her pale flowers and buds making a constellation against the darkness.

She walked round the path, looking

at it all, so glad that she had come, smiling — a child in fairyland, or a spirit arrived in Paradise and finding it strange yet familiar — as Paradise should be. Perhaps, she thought, dying would be like that: a stepping out from darkness into something vast and solemn that would slowly gather about one into well-known and transfigured shapes, into white pansies growing thickly at one's feet. She stooped in the moonlight and passed her hands over their upturned faces. They were flowers entranced, neither sleeping nor awake; and she felt, as her fingers touched their soft, dewy petals, as if their dreams with their whiteness flowed into her. To leave them was like leaving her very self, yet the parting now was all peace and innocent acquiescence and gentleness, like them, and she was still smiling as she whispered to them, 'Good-bye, darlings.'

III

Switzerland was like the opera, and for her first months there Miss Glover felt as if she watched it from a box — very much at the back and looking past many heads at the vast display. Everything that Florrie had said was true: the scenery was more magnificent than she could have imagined, oppressively more, and the people, again oppressively, more interesting. They were, these people, engaged all of them in trying to keep alive, and, when they failed in that, in dying, dying under one's eyes from day to day; and in the publicity of such occupations there was something as abnormal as was the size of the mountains. Some of these people she came to know a little — the ones, usually, who had given up: the dear little Russian girl who, alas, died in December; the sulky, affectionate French boy; and the large yet wasted German singer who made Miss Glover think of a

splendid fruit keeping still its shell of form and color while eaten away inside by wasps. Fraülein Schmidt liked to have her play Schubert and Schumann songs to her, and still tried to sing attainable passages here and there in a queer, booming, hollow voice that made Miss Glover, again, think of the wasps imprisoned and buzzing. But most of the people remained parts of the spectacle to her. They engaged, when they were well enough, in winter sports; they talked together of books she had never heard of and of things she had never thought of; and often, moreover, she could not understand what they said, as her languages did not extend beyond rather simple French and German, and Dante with a dictionary.

The only other English person there was a young man who made her think of the Prince Charlie roses; he was sombre and delicate and beautiful and did not talk to anybody, sitting apart and reading all day long. Miss Glover wondered a good deal about him, and watched him sometimes from her place on the snow-sifted balcony when they lay there encased in fur bags and buttressed with hot-water bottles. His name was Lord Ninian Carstairs; and that was like the roses, too.

Once, when they were alone on the balcony, their recumbent chairs near one another, he lifted his eyes suddenly and found hers fixed upon him, and perhaps their wistful and ingenuous absorption touched him, for, flushing faintly, — he was a shy young man, — he asked if she were feeling better.

She said she could n't quite tell. It was difficult to tell what one felt, did n't he find? Everything was so different; so exciting in a way; and when one was excited one felt, perhaps, better than one was.

Lord Ninian laughed shortly at that, and said that he did n't feel excited; he wished he could.

'I'm depressed, too, sometimes,' said Miss Glover; and then he sighed.

'One gets so abominably homesick in this hole,' he said.

She had never thought of such splendor as being, possibly, to anybody, a hole; but she knew what it was to feel homesick. They smiled at each other when they met after that, she and Lord Ninian, and he lent her magazines and books. When she heard that he had died, — she had not seen him for a week and had feared for him, — she felt very, very sad and her thoughts turned in great longing to Acacia Road and to her garden.

She wanted very much to live to see her garden again; but she could not help being frightened lest she should not; for, as the winter wore on, it became evident to her, and all the more because every one else was so carefully unaware of it, that one of the things that Florrie had predicted was not to come true. She was not to return cured. She was not going to get better. At first the slow burning of fever had seemed only part of the excitement, but she could not go on thinking it that when it began to leave her breathless, trembling, faint. By the time that the miracle of the Alpine flower-meadows was revealed to her and she had watched the snow recede and the jonquils and anemones advance, she knew that if she wished to die at home she must soon go. They would not consent to that at once. They said that the spring months were full of magic, and she was persuaded to stay on. They were magically beautiful and she was glad to see them, but she longed more and more to see her little garden. She dreamed sometimes of her pansies at night, and it seemed to her once that as she stooped in the moonlight and touched them she was cured; the fever fell from her; a cool white peace flowed into her veins; and when she looked up from

them, the night was gone and the sun was rising over her Surrey hills.

At the beginning of June they consented that she should go. They did not tell her the truth, of course. They said that she might pass the summer in England, since she wished so much to return there, and that she must come back for next winter; but she knew that if her state had not been recognized as hopeless they would not have let her go. It was hopeless, and she summoned all her strength and resolution, that she might live until she reached Acacia Road.

IV

Florrie met her at Victoria. Florrie did not know that it was hopeless, though she knew that it was not, as yet, a cure; but from the way that she controlled her features to a determined joviality Miss Glover could infer her shock, her grief, her consternation. The glance, too, that Jane and Florrie exchanged was revealing, had she been in need of revelations.

After a night in Florrie's flat, however, she knew that she looked so much better that poor Florrie, when she came to see her in the morning, was quite erroneously cheered. '*You're all right,*' Florrie declared. '*The journey's knocked you about a bit; but once we get you down to Surrey, Jane and I, you'll pick up in no time. After all, there's no place like home, is there?*'

Miss Glover, from her pillows, smiled. She felt very fond of kind Florrie and sorry for her that she must, so soon, suffer sadness on her account.

It was difficult, in the train, to listen to Florrie's talk. After her fright of the day before, Florrie had cheered up so tremendously that she talked even more than usual, of her friends, her enterprises, of how she was going yachting that autumn with the Forestalls,

and of how Di Haymouth had just had a baby.

'A splendid boy, and Mr. and Mrs. Isaacson are fairly off their heads with pride and pleasure. Such a layette, my dear, you never saw! Real lace through and through — and the cradle of a regular little prince! I gave him a silver porringer for his christening; a lovely thing, all heavy *répoussé* work with his initials on a shield at one side. Di says it's the prettiest porringer she ever saw.'

It was difficult to listen to Florrie and to nod and smile at the right moment when she was thinking of her garden and wondering if Florrie had really remembered to sow the sweet peas and mignonette. Even if she had n't, the Madame Alfred Carrière and the Prince Charlie roses would be out, and the late tulips, and the pansies, of course. And it was such a beautiful day, just such a day as that she had risen to look at when, in her dream, the pansies had cured her.

The drive from the station up to Acacia Road was a short one. The dear, foolish little porch was there, the bow-window, the laurel-bushes. Her own home. As she saw it she felt such a lift of the heart that it seemed to her, too, that she might be going to get better after all. Florrie and Jane helped her out and she and Florrie went into the sitting-room. She looked round it, smiling, while she felt her happy, fluttering breaths like those of some wandering bird put back into its own dear cage again, safe, secure, bewildered a little in its contentment. She was like such a trivial little cage-bird; she was meant for Acacia Road, and not for Swiss mountains.

Everything was the same: even her knitting-basket stood waiting for her, and all that caught her eye with their unfamiliarity were the flowers, the profusion of flowers, standing in bowls and

vases everywhere; perhaps almost too many flowers, — that was like dear, exuberant Florrie, — and all pink.

'Oh — how lovely they are!' she said, finding the fluttering breath fail her a little. 'How dear of you, Florrie, to have it all arranged like this!'

'They look welcoming, don't they?' said Florrie, who laughed with some excitement. 'Will you rest, dear, or come into the garden?'

'Oh, the garden, please. I'm not at all tired. I can rest later.'

Florrie still led her by the arm. They went into the conservatory and there came to her then the strangest, dizziest sense of pink — everywhere pink! — shining in at her through the sea-green glass, bursting in at her through the open door.

For a moment she thought that her mind was disordered, and looked up with large, startled eyes at Florrie; but, beaming as she had never yet seen her beam, all complacency and triumphant benevolence, Florrie nodded, saying, 'Now for your surprise, my dear. Now for your garden. Just see what I've made of it to welcome you!'

They stepped out. Pink. Pink everywhere, above, below, around one. The paths were arched with swinging iron chains on which, already, the long festoons advanced. The border, heaping itself up splendidly against the wall, was splashed with white, yellow, blue and purple, a blaze of color indeed, but pink dominated, like the sound of trumpets in an orchestra. It also made Miss Glover think, strangely, sickly, of the sound of a gramophone. There was no lawn. The centre of the garden was flagged, with a highly ornamental sundial in the middle and a white garden seat and a wonderful white stone basin for the birds. There were no Prince Charlie roses, no mignonette and sweet peas; there were no pansies. Her garden had disappeared.

‘There!’ said Florrie.

She led her to the garden seat. From here Miss Glover, as she sank down upon it, could see that the back of the house was also draped with the incessant color.

‘Is n’t it a marvel!’ said Florrie. ‘I hardly dared hope they’d grow as they have, but Dorothy Perkins is a winner, and these latest climbers run her close. I spared nothing, my dear, nothing — manure, bone-meal, labor. The men were working here for a week last autumn. All the old soil was carted away and a rich loam put in three feet deep. I knew I could get them to grow up in time if I took enough pains over it. Those chains will be covered in another month. I knew it would do you more good than any open-air cure to find such a garden waiting for you. I’d defy anybody to have the blues in this garden! In its little way it’s just an epitome of joy, is n’t it? It’s done *me* good, to begin with! I’ve been having tea out here every day in my week-ends and every one who’s seen it and heard about my plan says I’m a regular old fairy with a wand. Mrs. Isaacson motored down only last Saturday and thought it was a perfect poem. And so it is, though I say it as should n’t.’

Florrie had paused on the deepest breath of purest satisfaction, and the time had come when Miss Glover must speak. She must find words to express gratitude and astonishment. She must not burst into tears. She felt that if she began to cry she would at once be very ill. She did not want to be taken ill before dear, good, kind Florrie. And it was, of course, a beautiful garden; far more beautiful than hers had ever been, no doubt; yet it hurt her so — to find her garden gone — that she heard her voice come in gasps as she said, ‘Dear Florrie — you are a wonderful friend

— you are indeed. — I can never thank you enough. It’s a miracle.’

Florrie patted her shoulder — she had her arm around her shoulders. ‘My best thanks will be to see you happy in it, Edie dear, and getting well and strong again in it. It’s a regular surprise-packet, this garden, let me tell you, my dear. It’ll go on, that border, right up till November, one thing after another: I thought it all out, pencil and paper and catalogue in hand. I went over the whole color-scheme with Mrs. Isaacson — there’s no one who knows more about it. And since most of the herbaceous things came from her garden, it did n’t cost as much as you’d think. They’ve always heaps of plants left over when they divide in autumn, and everything was at my disposal; and all the latest varieties, as I need n’t say. Wait till you see the lilies — yes, my dear, I’ve found room for everything; where there’s a will there’s a way is my motto, you know — and the phloxes and the chrysanthemums.’

She would never see them, though she was sure that they would all be very beautiful; she would never see these latest varieties from Mrs. Isaacson’s garden. And she would never see her own little garden again. How wonderfully fortunate it was — the thought went through her mind confusedly as she sat there, feeling herself droop against Florrie’s shoulder — that she was not to live with Florrie and to go on missing her own garden. How fortunate — but her thoughts swam more and more and tears dazed her eyes — that she had not to say good-bye twice to her pansies. She had died, then, really, — that was it, — on the moonlight night when she had last seen them. And she had left the house to Florrie, dear kind Florrie, and Florrie would go on having tea happily under the festoons of roses.

THE DUSK OF THE GODS

A CONVERSATION ON ART WITH GEORGE MOORE

BY JOHN LLOYD BALDERSTON

THE fall of an apple called Newton's attention to the law of gravitation, and my discovery that Art is extinct was quite as accidental. I had intended a journey of some miles to the fireside of a great financier, to ask him how much longer the international poker game can continue, the players having emptied their pockets of cash, checked away their bank balances, and commenced to buy more stacks of chips with little pieces of paper bearing the last three vowels of the alphabet and a signature. But the drizzle and fog of a London winter night made the long trip distasteful, so I went instead to a hospitable Chelsea studio near my lodgings.

George Moore was there, and to make small talk, with no intimation of the revelation about to be vouchsafed, I asked the author of *Evelyn Innes*, 'What effect will the war have on Art?'

'None whatever,' he replied. 'Art is dead. There is no more art being produced, and it is as plain as a signpost that we have entered a period as barren of Painting, Literature, and Music as were the Dark Ages.'

'Really?' I said, suppressing a desire to demand, 'What is, or was, Art? When was it born and when did it die? Who or what killed it, and for what reason? And if Art is dead now, will there ever be any more? And if old Europe, mother of masterpieces, has become barren, may not the young continents in their turn beget worthy children?'

These questions were to be answered later, for I extracted an invitation to call at Mr. Moore's home in Ebury Street and discuss the fatality. For the moment, I confined myself to the remark that the demise of Art would be felt most deeply in America, where our thoughts and hopes dwell on the future because we have no glorious past centuries to boast.

'Only one great artist is necessary to save the self-respect of a nation,' said Mr. Moore, 'and you Americans have produced two. That is enough. One was a painter, one of the greatest who ever lived: Whistler. The other was a poet. You have written well in America; you write better than we do, because you are further away from the French language, which debases English style. Hawthorne has moulded the English language into beautiful and musical rhythms, and I should grieve to think that America could forget him. Edgar Poe was a fine artist, much greater than Tennyson, though his lyre was small. But if the works of all your men of letters except one must be burned, if the writers and critics now living were called together and asked to choose what single American writer should be saved, it would be unpardonable to hesitate, even though the hesitation endured but for a moment. The best of Whitman's poems are among the grandest ever written. Hawthorne, Poe, and your lesser men — Emerson,

Longfellow, Lowell, — must all take their hats off to Whitman.'

A few days later we held an exhaustive inquest in Ebury Street. I found the great novelist clutching an American magazine. 'What about these vast preparations for war that America plans to make?' he demanded. 'I suppose you are getting ready to fight Germany in the future, alone, for that you should fight us seems as impossible as anything can be in this world where the impossible is always taking place. Why do you not come in now and help us make this war a failure for Germany, while there is yet time? It would certainly be simpler and less costly than to fight Germany single-handed, which seems to be the fate America is spinning for herself.'

Masterpieces of the Impressionist painters looked from the walls reproachfully during an opening conversation which, I thought, many superior persons for whom 'every stroke of George Moore's pen has a hieratic significance' would regard as vulgarly commonplace. We analyzed the latest *communiqués*, and Mr. Moore lamented that this French word has crept into our language, displacing without warrant or reason the English synonyms, 'communication' and 'bulletin.'

'And now,' I asked, 'will you begin by defining Art?'

'That is something men have been trying to do since the beginning of time,' Mr. Moore said. 'I suppose it has come my turn to try; I'll do my best, and my theory of the nature of Art will make it clear why there can be no Art under present conditions. All Art springs from the attempt of man to imitate Nature; but man, being an imitative animal, will imitate instead, if he gets the chance, the efforts of his fellow man to imitate Nature. If he does n't, — that is, if nations live apart and don't see each other, — he will go on

imitating Nature indefinitely, and thus continue to produce Art *ad infinitum*, for the number of ways of viewing Nature is inexhaustible.'

'But men are not hermits,' I objected. 'They don't live apart, and they always do see and imitate each other.'

'There is no harm in a man imitating his neighbors,' said Mr. Moore, 'for then he is creating a National Art. It is the communities that must not mingle together. Of course the seed must come from somewhere, but it must come accidentally, and not in large quantities. Before the days of locomotion, nations, speaking broadly, knew nothing of one another. Greek Art was ultimately derived from the Egyptian, but it was a long trip, a trip which few men made, from Memphis to Athens, and the seed from the Nile produced in Greece a new and more splendid fruit.'

'Japan, before the steamboats came, was far removed from China, and although the seed was brought from China, the Japanese developed Art in their own way, and the Chinese formula was more realistic, the Japanese more decorative. But if a shipload of Elgin marbles had been landed at Yokohama in the seventeenth century, there would have been no more Japanese Art. They would have said, "This is the thing to do," and they would have done it — badly.'

'When European Art did come to Japan, it killed the Japanese formula. The Japanese now go to Paris to paint, and a pretty mess they make of it; or they stay at home and try to imitate their own handicraft of two hundred years ago; but the inward vision has vanished from Japan, just as the Renaissance tradition, on which we have been living for four hundred years past, has vanished from France and England. The Renaissance tradition grew out of a revival of Art in an entirely new style. Why? Because men did not

know the Greek style. The Greek tradition died in the fourth century, and seven hundred years afterwards men began to build cathedrals in Gothic.

'But in the fourteenth century Greece was rediscovered, and the Renaissance has been described as a combination of Classic and Gothic, although the Renaissance people did not draw inspiration from the Gothic: their one desire was to get away from the Gothic. Greek Art arose out of the temple; Gothic Art is the art of the cathedral; the Renaissance Art is the art of the palace. In Holland in the seventeenth century the homely and comfort-loving lives of the Dutch people created the art of the house. The Dutch were inspired now and again by Italy, but the Art of the Netherlands is original as it could not have been if constant communication had existed between the two countries. As this brief mention of the genesis of the great artistic movements shows, what is important in Art is not knowledge, but ignorance. If original vision is to be attained, we must have segregation. Now we have discovered locomotion, which is another word for civilization, and civilization is a foe to ignorance.'

'So the death of Art —' I began.

'Can be summed up in one word,' Mr. Moore took me up. 'Locomotion! The steamboat and the railroad debauched the Muse and she died strangled in telegraph wires; the telephone chants her requiem. I cannot repeat too often that the masterpieces of Art are produced by segregation. The result of universal travel, universal exchange of ideas through the transportation everywhere of pictures, books, and musical scores, is the growth of the illusion that one way of imitating Nature is better than another, and in painting the way selected at the moment is the Boulevard Montparnasse way. In mathematics two and two do

make four and it is wrong to say that they make five; but in Art there is no right and wrong. Art cannot be taught, but we may learn, which is not quite the same thing; nor can Art be encouraged or repressed. To spend money on art schools and museums is absurd, and, when public funds are used, an outrage on the taxpayers.

'If it were only possible to suppress all art schools what an inestimable benefit would be conferred upon Art! The moment you set up a museum, whatever art there is in the locality is ruined at once. The Persians made the finest carpets in the world, but they simply worked away at a family industry and never dreamed they were creating art; and if any one should desire to destroy the beautiful carpet-weaving of Persia, he can do so by setting up school, to teach the Persians design, unless indeed this has already been accomplished by the introduction of machinery. Since there is no wrong or right way in Art, how pitiful are these young people from Japan and Paraguay and the United States who go to Paris and walk up and down the Boulevard Montparnasse and learn to paint like the French: especially since painting is dead in Paris—as dead as sculpture in Athens. People might as well go to Athens to learn sculpture because Phidias worked there, as go to Paris to paint because great artists once painted in Paris. All they study is the commercial art produced for purposes of exportation, which is in every way inferior to photography. It is impossible to tell an American from an English photograph—and who would now undertake to decide whether a picture was painted in Lima or in Christiania?'

'At least students do not travel to learn how to write,' I suggested.

'Literature is played out as well as painting,' said Mr. Moore, decidedly. 'Literary Art has become internation-

alized, and a modern novel reminds me of the international dinner, which consists of — I will not draw up a bill of fare and disturb any one's appetite. Russian books just now have more flavor than those of other countries, because Russia is more isolated; there are not so many railways. But the country soon will be developed and there will be an end of Russian writing. This fatal germ of internationalization even reaches communities as yet not connected physically with the outside world; there are villages in China where a hundred years ago everything that was made was beautiful, and now all things made there are inferior, although the people are still cut off from civilization. In some mysterious way their spiritual segregation has come to an end. Literature is past saving; the doubtful thing to me is whether any language worth speaking can survive.'

'Will you develop that point?' I asked.

'It is a digression in one sense,' Mr. Moore replied, 'but the debasement of languages is caused by the factors that have destroyed Art. We still have the different languages, to be sure: the waiters who serve the international dinner in every hotel in the world speak all languages with equal facility and with equal incorrectness. Men have been trying to invent the international language, and they have all failed, but it is being formed naturally; the present international war is helping to this end, and hundreds of French words, which people use because they think they look nice, have crept into the English language from the battlefields.

'William de Morgan is one of those writers who like to sprinkle their pages with French, and I asked him the other day, "Why do you scatter French phrases through your work?" "Don't you like French words, Mr. Moore?" he asked; and I said, "I avoid them."

He was surprised, and said, "I always like to put four or five French words on a page." William de Morgan, you know, did not publish his first novel until he was on towards seventy, so I answered, "Yes, Mr. de Morgan, but you came late into literature!"

'People who use French in English writing are always those who don't know French very well. They use *badinage* for 'banter,' and think there is a shade of difference—or, I suppose I should say, a *nuance* of meaning. Then they write *résumé*, which they think more refined than 'summary,' and in society every woman is *très raffinée*. I met an author who had written "small and *petite*," and I asked him why he did it. He said *petite* can mean dainty as well as small, and I said, "It cannot; it means nothing but small; but, in any case, if you wanted to say dainty, why did n't you say dainty?"

'In my newspaper yesterday I met with an example of this tendency. True, it was in the newspaper, but what appears in the newspaper will appear later in our speech, and then it will have to be written. A dispatch read something like this: "The Germans have been asked to give up their gold ornaments and watches to be melted down into coin, unless they are *souvenirs*." A man must be without any æsthetic sense whatever who writes *souvenir* when he might have written 'keepsake'; it has associations, that word keepsake; it lives, breathes, runs, jumps, flies; but *souvenir* in English is a corpse. The person who wrote *souvenir* when he meant 'keepsake' thinks, I suppose, with the man who wrote *petite* and with Mr. de Morgan, that a little French relieves the tedium of English and improves style; but if these people knew enough French to read a French book understandingly and found English words on every other page, they would see that the use

of those words destroys the beauty of the French style, and, reasoning by analogy, they might infer that the use of French takes the smack off the English language.

'The international language that is arising will be almost without grammar, because grammar is difficult. English at present can hardly be said to have a verbal system. When verbs are not conjugated a language has lost a great deal of its beauty. When the adjective no longer agrees with the noun the loss of beauty is certain. Translate the title of my book, *Memoirs of my Dead Life*, and you get, "*Mémoires de ma vie morte*," which is obviously much prettier. I have a cousin in a convent at Lourdes. She has been there twenty years, but I suppose she has not troubled to learn French, and so missed a neat phrase, for I wrote to her, "*Nous sommes les deux rêveurs d'une famille peu rêveuse*." It is impossible to translate that into English, because our language is not sufficiently grammatical; and yet even French is losing its grammar. I fear that English will become more and more commercialized. The unity of the Empire demands that we provide in our future language for the Indian tribesmen, and the Africans, and such aborigines as we may annex in German colonies, so you see there is not much hope for progress.

'If there be a future for the English language, which I doubt, it is in America. A great deal of your speech is Elizabethan, and what is not you have invented. You are still inventing a language, while we have stopped; we take what additions foreigners and our savage subjects supply us, but that is all. Perhaps in America another language will arise, adopted to literary usage, out of your *patois* — Ah, yes, I see you smiling. Out of your slang, your dialects; English words both, and just as good. You might have done better,

when you went over the Atlantic, to adopt the Sioux language. Which possesses the more complex and subtle grammar, English or Sioux, I do not know. Probably the Sioux. Decidedly, you had better have adopted the Sioux, particularly if the Sioux was not a written language, because uneducated people, especially when they cannot read at all, are always more literary than the educated. If I had the privilege of learning English again, I should learn it from the peasants and be a better writer. Peasants use in their speech images inspired by what they look at; they never use abstract terms, and I'm sure that the Sioux spoke far more beautifully than any Englishman. If I ask my parlormaid to find something I have lost, she will say, "I'll have a look around." If I ask you, you will say, "I'll try to find it." Which phrase conveys the image?

'You may think I have wandered far from our topic, but in a discussion of literary art the question of language is of supreme importance, because literature exists in language, not in ideas. There is nothing so common in the world as ideas. An idea amuses one for a week or a month, then gets into the press and is dragged about until it becomes a platitude, and one loathes the very thought of it. A good phrase can never become a platitude. "The rosy fingers of the Dawn" is beautiful today, though it may have been hackneyed when Homer put it in the *Iliad*.'

'What will happen, in our new Dark Ages, to the Art of the past?' I asked.

'The future of Art will be in museums, as the future of the dead is in cemeteries,' Mr. Moore answered. 'As I have said, after the art of the temple, the cathedral, and the palace, came the art of the house, which was the last phase; for now the art of the house is dead, since people no longer live in houses. They are all moving into bun-

galows, or, which is the same thing, into apartments — and in a bungalow there is no room for art. We have futile attempts at art for the bungalow, as we shall have pretended art for the Pullman car, for the motor, for the aeroplane. The great pictures of the past, having hung in houses for centuries, are passing into the museums, not only because people are moving out of houses, but because new social ideas are destroying the great estates and making it impossible to keep valuable art works from one generation to another. In England now three death duties will break up the greatest estate in the kingdom. You say you still have houses in America and millionaires with money enough to buy pictures? Ah, but think of what they buy! It takes a lifetime to learn to recognize a good picture, and how can a man who has spent his best years making a fortune expect to know a masterpiece when he sees it? When I was in Paris forty years ago, your rich Americans were buying trash!

Mr. Moore's gaze rested lovingly upon some of his own acquisitions of the period, — works of Manet, Monet, Ingres, Degas, Morissot, Daubigny, — and he added, 'Now they, or their sons, ask, "Why did n't we put our money in Manet?" But if a newer Manet were to arise he would be passed over — the commonplace is always preferred by the "connoisseur," who thinks about Art when he is not engaged with more serious matters. Art, as Whistler says, is on the town; everybody thinks he can buy himself the right to chuck the Muse under the chin. He says "I know what I like"; but the taste of the moment is disastrous. We should buy what we shall like in ten years' time, and for that we should seek advice before we buy pictures as we do before we buy yachts or race-horses.'

A brown book on Mr. Moore's table

had attracted my eye. It was Whistler's *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, and upon the introduction of Whistler's name I picked it up, remarking, 'Does not Whistler in his "Ten o'Clock" lecture advance a theory of Art which would make all you have said, to put it mildly, untenable? If I remember rightly he contends that there was no such thing as an artistic period; that the artist is a man apart from and uninfluenced by his fellows, and hence denies by implication that segregation, locomotion, or any external conditions affecting the mob can have any influence whatever upon Art, since Art is the artist.'

'I had that question of an artistic period out with Whistler in Paris,' said Mr. Moore. 'He had discovered that his theory was more or less shaky. It became still more shaky when I said, "At least you cannot well hold that there have been no inartistic periods; there were isolated artists in the Dark Ages, but if generalities ever mean anything it can be said that there was no art for seven hundred years. After all, an artistic period only means a time in which there are more good artists than at another time, and you'll surely not deny that there were more good artists in Florence in the sixteenth century than in the tenth. Michael Angelo, Donatello, Andrea del Sarto, and Leonardo lived in Florence, a town half as big as Chelsea, and were contemporaries. We have agreed to call such a fortuitous concourse of atoms an artistic period."

'Whistler, in his amusing fashion, began to argue the point. He was always difficult to follow, because he very often did not finish his sentences. I remember Whistler telling me that some little figures about six inches high made by a sculptor named Story were very like the Elgin marbles; and, as I was at that time entirely sub-

jugated by Whistler, I did n't think of contesting the matter with him; but I could never keep the question out of my head, "Why are Story's figures like the Elgin marbles?" and I was pursued by an uncontrollable desire to find an occasion to ask Whistler to explain. One day, in the Grosvenor Gallery, there were a dozen of Story's figures on a tray, and as I stood before them pondering the problem, I saw Whistler coming down the gallery. "Now or never," I said to myself, "is my chance to find out," and I caught Whistler by the arm and said, "Tell me — you say these things of Story's are like the Elgin marbles — why?"

Here Mr. Moore began an imitation of the great painter's gruff voice, jerking out phrases, or fragments of them, with perceptible pauses between, which I indicate by dashes, and lowering and lifting a China inkwell before him to illustrate Whistler's handling of one of Story's statuettes.

"Well, you see," Whistler said, "you know — well, you know — you can take it up — you can put it down — and then you — look at it — you take it up — you put it down — you look at it again — and — that which is — then of course the relation of Art to Nature — which is the prerogative of the Artist — Art which is not Nature because it is Art — Art which is Nature because it is not Art — Nature which is not Art because it is Nature — Nature which is — Art which is not — the spontaneous creation — Oh, come along, my dear fellow — come along — lunch, bunch — lunch, bunch, — lunch, bunch — lunch, bunch —"

During the concluding portion of an extraordinary mimicry, which unfortunately I cannot reproduce, Mr. Moore had marched round the table, seized my arm and dragged me to the other end of the room, where he dropped the impersonation with a hearty burst of

laughter. 'Story had given evidence for Whistler in his suit against Ruskin,' he said, when sobriety had been restored, 'and to compare Story's work to the Elgin marbles was Whistler's notion of gratitude.'

'How do you answer Whistler's contention, which, if admitted, seems to me fatal to your theory that the artist is not influenced by his surroundings?' I asked.

'I can do better than answer it; I can explain it,' Mr. Moore replied. 'Another anecdote will do that. Whistler was walking with me, and he said, "Ugly boots — boots pointed toes — how can you?" They were new and rather expensive boots, and I asked in great surprise what was wrong with them. "Pointed toes — pointed toes — dreadful — dreadful-looking things!" Whistler went on. "Are they really very ugly?" I asked, and Jimmie rapped out, "Ugly? — well, of course — how can you, Moore?" I had not thought pointed toes ugly, but I supposed of course Whistler must be right, and I determined not to wear out that pair of pointed toes. Then, a little later, meeting Mrs. Whistler, I happened to say something about her husband's views on pointed toes, and she said, "Of course Jimmie has to wear square toes! He has a deformed foot."

'In everything Whistler's extraordinary egoism was manifested. Because of his foot, you see, he evolved a theory that square toes were beautiful and pointed toes ugly, and tried to make other people accept it. He wished to be regarded, not as a product of Nature, but as a spiritual essence — a miracle; he acknowledged no masters; he always insisted on being an American because America had produced no painter excepting himself. It was disagreeable to him to think that great artists come in bunches, and he wished to be associated with no school, although he learned

his painting in Paris during one of the great periods of Art — the middle of the nineteenth century. He conceived himself as coming into the world full-fledged, uninfluenced by predecessors or contemporaries, and he believed that this was so as sincerely as he devoutly believed in the ugliness of my boots.'

As Mr. Moore talked I opened Whistler's book, and on the fly-leaf found the inscription, above the artist's well-known monogram, 'To George Moore — for furtive reading.' I looked up inquiringly, and Mr. Moore chuckled as he saw my discovery. 'That's like him, is n't it?' he asked, and chuckled some more. 'You see Whistler read my *Modern Painting* and decided that I knew something about Art, and since he labored under the impression that nobody excepting himself had any ideas on the subject, it followed that I must have plagiarized from him. Hence the inscription: he asked me if I would mind if he wrote something nasty, and I begged him to do so. — What an absurd fetish it is that one should avoid plagiarizing! Everybody does it, has done it, will do it. I think I shall ask my parlormaid to read Tchekoff and tell me his plots, and then I shall write them my way. Once Zola discussed an idea with me, and I said, "Zola, I shall write that." "Very well, Moore," he said, "we'll both write it." We both did, and curiously enough, whether through a strange sense of modesty or not I do not know, I never read what Zola had written. And I am quite sure he did not read what I had written. But the two stories were entirely unlike; I am certain no one could have guessed the common origin.'

Suddenly Mr. Moore reached over and took *The Gentle Art* from my hands. 'All theories aside,' he said with kindling enthusiasm, "'Ten o'Clock" is one of the finest bits of prose in the

English language. It is the last thing written to which one need pay attention. Let me read you a passage as fine as any one has ever done.' And he read: —

"That Nature is always right, is an assertion, artistically, as untrue, as it is one whose truth is universally taken for granted. Nature is very rarely right; to such an extent even, that it might almost be said that Nature is usually wrong: that is to say, the condition of things that shall bring about the perfection of harmony worthy a picture is rare, and not common at all.

"This would seem, to even the most intelligent, a doctrine almost blasphemous. So incorporated with our education has the supposed aphorism become, that its belief is held to be part of our moral being, and the words themselves have, in our ear, the ring of religion. Still, seldom does Nature succeed in producing a picture.

"The sun blazes, the wind blows from the east, the sky is bereft of cloud, and without, all is of iron. The windows of the Crystal Palace are seen from all points of London. The holiday-maker rejoices in the glorious day, and the painter turns aside to shut his eyes.

"How little this is understood, and how dutifully the casual in Nature is accepted as sublime, may be gathered from the unlimited admiration daily produced by a very foolish sunset.

"The dignity of the snow-capped mountain is lost in distinctness, but the joy of the tourist is to recognize the traveller on the top. The desire to see, for the sake of seeing, is, with the mass, alone the one to be gratified, hence the delight in detail.

"And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses palaces in the night, and

the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us — then the wayfarer hastens home; the working-man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone, her son and her master — her son in that he loves her, her master in that he knows her.

“To him her secrets are unfolded, to him her lessons have become gradually clear. . . .

“Through his brain, as through the last alembic, is distilled the refined essence of that thought which began with the Gods, and which they left him to carry out.

“Set apart by them to complete their works, he produces that wondrous thing called the masterpiece, which surpasses in perfection all that they have contrived in what is called Nature; and the Gods stand by and marvel, and perceive how far away more beautiful is the Venus of Melos than was their own Eve.”

Mr. Moore closed the book and sat silent a moment gazing into the fire. ‘I shall read that again to-night,’ he said. ‘It is so beautiful it brings tears to the eyes.’ I murmured a conventional phrase, and he said, ‘Would you like to hear it again?’ I said I would, and he read it again, and more, remarking as he finished, ‘How I wish I could write like that! Who of the younger generation knows Whistler as a writer? Ruskin never wrote half so well about Art, and how curious it is that Ruskin’s name comes down as a great critic, while people have forgotten the “Ten o’Clock” and remember Whistler only as a painter! Ruskin’s drawings are excellent, as even Whistler would admit — much better than his English style. I cannot understand how reputations are made. Some silly fellow at-

taches a tag to a man, and by that tag it seems he is ever afterwards appraised. People used to tell me that my ideas and the construction of my novels were good, but that I could not write. Then somebody called me a great stylist, and now they tell me I can write very well but have no ideas. I don’t believe that there is anything in these tags.’

After the Whistler interlude, I suggested that most of our conversation had dealt with painting and literature, but that the extinction of music and the minor arts was apparently included in the sweeping thesis under discussion.

‘The spirit of the age is indeed hostile to all manifestations of Art,’ said Mr. Moore. ‘No practical illustration of this could be more clear than the fate that every one knows has come upon handicraft. We are living in a handless world, a world of machinery. Men lost the use of their hands when they learned to invent mechanical substitutes. They cannot make furniture to-day, so we all live with old furniture, for to live with the new would be quite impossible, and what people will do when all the old furniture is broken I cannot imagine. Go across to the South Kensington Museum and look at Greek coins, and then at the medals of the Renaissance, which are not quite so good; and in every century from that time to this observe how the medals and coins have become coarser, until to-day they are appalling. Even photography, a creation of the nineteenth century, was better done when it was invented than to-day. The old daguerreotypes were beautiful, but photography soon became commercialized, and commercialized photography is very like commercialized painting, than which I could enter no more damning judgment. Painting of the eighteenth century is shallow and superficial, but the workmanship, which we are now

discussing, is better than that of the succeeding age, while in any craft you like, — printing, bookbinding, — the further back you go the better you find the work done.'

'When did Art die?' I asked, adding, 'You have fastened the murder upon locomotion, but my journalistic instinct calls for the exact date of the crime.'

I did not expect an answer, but I got one.

'About 1880,' Mr. Moore replied. 'The afterglow of painting lasted into the early nineties. The last new vision achieved was that of the Impressionists. Manet and Monet were among the greatest of artists, as was Whistler, and although most English painting has been derivative, the Pre-Raphaelite painters did original work. Literature? That was practically finished in the latter part of the last century. We have, as you said, neglected music, but no interview could be stretched to include a comprehensive discussion of all the arts. Music, which developed after its sister arts, attained the heights later, but came to perfection and death in Richard Wagner, no new vision being possible without segregation. Strauss is potted Wagner; Debussy did invent a new method of expression, but he wrote only one opera, and the most talented of modern musicians seem to create only one work.'

'Your reasoning,' I said, 'is intensely depressing. It seems we and our descendants to the last generation must live in a world without Art, for the conditions of segregation which you say are necessary for original vision can never return. There are no more barbarians to break up our civilization and bring about segregation again, as happened 1500 years ago; modern transportation we shall have with us always.'

'No,' said Mr. Moore, 'let us end on a note of hope. I believe Art will come

again, after an interval perhaps of many centuries. The coal-mines of the world will be worked out in a hundred years, more or less, and then locomotion will stop, all modern civilization will come to an end, and, who knows, men may go back to bows and arrows. I would like to live until that happens, and see the beginnings of Art, for there will be rude strivings in the right direction in the first generation after communication between communities ceases and segregation is restored.'

'Do you think science will remain dependent upon coal?' I objected. 'By the time the mines are worked out they will have harnessed the power of the sun — these men who cannot use their hands.'

'Ah, let us not think of that possibility. If that be true, this is indeed the Dusk of the Gods.'

One point, a delicate one, remained. I hesitated. My questions about Art were answered, but I wanted to raise a very personal one about Mr. Moore. The man whom an American critic has called 'the greatest literary artist who has struck the chords of English since the death of Thackeray' smiled benevolently as he sat in front of the fire stroking his black cat, which purred upon that Aubusson carpet so well known to the literary public.

'Some people,' I began, 'will call you an old fogey. They will say that you are the great writer of the previous age who has throughout all literary history pooh-poohed the achievements of the younger generation springing up about him. Art, they will say, goes on as before, but George Moore does n't know it. Your theory that Art is dead will be ascribed to your psychological inability, as a Victorian, to appreciate at your present age new movements in art — the Post-Impressionists, Cubists, Vorticists, for example — or the art of the motion picture —'

Mr. Moore had not lost his smile of kindly tolerance, but here he waved his hand impatiently. 'People who use the name of Art in conjunction with any form of photography,' he said, 'have no conception of the nature of Art. Art cannot be a mechanism, because a mechanism cannot read Man's own feeling into Nature. As for the drab schools of brushmen you mention, they are not a subject for art criticism, since all Art is an attempt to represent Nature, and they seek to imitate not Nature but ideas. Their achievements are notable, but they belong not to Art but to pathology.'

'And how,' I asked, 'do you answer in advance the other criticism which I have anticipated?'

There was silence for some little time, and then Mr. Moore said with a smile, —

'Am I then so old? There is no an-

swer to be made to what you have said. And there is no answer to be made to my thesis. Art was born in parochialism and cosmopolitanism has killed it. The life of Art depends on the discovery of new ways of seeing Nature, on fresh vision, new formulæ. Every formula man has discovered for the interpretation of Nature tells something more than any other formula. The Japanese vision contains more than exists in Constable, though not all that Constable saw; and in Manet there are truths that the Japanese vision, and that of Constable, did not perceive. But as has been shown in our talk, the opportunity for a new formula no longer exists. Locomotion has brought Art to a full stop. Art, until bows and arrows come again, is extinct. I have been thinking for years about what I have told you to-day. I do not know why I have never written it.'

THE SECOND-RATE MAN IN POLITICS

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

In our great modern States, where the scale of things is so large, it does seem as if the remnant might be so increased as to become an actual power, even though the majority be unsound. — MATTHEW ARNOLD: *Numbers*.

I

Who governs America?

The answer is obvious: we are a republic, a representative democracy enjoying the utmost government of, for, and by the people. America is governed by persons we choose by our own volition to serve us, to make, execute, and

interpret laws for us. Addicted as we are to the joy of phrases, we find in these *clichés* unfailing delight.

Democracy, ideally considered, is an affair of the wisest and best. As the privileges of the ballot are generously extended to all, the whole people¹ are invested with an initiative and authority which it is their duty to exercise. Presumably all are proud of their inheritance of liberty, jealous of their power, and alert in performing all the duties of citizenship. That we are not, in

¹ Your pardon, ladies. — THE EDITORS.

fact, highly successful in realizing this ideal is a matter that is giving increasing concern to thoughtful Americans.

As these words are read thousands of candidates are before the electorate for consideration, and the patriotic citizen is imaginably possessing himself of all available information regarding them, determined to vote only for the most desirable. The parties have done their best, or worst, as we choose to view the matter, and it is 'up to the people' to accept or reject those who offer themselves for place. The citizen is face to face with the problem, Shall he vote for candidates he knows to be unfit, merely to preserve his regularity, or shall he cast his ballot for the fittest men without respect to the party emblems on his ballot? Opposed to the conscientious voter, and capable of defeating his purpose, are agencies and influences with which it is well-nigh impossible for him to cope. The higher his intelligence and the nobler his aim, the less he is able to reckon with forces which are stubbornly determined to nullify his vote.

The American voter is not normally independent; it is only when there has been some marked affront to a party's intelligence or moral sense that we observe any display of independence. Independent movements are always reassuring and encouraging. The revolt against Blaine in 1884, the Gold-Democratic movement in 1896, were most significant; and I am disposed to give a somewhat similar value to the Progressive movement of 1912. But the average voter is a creature of prejudice, who boasts jauntily that he never scratches his ticket. He follows his party with dogged submission and is more or less honestly blind to its faults.

As my views on this subject are more usually voiced by independents than by partisans, it may not be amiss to say that I am a party man, a Democrat;

that I voted for Parker in 1904, for Bryan in 1908, and am 'regular' enough in local contests to retain my right to vote with a good conscience in primary elections. Living in a state where there is no point of rest in politics, where one campaign dovetails into another, I have for twenty-five years been an observer of political tendencies and methods. I may say of the two great parties, as Ingersoll remarked of the life beyond, 'I have friends in both places.' One of my best friends was a 'boss' who served a term in prison for scratching a tally-sheet. I am perfectly familiar with the theories upon which bossism is justified, the more plausible being that only by maintaining strong local organizations, that is to say, Machines, can a party so entrench itself as to support effectively the policies and reforms dear to the heart of the idealist. And bosses do, indeed, sometimes use their power benevolently, though this happens usually where they see a chance to win advantage or to allay popular clamor.

It is not of the pending campaign that I write, and any references I make to it are only for the purpose of illustrating phases or tendencies that seem worthy of consideration at a time when public thought is concentrated upon politics. And to give definite aim to this inquiry I shall state it in the harshest terms possible: —

We, a self-governing people, permit our affairs to be administered, very largely, by second-rate men.

Our hearts throb indignantly as we ponder this. The types have a queer look. Such an accusation is an unpardonable sin against American institutions, — against an intelligent, high-minded citizenry. It can, however, do no harm to view the matter from various angles to determine whether anything really may be adduced in support of it.

II

In theory the weight of the majority is with the fit. This is the pleasantest of ideas, but it is not true. It is not true at least in so great a number of contests as to justify any virtuous complacency in the electorate. It is probably no more untrue now than in other years, though the cumulative effect of a long experience of government by the unfit is having its effect upon the nation in discouraging faith in that important and controlling function of government that has to do with the choice and election of candidates. Only rarely — and I speak carefully — do the best men possible for a given office ever reach it. The best men are never even considered for thousands of state, county, and municipal elective offices; they do not offer themselves, either because office-holding is distasteful, or because private business is more lucrative, or because they are aware of no demand for their services on the part of their fellow citizens. By fitness I mean the competence produced by experience and training, fortified with moral character and a sense of responsibility. I should say that a fit man for public office is one who in his private affairs has established some reputation for efficiency and trustworthiness.

In assuming that a democracy like ours presupposes in the electorate a desire, no matter how feeble, to intrust public affairs to men of fitness, to first-rate men, it would seem that with the approach of every presidential campaign numbers of possible candidates would receive consideration as eligible to our highest office. It will be said that just as many candidates were available in 1916 as at any other period in our history, but this is neither conclusive nor heartening: there should be more! It cannot be pretended that public service does not attract thou-

sands of men; it can, however, be complained that the offices fall very largely to the inferior.

We have just witnessed the spectacle of a great republic, which confides the broadest powers to its chief executive, strangely limited in its choice of candidates for the presidency to a handful of men. No new commanding figure had sprung forward from the ranks of either party in the most trying period the country has known in fifty years. If Mr. Wilson's renomination had not been inevitable, it would be very difficult to name another Democrat who, by virtue of demonstrated strength and public confidence, would have been able to enter the lists against him. Our only Democratic presidents since the Civil War stepped from a governor's seat to the higher office; but I know of no Democratic governor who, in 1916, could have entered the national convention supported by any appreciable public demand for his nomination. And no Democratic Senator could have debated Mr. Wilson's claims to further recognition. Speaker Clark, with the prestige of his maximum 556 votes on the tenth ballot of the Baltimore Convention, might have been able to reappear at St. Louis with a similar showing; but the Democratic range of possibilities certainly had not widened. To be sure, Mr. Bryan would have remained to reckon with; but, deeply as the party and the country is indebted to him for his courageous stand against the bosses at Baltimore, he could hardly have received a fourth nomination.

The Republicans were in no better case when their convention met at Chicago. The Old Guard was stubbornly resolved, not only that Mr. Roosevelt should not be nominated, but that he should not dictate the choice of a Republican candidate. A short distance from the scene of their deliberations, the Progressives, having failed to estab-

lish themselves as a permanent contestant of the older parties, tenaciously clung to their leader. Mr. Roosevelt's effort to interest the Republicans in Senator Lodge as a compromise candidate fell upon deaf ears. Mr. Hughes's nomination was a part of the cut-and-dried programme which the high powers carried to Chicago. Mr. Hughes's high qualifications may not be seriously questioned. He is a first-rate man, and the lack of enthusiasm with which his nomination was received by the perfectly ordered and controlled body of delegates is not to his discredit. Sore beset, the Old Guard put forth a candidate little to their taste, one who, if elected, would, we must assume, prove quite impatient of the cramped harness fashioned for presidents by the skilled armorers of the good old days of backward-looking Republicanism.

In taking from the bench a gentleman who was 'out of politics' the Republicans emphasized their lamentable lack of available candidates. Nothing was ever sadder than the roll-call of states for the nomination of 'favorite sons.' Estimable though these men are, no one could have listened to the nominating speeches and witnessed the subsequent mechanical demonstrations without depression. None of these nominees had the slightest chance; the orators who piped their little lays in praise of them knew they had not; the vast audience that witnessed the proceedings, perfectly aware of the farcical nature of these banalities, knew they had not, and viewed the show with contemptuous amusement.

The heartiness of the reception accorded Messrs. Depew and Cannon, who were called upon to entertain the audience during a lull in the proceedings, was not without its pathos. They dwelt upon the party's past glories with becoming poignancy. Mr. Borah, tactfully projected as a representative

of a newer order of Republicanism, was far less effective. The convention was greatly stirred by no new voice; no new leader flashed upon the stage to quicken it to new and high endeavor. No less inspired or inspiring body of men ever gathered than those who constituted the Republican Convention of 1916.

I asked a successful lawyer the other day how he accounted for the lack of presidential timber. 'It's because the average American would rather be president of the Pennsylvania Railroad than of the United States,' he answered. And it is true, beyond question, that our highest genius is employed in commerce and business rather than in politics. If we, the people, do not seek means of promoting administrative wisdom and efficiency in our government we shall pay one of these days a high price for our indifference. There is danger ahead unless we are disposed to take our politics more seriously, and unless more young men of the best talent and the highest aims can be lured into public life. The present showing is certainly not encouraging as to the future of American statesmanship; and to say that the fit have always been few, is not a particularly consoling answer.

It is true of a period still susceptible of intimate scrutiny — say, from the Civil War — that presidential candidates have been chosen in every case from a small group of potentialities in both parties. We have established (stupidly in any large view of the matter) geographical limitations upon the possible choice that greatly narrow the field. Candidates for the presidency must be chosen, with an eye to the local effect, from states essential to success. Though Mr. Blaine's candidacy was surrounded by unusual circumstances, it emphasizes, nevertheless, the importance to the parties of nominating men from the 'pivotal' states. We have had no New England presi-

dent since Franklin Pierce. This is not because the New England states have not produced men of fitness, but is attributable solely to the small representation of the Northeastern states in the Electoral College.

The South, likewise, has long been eliminated from the reckoning. Though of Virginia birth, Mr. Wilson is distinctly not 'a Southern man' in the familiar connotations of that term. In old times the Southern states contributed men of the first rank to both houses of Congress; but, apart from Mr. Underwood (who received 117½ votes at Baltimore) and Mr. John Sharp Williams, there are no Southerners of conspicuous attainments in the present Senate. The Southern bar embraces now, perhaps as truly as at any earlier period, lawyers of distinguished ability, but they apparently do not find public life attractive.

No president has yet been elected from beyond the Mississippi, though Mr. Bryan, thrice a candidate, widened the area of choice westward. In the present year, Governor Johnson and Senator Borah were the only trans-Mississippi men mentioned as possibilities, and they cut no figure in the contest. We are still a congeries of states, or groups of states, rather than a nation, with a resulting political provincialism that is disheartening when we consider the economic and political power we wield increasingly in world-affairs.

It is a serious commentary upon the talent of recent congresses that the House has developed no men so commanding as to awaken speculation as to their availability for the presidency. No member of the House figured this year in Republican presidential speculations. Why do the second-rate predominate in a body that may be called the most typical of our institutions? Lincoln, Hayes, Garfield, Blaine, McKinley, Bryan, all candidates for the

presidency, had been members of the House, but it has become negligible as a training school for presidents. A year ago Mr. Mann received an occasional honorable mention, but his petulant fling at the President as 'playing politics,' in the grave hour following the dispatch of the final note to Germany, effectually silenced his admirers. Admirable as partisanship may be, there are times when even an opposition floor-leader should be able to rise above it! Nor is it possible for Democrats to point to Mr. Kitchin with any degree of pride. Of both these men it may be said that never have leaders failed so lamentably to rise to their opportunities. Mr. Hay, of Virginia, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, not only yielded reluctantly to the public pressure for preparedness, but established his unfitness to hold any office by tacking on the Army bill a 'joker' designed to create a place for a personal friend. Mr. Wilson, like Mr. Cleveland, has found his congresses unruly or wobbly, or egregiously stupid, manifesting astonishingly little regard for their party principles or policies. The present majority has been distinguished for nothing so much as impotence and parochialism.

Without respect to party, the average Representative's vision is no wider than his district, and he ponders national affairs solely from a selfish standpoint. Through long years we have used him as an errand-boy, a pension agent, a beggar at the national till. His time is spent in demonstrating to his constituency that when 'pork' is being served he is on hand with Oliver Twist's plate. The people of one district, proud of their new post-office, or rejoicing in the appearance of a government contractor's dredge in their creek, do not consider that their devoted Congressman, to insure his own success, has been obliged to assist other mem-

bers in a like pursuit of spoils, and that the whole nation bears the burden.

The member who carries a map of his district with him to Washington, and never broadens his horizon, is a relic of simpler times. In days like these we can ill-afford to smile with our old tolerance at the 'plain man of the people' who is likely to be just a demagogue. A frock coat and a kind heart are not in themselves qualifications for a congressman. Eccentricity, proudly vaunted, whimsicalities of speech, lofty scorn of conventions, have all been sadly overworked. Talent of the first order is needed in Congress; it is no place for men who can't see and think straight.

The Senate preserves at least something of its old competence, and the country respects, I think, the hard work recently performed by it. While its average is low, it contains men — some of them little in the public eye — who are specialists in certain fields. There is, I believe, a general feeling that, with our tremendous industrial and commercial interests, the presence in the upper house of a considerable number of business men and of rather fewer lawyers would make for a better balanced and more representative body. A first-rate senator need not be an orator. The other day, when Senator Taggart, a new member, protested vigorously against the latest River-and-Harbor swindle the country applauded. Refreshing, indeed, to hear a new voice in those sacred precincts raised against waste and plunder! Senator Oliver of Pennsylvania, a protectionist, of course, is probably as well informed on the tariff as any man in America. I give him the benefit of this advertisement the more cheerfully as I do not agree with his views; but his information is entitled to all respect. The late David Turpie, of Indiana, by nature a recluse, and one of the most unassuming men who ever sat in the Senate,

was little known to the country at large. I once heard Mr. Roosevelt and Judge Gray of Delaware engage in a most interesting exchange of anecdotes illustrative of Mr. Turpie's wide range of information. He was a first-rate man. There is room in the Senate for a great variety of talent, and its efficiency is not injured by the frequent injection of new blood. What the country is impatient of in the upper house is dead men who have little information and no opinions of value on any subject — the second-rate man. The election of senators directly by the people will have in November its first trial — another advance toward pure democracy. We shall soon be able to judge whether the electorate, acting independently, is more to be trusted than the legislatures.

I should be sorry to apply any words of President Wilson in a quarter where he did not intend them, but a paragraph of his address to the Washington correspondents (May 15) might well be taken to heart by a number of gentlemen occupying seats in the legislative branch of the government.

'I have a profound intellectual contempt for men who cannot see the signs of the times. I have to deal with some men who know no more of the modern processes of politics than if they were living in the eighteenth century, and for them I have a profound and comprehensive intellectual contempt. They are blind; they are hopelessly blind; and the worst of it is I have to spend hours of my time talking to them when I know before I start as much¹ as if I had finished, that it is absolutely useless to talk to them. I am talking *in vacuo*.'

There are, indisputably, limitations upon the patience of a first-rate man engaged in the trying occupation of attempting to communicate a first-rate idea to a second-rate mind.

¹ Thus reported in the press. — THE EDITORS.

III

In recent years our periodical literature has devoted much space to discussions of problems of efficiency. We have heard repeatedly of the demand, not for two-thousand-dollar men, but for ten-, twenty-, and fifty-thousand-dollar men, in the great industries. The efficiency engineer has sprung into being; in my own city several hundred employees of an automobile company are organized into a class of which a professor of psychology is the leader, the purpose being the promotion of individual and corporate efficiency. The first-rate man is in demand, as a buyer, a salesman, a foreman, a manager. One of the largest corporations in America pays its employees bonuses apportioned on a basis of their value as displayed from month to month. The minutest economies are a matter of daily study in every manufacturing and commercial house; the hunt for the first-rate man is unceasing. Executive ability, a special genius for buying and selling, need never go unrecognized. Recently a New York bank spent months searching for a bond-seller, and finally chose an obscure young man from a Western town who fell by chance under the eye of a 'scout' sent out to look for talent. But this eager search for the first-rate man, so marked in commerce and industry, only rarely touches our politics. It is only in politics that the second-rate man finds the broadest field for the exercise of his talents.

A president is beset by many embarrassments in the exercise of the appointing power. Our feudal system, by which senators and representatives are the custodians of post-offices, district attorneyships, marshalships, and countless other positions, does not make for the recognition of the fit. While the power to appoint is vested in

the executive, his choice must be approved by the senators or representatives. As the system operates, it is not really the president who appoints but the senators, or, in minor offices, the representatives, and the president is expected to meet their wishes. To question their recommendations is to arouse animosity, and where the fate of important legislation hangs in the balance a president is under strong temptation to accept the recommendation of second-rate men in order to keep the members of the law-making bodies in good humor.

In the professions and industries, in commercial houses, even on the farm, the second-rate man is not wanted; but political jobs, high and low, are everywhere open to him. Everything but the public service is standardized; politics alone puts a premium upon inferiority. The greatest emphasis is laid upon the word service in every field but government. The average American 'wants what he wants when he wants it,' and is proud of his ability to get it. 'If it is n't right, we make it right,' is a popular business slogan. Hotels whose indifferent service wins the displeasure of the traveling public are execrated and blacklisted. On the other hand, I have listened for hours to the laudation of good hotels, of the efficiency of railroads, of automobile manufacturers who 'give good service.' We have a pride in these things; we like to relate incidents of our successful 'kick' when the berth that we had reserved by telegraph was n't forthcoming and how we 'took it up' with the railroad authorities, and how quickly our wounded feelings were poulticed. 'I guess that won't happen again on *that* road!' we chortle. Conversely we make our errands to a city hall or courthouse as few as possible, knowing that the 'service,' conducted at the people's expense, is of a different order, and public

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ials may not be approached in that ident spirit with which we carry needs or complaints to the heads of a private business.

Or, if some favor is to be asked, we brag that we have seen 'Jim' or 'Bob' and that he 'fixed' it for us. It happens not infrequently that we want something 'fixed' from purely selfish motives, — something that should not be 'fixed,' — and it gives us a pleasurable sense of our 'influence' to know that, as we have always treated 'Jim' or 'Bob' all right, 'Jim' or 'Bob' cheerfully assists us. We chuckle over the ease with which he accomplished the fixing where it would have been impossible for us to effect it through a direct legitimate appeal. Thus in hundreds of ways a boss, great or small, is able to grant favors that cost him nothing, thereby blurring the vision of those he places under obligations to the means by which he gains his power.

In municipal government the second- and the third-rate man, on down to a point where differentiations fade to the vanishing point, finds his greatest hope and security. As first-rate men are not 'available' for the offices, they fall naturally to the inferior, the incompetent, or the corrupt. In few cities of a hundred thousand population is a man of trained ability and recognized fitness ever seriously considered for the mayoralty. Modern city government, with the broad powers conferred upon mayors, requires fitness of the highest order. Usually without experience of large affairs, and crippled at the start by a well-established tradition that he must reward party workers and personal friends, the incumbent surrounds himself with second- and third-rate men, for whose incompetency the taxpayer meekly pays the bills.

The mayor's office is hardly second to the presidency in the variety of its

perplexities. A man of the highest aims will fail to satisfy a whole community. There is in every city a group of reformers who believe that a mayor should be able to effect the moral regeneration of the human race in one term of office. The first-rate man is aware of this, and the knowledge diminishes his anxiety to seek the place. A common indictment against the capable man who volunteers for municipal service is that his ignorance of political methods would make him 'impractical' if he were elected. This sentiment is expressed frequently — often by large taxpayers. The insinuation is that a man of character and ideals would be unable to deal with the powers that prey by indirection. This is quite true: the fit man, the first-rate man, who would undertake the office untrammelled by political obligations, would not know the 'good fellows' who must be dealt with in a spirit of leniency. This delicate duty is more safely intrusted to one who brings a certain sympathy to bear upon the task.

Whatever may be the merits of party government in its national application, there is no sound argument for its continuance in municipal affairs. Its effect is to discourage, utterly, in most communities, any effort the first-rate man may be absurd enough to make to win enough of the franchises of his fellow citizens to land him in the mayoralty. On one occasion a Republican United States Senator, speaking for his party's candidate for the mayoralty at the last rally of a campaign in my own city, declared that his party must win, as defeat would have a discouraging effect on Republicans elsewhere. A few years ago both parties chose, in the Indianapolis primaries, mayoralty candidates of conspicuous unfitness. The Republican candidate was an auctioneer, whose ready tongue and drolleries on the stump made him

the central figure in a highly picturesque campaign. He was successful and the affairs of a city of a quarter of a million people were cheerfully turned over to him. Ignorant of the very terminology in which municipal affairs are discussed, he avoided embarrassment by remaining away from his office as much as possible. In the last year of his administration — if so dignified a term may be applied to his incumbency — he resigned, to avoid the responsibility of dealing with disorders consequent upon a serious strike, and took refuge on the vaudeville stage, from which, I understand, he threatens to run again! He was no more unfit on the day he resigned than on the day of his nomination or election — a fact of which the electorate had ample knowledge. He was chosen merely because he was a vote-getter. Republicans voted for him to preserve their regularity.

I am prolonging these comments on municipal government for the reason that the city as a political factor is of so great influence in the state and nation, and because the domination of the unfit in the smaller unit offers more tangible instances for study. The impediments encountered by the fit who offer themselves for public service are many, and often ludicrous. Twice, in Indianapolis, men of the highest standing have yielded under pressure to a demand that they offer themselves for the Republican mayoralty nomination. Neither had the slightest intention of using the mayoralty as a stepping-stone to higher office; the motives animating both were the highest. One of them was quickly disposed of by the report sent 'down the line' that he had not been as regular as he might be, and by this token was an undesirable candidate. The other was subjected to a crushing defeat in the primary. There was nothing against him except that

he was unknown to the 'boys in the trenches.'

From the window by which I write I can see the chimneys of the flourishing industry conducted by the first of these gentlemen. He has constantly shown his public spirit in the most generous fashion; he is an admirable citizen. I dare say there is not an incompetent man or woman on his pay-roll. If he were out of employment and penniless to-morrow, scores of responsible positions would be open to him. But the public would not employ him; his own party would not even permit its membership to express its opinion of him; and had he gone before the electorate he would in all likelihood have been defeated by an invincible combination of every element of incompetence and venality in the city.

The other gentleman, who began life as a bank clerk, made a success of a commercial business, and is now president of one of the largest banks in the state. Such men are ineligible for municipal office; they are first-rate men; the very fact that they are men of character and ability who could be trusted to manage public affairs as they conduct their private business, removes them at once from consideration.

Such experiences as these are not calculated to encourage the capable man, the first-rate man, to attempt to gain a public position. In fact, it is the business of political organizations to make the defeat of such men as humiliating as possible. They must be got rid of; they must be taught better manners!

The good-nature with which we accept the second-rate man in municipal office is one of the most bewildering of all our political phenomena. 'Well, things have always been this way, and I guess they always will be,' expresses the average citizen's feeling about the matter. As he cannot, without much

personal discomfort, change the existing order, he finds solace in the reflection that he could n't do anything about it if he tried. The more intolerant he is of second-rate employees in his own business, the more supinely he views the transfer of public business from one set of incompetents to another.

To lift municipal government out of politics in states where the party organizations never shut up shop but are ceaselessly plotting and planning to perfect their lines, is manifestly no easy task, but it may be accomplished by effective leadership where the people are sincerely interested. And it is significant that the present movement for an abandonment of the old pernicious, costly system took rise from the dire calamities that befell two cities — Galveston and Dayton — which were suddenly confronted with problems that it would have been madness to intrust to incompetents. This illustrates a point overlooked by that large body of Americans who refuse to bring to their politics the test of fitness that they enforce in private business. The second-rate man may successfully hide his errors in normal conditions, but his faults and weaknesses become glaringly apparent when any severe demands are made upon him.

I can suggest no permanent solution of the problem of municipal government that does not embrace the training of men for its particular duties. A development of the city-manager plan, of nation-wide scope, fortified by special courses of training, may ultimately solve it.

IV

The debauchery of young men by the bosses is a familiar phase of our politics and is most potent in the game of checking the advance of the fit and assuring domination by the unfit. Sev-

eral thousand young men leave college every year with some hope of entering upon a political career. By the time a young man is graduated he has elected to follow the banner of some party. If he lives in a city and shows a disposition to be of practical service, he is warmly welcomed into the fold of one of the organizations. He quickly becomes aware that only by the display of a servile obedience and following of the leaders can he expect to become *persona grata* to the party powers. By the time he has passed through one campaign as a trusted member of a Machine, his political illusions are well-nigh destroyed. His childish beliefs that only the fit should be elevated to positions of responsibility, that public office is a public trust, are pretty well dissipated. 'Good' men, he finds, are good only by the tests of partisanship as applied by the bosses. To strike at a boss is *lèse majesté*, and invites drastic punishment.

The purpose of the young men's political clubs everywhere is to infuse the young voter with the spirit of blind obedience and subjection. He is graciously permitted to serve on club committees as a step toward more important recognition as ward committeeman, or is given a place of some sort at headquarters during the campaign. There are dozens of ways in which the willing young man may be of use. His illusions rapidly vanish. He is flattered by the attentions of the bosses, who pat him on the back and assure him that they appreciate his loyal devotion to the party. With the hope of preferment before him it is essential that he establish as quickly as possible a reputation for 'regularity.' If his wise elders note any restiveness, any tendency toward independence, they at once warn him that he must 'play the game straight' and shut his eyes to the sins of his party. Or if his counselors sym-

pathize with his predicament they advise him that the only way he can gain a position from which to make his ideas effective is by strongly establishing his regularity and building up a personal following.

In a campaign preliminary to a local primary in my city I appealed to a number of young men of good antecedents and rather exceptional education, to oppose a particular candidate. One of them, on coming home from an eastern university, had introduced himself to me in the name of a great educator who was one of my particular admirations. In every one of these cases I was politely rebuffed. They said the gentleman whose ambitions annoyed me was a 'good fellow' and 'all right'; they could n't see that any good would come of antagonizing him. And they were right. No good did come of it so far as the result was concerned.

There are countless ways in which a young lawyer finds his connection with a machine helpful. A word in the right quarter brings him a client — a saloonkeeper, perhaps, who is meeting with resistance in his effort to secure a renewal of his license; or petty criminal cases before magistrates — easily arranged where the machine controls the police. He cannot fail to be impressed with the perfection of a system that so smoothly wields power by indirection. The mystery of it all, the potency of the names of the high powers, appeal to his imagination; there is a something of romance in it. A deputyship in the office of the prosecuting attorney leads on to a seat in the legislature, and he may go to Congress if he is 'good.' He is purchased with a price, bought, and paid for; his status is fixed; he is a second-rate man. And by every such young man in America the ideal of Democracy, the hope of Republican government, is just so much weakened.

V

Government by the unfit, domination by the inferior, is greatly assisted by a widely accepted superstition — the belief that a second-rate man, finding himself in a position of responsibility, is likely to display undreamed-of powers. The idea seems to be that the electorate, by a kind of laying on of hands, confers fitness where none has previously existed. Unfortunately such miracles are not frequent enough to form the basis of a political philosophy. Recourse to the recall as a means of getting rid of an undesirable office-holder strikes me as only likely to increase the indifference, the languor, with which we now perform our political duties.

Contempt for the educated man, a preposterous assumption that by the very fact of his training he is unfitted for office, continues to be prevalent in many minds. Conscious of this disqualification, President Wilson finds amusement at times in referring to himself as a schoolmaster; much criticism of his administration is based upon the melancholy fact that he is a 'professor,' a scholar, as though a lifelong student of history and politics were disqualified, by the very fact of his preparation, for exalted office.

The direct primary, as a means of assisting first-rate men to office, has not yet realized what was hoped for it, and there is growing skepticism as to its efficacy. It is one of our marked national failings that we expect laws and systems to work automatically. If the first-rate man cherishes the delusion that he need only offer himself to his fellow partisans and they will delightedly spring to his support, he is doomed to a sad awakening. Unless he has taken the precaution to ask the 'organization's' permission to put his name on the ballot and is promised

support, he must perfect an organization of his own with which to make his fight in the primary. He must open 'headquarters' from which to carry on his operations, make speeches before as many citizens as can be assembled to hear him, enlist and pay helpers, most of whom expect jobs in case he is successful. He must drop money into palms of whose existence he never dreamed, the recipients of his bounty being frequently 'scouts' from his opponents' camps. The blackmailing of candidates by charitable organizations — and churches are not without shame in this particular — is only one of a thousand annoyances. He is not likely to enjoy immunity from newspaper attack. Months of time and much money are required for a primary campaign. I venture the assertion that many hundreds of candidates for office in this year of grace began their campaigns for election already encumbered by debts incurred in winning their nominations, which brought them only half-way to the goal. Such a burden, with all its connotations of curtailed liberty and shackling obligations, may not be viewed with equanimity. Instead of making office-holding more attractive to the first-rate man, the direct primary multiplies its discouragements.

The second-rate man, being willing to accept office as a party, not a public, trust, and to use it in every way possible for the strengthening of party lines, has the first-rate man, who has only his merits to justify his ambitions, at a serious disadvantage. Where an organization (the term by which a machine prefers to be called) finds that it is likely to meet with rebuke through public resentment of its excesses, it will sometimes turn to a first-rate man. But this is only in cases of sheer desperation. There is nothing more amusing than the virtuous air

with which a machine will nominate a first-rate man where there is no possible danger of party success. He it is whom the bosses are willing to sacrifice. The trick is turned ingeniously to the bosses' advantage, for defeat in such instances proves to the truly loyal that only the 'regulars' can get anywhere.

A young friend of mine once persuaded me to join him in 'bucking' a primary for the election of delegates to a state convention. I cheerfully lent my assistance in this laudable enterprise, the more readily when he confided to me his intention of employing machine methods. A young man of intelligence and humor, he had, by means which I deplored but to which I contributed, lured from the organization one of its star performers. I speak of this without shame, that the cynical may not complain that I am of those star-gazers who look upon politics as being what an Ohio statesman once called resumption — 'a damned barren ideality.' Our ally knew the game; he knew how to collect and deliver voters by most approved machine methods. We watched him work with the keenest satisfaction. He brought citizens in great numbers to vote our 'slate'; many of them men who had never been in the ward before. We gloated with satisfaction as the day declined and our votes continued to pile up. Our moral natures were in the balance; if we beat the machine with machine methods we meant never, never to be good again! It seemed indeed that our investment in the skilled worker could not fail of success. When the votes were counted, oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! 'Our man' had merely used our automobiles, and I refrain from saying what other munitions of war, to get out the vote of the opposition! We had in other words, accomplished our own defeat!

VI

The past year has been marked by the agitation for military preparedness; civil preparedness strikes me as of much greater importance. If I am right — or only half right — in my assertion that we are governed very largely by second-rate men and that public business is confided chiefly to the unfit, then here is a matter that cannot be ignored by those who look forward hopefully to the future of American democracy. There are more dangers within than without, and our tame acceptance of incompetence in civil office would certainly bring calamity if suffered in a military establishment. The reluctance of first-rate men to accept or seek office is more disquieting than the slow enlistments in the army and navy. Competence in the one would do much to assure intelligent foresight and efficiency in the other.

It is a disturbing thought that we, the people, really care so little and that we are so willing to suffer government by the second-rate, only murmuring despairingly when the unhappy results of our apathy bring us sharply face to face with failure.

'The fatalism of the multitude,' commented upon strikingly by Lord Bryce, has established in us the superstition that a kindly providence presides over our destinies and that 'everything will come out right in the end.' But Government by Good Luck is not a safe reliance for a nation of a hundred millions. Nothing in history supports a blind faith in numbers or in the wisdom of majorities. America's hope lies

in the multiplication of the fit, — the saving remnant of Isaiah's prophecies and Plato's philosophy, — a doctrine applied to America by Matthew Arnold, who remains one of the shrewdest and most penetrating of all our critics. Mr. Arnold distrusted numbers and had no confidence in majorities. He said, —

'To be a voice outside the State, speaking to mankind or to the future, perhaps shaking the actual State to pieces in doing so, one man will suffice. But to reform the State in order to save it, to preserve it by changing it, a body of workers is needed as well as a leader; — a considerable body of workers, placed at many points, and operating in many directions.'

These days, amid 'the thunder of the captains, and the shouting,' there must be many thousands of Americans who are truly of the saving remnant, who view public matters soberly and hold as something very fine and precious our heritage of democracy. These we may suppose will witness the dawn of election day with a lively apprehension of their august responsibilities, and exercise their right of selection sanely and wisely. 'They only who build upon ideas, build for eternity,' wrote Emerson.

This nation was founded on ideas; and clearly in the ideas of the fit, the earnest, the serious, lies its hope for the future. To eliminate the second-rate, to encourage the first-rate man to undertake offices of responsibility and power — such must be the immediate concern and the urgent business of all who love America.

SAÏFNA AHMAR, YA SULTAN!

BY ALEXANDER AARONSOHN

I

I HAVE already spoken of the so-called 'requisitioning' that took place among our people while I was working at Saffêd. This, of course, really amounted to wholesale pillage. The hand of the Turkish looters had fallen particularly heavy on carts and draught animals. As the Arabs know little or nothing of carting, hauling, or the management of horses and mules, the Turks, simply enough, had 'requisitioned' many of the owners — middle-aged or elderly men — and compelled them to go South to help along with the tremendous preparations that were being made for the attack on Suez. Among these there were a number of men from our village. In the course of time their families began to receive most harrowing messages from them. They were absolutely destitute, no wages being paid them by the Turks; their clothes were dropping off in rags; many were sick. After much excited planning, it was decided to send another man and myself down South on a sort of relief expedition, with a substantial sum of money that had been raised with great difficulty by our people. Through the influence of my brother at the Agricultural Experiment Station, I got permission from the *Mouchtar* to leave Zicron Jacob, and about the middle of January, 1915, I set out for Jerusalem.

To Western minds, the idea of the Holy City serving as a base for modern military operations must be full of in-

congruities. And, as a matter of fact, it *was* an amazing thing to see the streets packed with khaki-clad soldiers and hear the brooding silence of ancient walls shattered by the crash of steel-shod army boots. Here, for the first time, I saw the German officers — quantities of them. Strangely out of place they looked, with their pink-and-whiteness that no amount of hot sunshine could quite burn off. They wore the regular German officer's uniform, except that the *Pickelhaube* was replaced by a khaki sun-helmet. I was struck by the youthfulness of them; many were nothing but boys, and there were weak, dissolute faces in plenty — a fact that was later explained when I heard that Palestine had been made the dumping-ground for young men of high family whose parents were anxious to have them as far removed as possible from the danger zone. Fast's Hotel was the great meeting-place in Jerusalem for these young bloods. Every evening thirty or forty would foregather there, to drink and talk women and strategy. I well remember the evening when one of them — a slender young Prussian with no back to his head, braceleted and monocled — rose and announced, in the decisive tones that go with a certain stage of intoxication, —

'What we ought to do is to hand over the organization of this campaign to Thomas Cook and Sons!'

However, the German officers were by no means all incompetents. They realized (I soon found out) that they

had little hope of bringing a big army through the Egyptian desert and making a successful campaign there. Their object was to immobilize a great force of British troops around the Canal, to keep the Mohammedan population in Palestine impressed with Turkish power, and to stir up religious unrest among the natives in Egypt. It must be admitted that in the first two of these purposes they have been successful.

The Turks were less far-sighted. They believed firmly that they were going to sweep the English off the face of the earth and enter Cairo in triumph, and preparations for the march on Suez went on with feverish enthusiasm. The ideas of the common soldiers on this subject were amusing. Some of them declared that the Canal was to be filled up with the sandbags which had been prepared in great quantities. Others held that thousands of camels would be kept without water for many days preceding the attack; then the thirsty animals, when released, would rush into the Canal in such numbers that the troops could march to victory over the packed masses of drowned bodies.

The army operating against Suez numbered about 150,000 men. Of these about 20,000 were Anatolian Turks — trained soldiers and splendid fighting material, as was shown by their resistance at the Dardanelles. The rest were Palestinian Arabs, and very inferior troops they were. The Arab as a soldier is at once stupid and cunning; fierce when victory is on his side, but altogether unreliable when things go against him.

In command of the expedition was Djemal Pasha, a Young-Turk general of tremendous energy, but possessing small ability to see beyond details to the big, broad concepts of strategy. Although he is a great friend of Enver Pasha, he looked with disfavor on

the German officers and, in particular, on Bach Pasha, the German Governor of Jerusalem, with whom he had serious disagreements. This dislike of the Germans was reflected among the lesser Turkish officers. Many of these, after long years of service, found themselves subordinated to young foreigners, who, in addition to arbitrary promotion, received much higher salaries than the Turks. What is more, they were paid in clinking gold, whereas the Turks, when paid at all, got paper currency.

Beersheba, a prosperous town of the ancient province of Idumea, was the southern base of operations for the advance on Suez. Some of our villagers had been sent to this district, and, in searching for them, I had the opportunity of seeing at least the taking-off place of the expedition. Beyond this point no Jew or Christian was allowed to pass, with the exception of some few non-Mohammedan physicians who had been forced into the army.

Beersheba was swarming with troops. They filled the town and overflowed on to the sands outside, where a great tent-city grew up. And everywhere that the Turkish soldiers went, disorganization and inefficiency followed them. From all over the country the finest camels had been 'requisitioned' and sent down to Beersheba, until, at the time I was there, thousands and thousands of them were collected in the neighborhood. Through the laziness and stupidity of the Turkish commissariat officers, which no amount of German efficiency could counteract, no adequate provision was made for feeding them, and incredible numbers succumbed to starvation and neglect. Their great carcasses dotted the sand in all directions; it was only the wonderful septic power of the Eastern sun that held pestilence in check.

The soldiers themselves suffered much hardship. The crowding in the

tents was unspeakable; the water-supply was almost as inadequate as the medical service, which consisted chiefly of volunteer Red Crescent societies — among them a unit of twenty German nurses sent by the American College at Beirut. Medical supplies, such as they were, had been taken from the different mission hospitals and pharmacies of Palestine — these 'requisitions' being made by officers who knew nothing of medical requirements and simply scooped together everything in sight. As a result, an army physician told me that in Beersheba he had opened some medical chests consigned to him and found, to his horror, that they were full of microscopes and gynecological instruments — for the care of wounded soldiers in the desert!

Visits of British aeroplanes to Beersheba were common occurrences. Long before the machine itself could be seen, its whanging, resonant hum would come floating out of the blazing sky, seemingly from everywhere at once. Soldiers rushed from their tents, squinting up into the heavens until the speck was discovered, swimming slowly through the air; then followed wholesale firing at an impossible range until the officers forbade it. True to the policy of avoiding all unnecessary harm to the natives, these British aviators never dropped bombs on the town, but — what was more dangerous from the Turkish point of view — they would unload packages of pamphlets, printed in Arabic, informing the natives that they were being deceived; that the Allies were their only true friends; that the Germans were merely making use of them to further their own schemes, etc. These cleverly worded little tracts came showering down out of the sky, and at first they were eagerly picked up. The Turkish commando, however, soon announced that any one found carrying them would pay the death

penalty. After that, when the little bundles dropped near them, the natives would run as if from high explosive bombs.

II

All things considered, it is wonderful that the Turkish demonstration against the Canal came as near to fulfillment as it did. Twenty thousand soldiers actually crossed the desert in six days on scant rations, and with them they took two big guns, which they dragged by hand when the mules dropped from thirst and exhaustion. They also carried pontoons to be used in crossing the Canal. Guns and pontoons are now at rest in the Museum at Cairo.

Just what took place in the attack is known to very few. The English have not seen fit to make public the details, and there was little to be got from the demoralized soldiers who returned to Beersheba. Piece by piece, however, I gathered that the attacking party had come up to the Canal at dawn. Finding everything quiet, they set about getting across, and had even launched a pontoon, when the British, who were lying in wait, opened a terrific fire from the farther bank, backed by armored locomotives and aeroplanes. 'It was as if the gates of Jehannum were opened and its fires turned loose upon us,' one soldier told me.

The Turks succeeded in getting their guns into action for a very short while. One of the men-of-war in the Canal was hit; several houses in Ismaïlia suffered damage; but the invaders were soon driven away in confusion, leaving perhaps two thousand prisoners in the hands of the English. If the latter had chosen to do so, they could have annihilated the Turkish forces then and there. The ticklish state of mind of the Mohammedan population in Egypt, however, has led them to adopt a policy of leniency and keeping to the defen-

sive which subsequent developments have more than justified.

The reaction in Palestine after the defeat at Suez was tremendous. Just before the attack, Djemal Pasha had sent out a telegram announcing the overwhelming defeat of the British vanguard, which had caused wild enthusiasm. Another later telegram proclaimed that the Canal had been reached, British men-of-war sunk, the Englishmen routed — with a loss to the Turks of five men and two camels 'which were afterwards recovered.' 'But,' added the telegram, 'a terrible sand-storm having arisen, the glorious army takes it as the wish of Allah not to continue the attack, and has therefore withdrawn in triumph.'

These reports hoodwinked the ignorant natives for a little while; but when the stream of haggard soldiers, wounded and exhausted, began pouring back from the South, they guessed what had happened, and a fierce revulsion against the Germano-Turkish régime set in. A few weeks before the advance on Suez I was in Jaffa, where the enthusiasm and excitement had been at fever-pitch. Parades and celebrations of all kinds in anticipation of the triumphal march into Egypt were taking place, and one day a camel, a dog, and a bull, decorated respectively with the flags of Russia, France, and England, were driven through the streets. The poor animals were horribly maltreated by the natives, who rained blows and flung filth upon them by way of giving concrete expression to their contempt for the Allies. Mr. Glazebrook, the American Consul at Jerusalem, happened to be with me in Jaffa that day; and never shall I forget the expression of pain and disgust on his face as he watched this melancholy little procession of scapegoats hurrying along the street.

Now, however, all was changed. The Arabs, who take defeat badly, turned

against the authorities who had got them into such trouble. Rumors circulated that Djemal Pasha had been bought by the English and that the defeat at Suez had been planned by him; and persons keeping an ear close to the ground began to hear mutterings of a general massacre of Germans. In fact things came within an ace of a bloody outbreak. I knew some Germans in Jaffa and Haifa who firmly believed that it was all over with them. However, Djemal Pasha succeeded in keeping order by means of stern repressive methods and by the fear roused by his large bodyguard of faithful Anatolians.

While I was traveling in the South, another menace to our people's welfare had appeared: the locusts. From the Soudan they came in tremendous hosts — black clouds of them that obscured the sun. It seemed as if Nature had joined in the conspiracy against us. These locusts were of the pilgrim or wandering variety; for forty years they had not come to Palestine, but now their visitation was like that of which the Prophet Joel speaks in the Old Testament. They came full-grown, ripe for breeding; the ground was covered with the females digging in the soil and depositing their egg-packets, and we knew that when they hatched we should be overwhelmed, for there was not a foot of ground in which these eggs were not to be found.

The menace was so great that even the military authorities were obliged to take notice of it. They realized that if it were allowed to fulfill itself, there would be famine in the land, and the army would suffer with the rest. Finally, Djemal Pasha summoned my brother (Director of the Agricultural Station at Athlit) and intrusted him with the organization of a campaign against the insects. It was a hard enough task. The Arabs are lazy, and fatalistic besides; they cannot understand why men should attempt to fight the 'Djesh

Allah' (God's Army, as they call the locusts). In addition, my brother was seriously handicapped by lack of petroleum, galvanized iron sheets, and other articles which could not be obtained because of the Allies' blockade.

In spite of these drawbacks, however, he attempted to work up a scientific campaign. Djemal Pasha put some thousands of Arab soldiers at his disposition, and these were set to work digging trenches into which the hatching locusts were driven and destroyed. This is the only means of coping with the situation: once the locusts get their wings, nothing can be done with them. It was a hopeless fight. Nothing short of the coöperation of every farmer in the country could have won the day; and while the people of the progressive Jewish villages struggled on to the end — men, women and children working in the fields until they were exhausted — the Arab farmers sat by with folded hands. The threats of the military authorities only stirred them to half-hearted efforts. Finally, after two months of toil, the campaign was abandoned and the locusts broke in waves over the countryside, destroying everything. As the prophet Joel said, 'The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. The field is wasted; the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted; the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth.'

Not only was every green leaf devoured, but the very bark was peeled from the trees, which stood out white and lifeless, like skeletons. The fields were stripped to the ground, and the old men of our villages, who had given their lives to cultivating these gardens and vineyards, came out of the synagogues where they had been praying and wailing, and looked on the ruin with dimmed eyes. Nothing was spared. The insects, in their fierce hunger,

tried to engulf everything in their way. I have seen Arab babies, left by their mothers in the shade of some tree, whose faces had been devoured by the oncoming swarms of locusts before their screams had been heard. I have seen the carcasses of animals hidden from sight by the undulating, rustling blanket of insects. And in the face of such a menace the Arabs remained inert. In fact, they attempted to find the silver lining to this great storm-cloud by eating as many of the locusts as they could. I often saw groups of Arabs bestirring themselves sufficiently to collect piles of them and heap them in braziers full of charcoal; then, as they sizzled and crackled and fried, the Arabs would pull them out and crunch them with great relish. That is a picture which still stirs my indignation.

III

While our campaign against the locusts was drawing to its dismal close, events took place which finally decided me to leave the country. About one hour's ride on horseback from our village lives a family of Turkish nobles, the head of which was Sadik Pasha, brother of the famous Kiamil Pasha, several times Grand Vizier of the Empire. Sadik, who had been exiled from Constantinople, came to Palestine and bought great tracts of land near my people. After his death his sons — good-for-nothing, wild fellows — were forced to sell most of the estate; all except one Feuzi Bey, who retained his part of the land and lived on it. Here he collected a band of friends as worthless as himself, and gradually commenced a career of plundering and 'frightfulness' much like that of the robber-barons of mediæval Germany. Before the outbreak of the war he confined his attentions chiefly to the Arabs, whom he treated shamelessly. He

thought nothing, for instance, of stopping a native wedding-procession and carrying off the young bride to his big, castle-like house. We villagers of Zicron-Jacob had never submitted to him in any way; our young men were organized and armed, and after a few encounters Feuzi Bey let us alone.

After the mobilization, however, and the taking away of our arms, this outlaw saw that his chance had come. He began to send his men and his camels into our fields to harvest our crops and carry them off. This pillage continued until the locusts came — Feuzi, in the meanwhile, becoming so bold that he would gallop through the streets of our village with his horsemen, shooting right and left into the air and insulting old men and women. He boasted — apparently with reason — that the authorities at Haïfa were powerless to touch him. Finally things grew so bad that my brother, who at the time enjoyed some authority, advised us to appeal to the head — to Djemal Pasha. I had then the *boyouroultou* or *laissez-passer* of a locust-inspector, so I was chosen to go at once to Jerusalem and present our complaint.

Djemal Pasha put no obstacles in the way of an interview. The day of my arrival he received me, and listened attentively while for a whole hour I poured out the story of Feuzi Bey's outrages. I put my whole heart into the plea and wound up by asking if it was to the credit of the progressive Young Turks to shelter feudal abuses of a bygone age. Djemal seemed to be impressed. He sprang from his chair, began walking up and down the room; then with a great dramatic gesture he exclaimed, 'Justice shall be rendered!' and assured me that a commission of army officers would be sent at once to start an investigation. I returned to Zicron-Jacob with high hopes.

Sure enough, a few days later Feuzi

Bey was summoned to Jerusalem; at the same time the 'commission,' which had dwindled to one single officer on secret mission, put in an appearance and began to make inquiries among the natives. He got little satisfaction at first, for they lived in mortal terror of the outlaw; they grew bolder, however, when they learned his purpose. Complaints and testimonies came pouring in, and in four days the officer had the names of hundreds of witnesses, establishing no less than fifty-two crimes of the most serious nature. Feuzi's friends and relatives, in the meanwhile, were doing their utmost to stem the tide of accusations. The Kaïmakan (lieutenant-governor) of Haïfa came in person to our village and threatened the elders with all sorts of severities if they did not retract the charges they had made. But they stood firm. Had not Djemal Pasha, commander-in-chief of the armies in Palestine, given his word of honor that we should have redress?

We were soon shown the depth of our naïveté in fancying that justice could be done in Turkey by a Turk. Feuzi Bey came back from Jerusalem, not in convict's clothes, but in the uniform of a Turkish officer! Djemal Pasha had commissioned him commandant of the Moujahaddaen (religious militia) of the entire region! It was bad enough to stand him as an outlaw; now we had to submit to him as an officer. He came riding into our village daily, ordering everybody about and picking me out for distinguished spitefulness.

My position soon became unbearable. I was, of course, known as the organizer of the young men's union which for so long had put up a spirited resistance to Feuzi; I was still looked upon as a leader of the younger spirits, and I knew that sooner or later Feuzi would try to make good his threat, often repeated, that he would 'shoot me like the dog of a Jew I was.' It was

hardly likely that an open attempt on my life would be made. When Ambassador Morgenthau visited Palestine, he had stayed in our village and given my family the evidence of his sincere friendship. These things count in the East, and I soon got the reputation of having influential friends. However, there were other ways of disposing of me. One evening, about sunset, while I was riding through a valley near our village, my horse shied violently in passing a clump of bushes, and a moment later the report of a rifle rang out. It was a narrow escape. The bullet had flicked the lapel of my coat. I dug spurs into my horse and got back to Zicron-Jacob unhurt.

That night I had a long talk with my brother. There was no doubt whatever in his mind that I should try to leave the country, while I, on the contrary, could not bear to think of deserting my people at the crisis of their fortunes. We argued into the small hours. The moon sank into the distant Mediterranean, and the turquoise-green dawn light was coming on when at last I yielded to his persuasion.

IV

It was all very well to decide to leave the country; to get safely away was a different matter. There were two ways out. One of these — the land route by Constantinople — could not be considered. The other way was to board one of the American cruisers which, by order of Ambassador Morgenthau, were empowered to assist citizens of neutral countries to leave the Ottoman Empire. These cruisers had already done wonderful rescue work for the Russian Jews in Palestine, who, when war was declared, were to have been sent to the Mesopotamian town of Urfa — there to suffer massacre and outrage like the Armenians. This was prevented by

Mr. Morgenthau's strenuous representations, with the result that these Russian Jews were gathered together as in a great drag-net and herded to Jaffa, amidst suffering unspeakable. There they were met by the American cruisers which were to transport them to Egypt. Up to the very moment when they set foot on the friendly warships they were robbed and horribly abused by the Jaffa boatmen. The eternal curse of the wandering Jew! Driven from Russia, they had come to seek shelter in Turkey; Turkey then casts them from her under pretext that they are loyal to Russia. Truly, the Jew lifts his eyes to the mountains, asking the bitter and eternal question, 'Whence shall come my help?'

The Turkish government later repented of its leniency in allowing these Russian Jews to escape, and gave orders that only neutrals should leave the country — and then only under certain conditions. I was not a neutral; my first papers of American citizenship were valueless to further my escape. I had heard, however, that the United States cruiser Tennessee was to call at Jaffa, and I determined to get aboard her by hook or by crook, hoping that her commanding officer, Captain Decker, whom I knew, would feel justified in making an exception in my case. One evening, as soon as darkness had fallen, I bade farewell to my people, and, with the tears of my old father still wet upon my hair, I set off for Jaffa, taking out-of-the-way paths and traveling only by night. I was liable to be stopped any time by pickets, and now that the locust campaign was over, my *boyouroulton* was useless. At dawn, two days later, I slipped into Jaffa by way of the great sand-dunes and went straight to the house of S——, a good friend, whom I could trust to help me in every possible way.

S—— had little encouragement to

offer me. He seemed to think, however, that my best chance lay in securing a passport of some neutral country, and that same morning he set out to try and secure one for me. All day he was gone; I was beginning to fear something had happened to him when he came home at sundown, tired and disheartened. All the venality, the subtle wire-pulling of the East had been useless. There had already been several escapes; the authorities were roused, and the human jackals who busy themselves with such matters as false passports were for the moment thoroughly scared.

I then decided to carry out my original plan of boarding the Tennessee without a passport. There was an old boatman at the harbor who had served me and whom I trusted as much as one could trust a Mohammedan of his class. Against the wishes of my friend, this boatman¹ was summoned to the house and I explained the situation to him. It was a desperate chance, I knew, but what else was there to do? At first he would hear nothing of it; finally, when I had raised the bribe sufficiently high, he agreed to meet me at dawn two days later — the Tennessee was expected then — near the sand-dunes just outside the town. When the man had left, S — kept walking up and down, wringing his hands and declaring that we were both ruined. It was, in truth, a most unpleasant situation. At any moment we expected to hear the voices of Turkish officers at the door: even after I had said farewell to S — the next day and started forth to spend the night among the dunes, I felt sure I should walk into some ambush.

Nothing happened, however. Next morning, long before sunrise, the prow

of the little skiff grated on the beach and my boatman came running to the meeting-place we had agreed on. He was greatly upset; at first he declared it was all up with me, and I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to push off. Finally he gave in; I doubled up in the bottom of the boat in the bilge-water and refuse, beneath a great stinking sailcloth, and the old man rowed out into the silence, the wavelets slapping playfully against the boards by my ear. It seemed an eternity before I heard the muffled voices of sailors shouting to one another through the wreathing dawn mists, and knew that we had come to the little flotilla of fisher-craft lying at anchor off the harbor. Once among these, we could wait for the Tennessee in safety.

Long, cramped hours I spent under that sailcloth, even after the cruiser's whistle had blared out the news of her coming. Then the skiff shook; the rowlocks creaked; I knew we were off. I raised up an edge of the sail and whispered to the boatman. Was it safe for me to come out? He nodded; I emerged into the blazing sunshine, sore and aching in every joint. Ahead lay the Tennessee, a great gray bulk, with swarms of little boats creeping toward her, as though drawn by invisible strings. We edged up alongside into an indescribable confusion of screaming, cursing boatmen and wailing refugees; the gangplank hung above me; I jumped for it and walked up with as bold a manner as I could assume, although there was a feeling of horrible depression and uncertainty in my heart. At the top stood an officer, clean and cool, who asked for my passport. I waived his question.

'I want to see Captain Decker, please.'

The officer looked me up and down; then — decided probably by my fluent English — he passed me on to a sailor

¹ Readers of Mr. Aaronsohn's article will be interested to know that the American press, in April, chronicled the fact that this boatman had been put to death by Turkish authorities on the charge of espionage. — THE EDITORS.

who took me up to the captain's room.

I had met Captain Decker before, on an occasion when I had made him a confidential report. Now I unfolded my whole story, and wound up by asking if, under the circumstances, my 'first papers' might not entitle me to protection. He was silent for a moment; then he said, —

'This is a hard situation for both of us.'

I knew what that meant. I also realized the perfect justice of Captain Decker's refusal to take me away. Without any further words I turned and left the room. There were dozens of boatmen clamoring for passengers; somehow — I was dizzy and sick with disappointment — I got down the gangplank and started back to Jaffa.

On the quay I ran into Hassan Bey, commandant of the police, who was superintending the embarkation of refugees. I knew him and he knew me. Half an hour later I was in police headquarters under examination by Hassan Bey. I was desperate, and answered him recklessly. A seasick man is indifferent to shipwreck. This was the substance of our conversation: —

'How did you get aboard the ship?'

'In a boat with some refugees. A woman hid me with her skirts.'

'So you were trying to escape, were you?'

'If I had been, I should n't have come back.'

'Then what were you doing on the cruiser?'

'I went to talk to the captain, who is a friend of mine. My life is in danger. Feuzi Bey is after me, and I wanted *my friends in America* to know how justice is done in Palestine.'

'Who are your friends in America?'

'Men who could break you in a minute.'

'Do you know to whom you are speaking?'

'Yes, Hassan Bey. I am sick of persecution. I wish you would hang me with your own hands as you hanged the young Christian; my friends would have your life for mine.'

I wonder now how I dared to speak to him in this manner. But the bluff carried. Hassan Bey looked at me curiously for a moment — then smiled and offered me a cigarette, assuring me that he believed me a loyal citizen, and declaring that he felt deeply hurt that I had not come to him for permission to visit the cruiser. We parted with a profusion of Eastern compliments, and that evening I started back to Zicron-Jacob.

[*Readers of the ATLANTIC who have followed Mr. Aaronsohn's stirring narrative will be relieved to know that shortly after his return to Zicron-Jacob he received a letter from his sister in Beirut, which crystallized his determination to leave Palestine at all costs. In the uniform of a Turkish soldier he reached Beirut, where he succeeded in obtaining passports of a neutral country for himself and his sister; and, after difficulty and risk without end, they finally got aboard a vessel that took them to Egypt. From Alexandria they proceeded by easy stages to the United States.* — THE EDITORS.]

HYMN TO AIR

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

BECAUSE the ways of breath
Belong not to the soul,
Which may not even control
How it shall come on death;
Therefore, beholding thus
What secret and wise care
Silently follows us,
Let the soul praise the air!

II

Shadow of life in me,
August familiar, dear
Companion ever near
Whose form I may not see;
I, when alone I walk
With men walking, or trees,
With this enchanter talk
Of older things than these.

III

This breath that enters in
To warm and purify
The source of life which I
Deem all my own within,
Has felt the earth reel round
From outer space that lies
Somewhere beneath the ground,
Somewhere above the skies.

IV

This humble unseen friend
Whom I go elbowing, —
What if it bid take wing
And in the spirit ascend
Where foot hath never trod,
Where bird hath never come,
Where man may look on God
And his thought find a home?

V

Joy wraps me round in air,
On mountain-heights I drink
Rapture, until I think
My being everywhere
Into the universe;
I laugh with divine mirth
To see the pretty, fierce
Babe-scramblings of the earth.

VI

Yet, day by day more sure,
This mercy, which I praise,
Silently all my ways
Doth follow, and endure,
Buffeted, to control
The ceaseless watch of death:
I praise thee with my soul,
Delicate air, for breath.

THE ODYSSEY OF THE SOCKEYE SALMON

BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

I

THE fishing industry of British Columbia is of enormous importance. The aggregate value of the fish captured each year is over \$14,000,000. Toward this the salmon — so-called — contributes about two thirds, and of the five species of fish classed locally as salmon, that known as the 'sockeye' is most numerous and economically the most valuable. However, it is not now proposed to deal either with the economic or the strictly scientific aspects of the sockeye, but rather to describe some of the known features of its remarkable life. These are of quite extraordinary interest.¹

In a technical sense the five species of fish known as salmon on the Pacific Coast are not salmon at all — although more or less closely related to the *Salmo* genus. All five belong to the genus *Oncorhynchus*, the sockeye being known as *O. nerka*. The derivation of the term 'sockeye' is obscure; Dr. Jordan suggests that it may be derived from the word 'sukie,' by which this fish was known to a tribe of Indians which in old days inhabited parts of the southern section of what is now British Columbia. The sockeye is the smallest but one of the five species, its adult

weight being about six pounds and its length averaging some twenty-four inches. It is lithe and graceful in form. While in the sea the back and upper portions of its sides are of dark, metallic blue; it is silvery-white beneath. When the fish enter the fresh water the colors dim; later the back becomes suffused with a reddish hue. Throughout the journey to the spawning-ground the sockeye never breaks its fast. And this journey (up the Yukon, for instance) may involve a swim for some fifteen hundred miles against a swift and turbulent current, the temperature of which is but little above freezing-point. The range of the sockeye is from Northern Alaska to the Columbia River.

The beginnings of this creature's life are well known. From the embryonic stage to the end of approximately the first year of its existence as a free-swimming 'fingerling' in one of those crystal-clear lakes with which the northwestern part of America is so richly dappled, the nature and habits of the sockeye have been carefully observed and studied. But in late spring or early summer the young fish disappear into 'the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea' — and of their life therein for upwards of two and a half years, there is literally no record. No sockeye between the fingerling and the adult stages has ever been captured. In early summer, just before the run inland, adult sockeye have been taken in purse-nets on the Swiftsure Bank, just outside the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

¹ What is here set forth is based upon official reports of the careful and searching investigations as to the life-history of the sockeye, made by such men as Dr. C. H. Gilbert of Stanford University and Mr. J. P. Babcock, Assistant Commissioner of Fisheries for British Columbia, and upon such observations as the writer has been enabled to make. — THE AUTHOR.

Fragments of its meat, mixed with those of other fish, have been found in the stomachs of sea-lions killed farther north at the same season. The netted specimens revealed that the sockeye feeds upon a small crustacean and upon a form of *Ammodytes*, or sea-lance. But no sockeye has ever been known to take a bait.

The average four-years' life of this fish falls, therefore, into three periods, two of which are known and one unknown. This rule has exceptions. A few individuals, almost exclusively males, mature in three years and come in with the adult run. These are the so-called grilse. A few others remain for two years in the lake before migrating to the ocean. In the case of the Fraser River sockeye a curious fact has been observed — every fourth year an enormous run takes place. The last occurred in 1913. No such phenomenon has been observed in respect of the other spawning areas.

II

The approximate year having been spent in a fresh-water lake, the frail atom of a fish has grown to a length of from two to three inches. Some time between March and June, instinct prompts it to start on the perilous journey to the sea. This journey may take only a few uneventful days; on the other hand, it may involve traveling a thousand miles to some misty fjord where a brown spate, flung by melted snow from the Rocky Mountains, clashes with a brimming tide at the full of the moon. The little creature — so soft of texture, with its large, soft, apprehensive eye — has to run the gauntlet of numerous enemies. It is flung down foaming, vertical cascades; it is swept into shouting rapids combed by fang-like rocks. At the stream's mouth it is met by new dangers; fresh

and menacing problems are found at every turn. There is the sudden transition from fresh to salt water, involving chemical, dynamic, and respiratory changes. There are fierce enemies, openly ravaging, and stealthy murderers with ingenious lures and devices in operation, lurking in every nook where shelter might be sought. Yet it miraculously adapts itself and survives, — to disappear from human ken in the mystery of the illimitable sea, — until it reappears, adult, some three-and-thirty months later.

It is about midsummer — although the time varies slightly according to locality and individual season — when the sea gives up these mysterious denizens, the adult sockeye, which entered it as fingerlings three seasons previously. From far and near the schools crowd in and assemble before those lone and misty gateways through which the Pacific rollers smoke and thunder. The southeast limit of Vancouver Island is approximately four hundred miles from Prince Rupert, at the mouth of the Skeena River; but the intervening coast is much broken and indented — probably more so than that of any other with the exception of Norway. It is said that if the coast-line of every island, promontory, and indentation on the British Columbian coast were to be followed, a journey of twenty-seven thousand miles would be involved. This is irrespective of the immense and convoluted expanse of the Alaskan coast, which also lies within the sockeye range. Practically every indentation on the coast north of the Columbia has its stream, and — here lies the greatest marvel — every stream suitable for spawning appears to have its separate frequenting pack. It has, in fact, been practically determined that the sockeye will spawn only where it has been spawned.

After having digested their last meal

— for at this period the stomach of the sockeye is invariably found to be empty — the fish leave the salt water and, entering the gates through which they emerged, make for their respective spawning-grounds. These lie on the shallow margins of lakes or, preferably, on the margins of streams by which the lakes are fed. Enemies of many kinds beset the sockeye's course. North of smoky Quatsino Sound the predatory legions of sea-lions and hair-seals lie waiting for their easy harvest. Of the former there are believed to be over 11,000 within the compass of a small triangle north of Vancouver Island. A full-grown sea-lion weighs upwards of a ton. The havoc wrought by these creatures among the sockeye and other fish may thus be imagined.

The European fishermen with varied scientific devices crowd the areas where the salmon assemble from the sea. It is computed that in the area including Georgia and Juan de Fuca Straits and Puget Sound, 33,000,000 salmon were taken from the sea in the 1913 season. All along the river-banks the Indians stand with their scoop-nets, lifting out fish at the rate of hundreds a day. Below each rocky bar over which the fish have to leap, the wearied wayfarers lie resting—gaining strength for the effort. If the obstacle to be surmounted should be one of those cascades whose course is over sharp rocks standing in foaming, swirling eddies through which contending currents are flung, a large number of fish may be injured, and in the pool below are assembled a sorry company of the halt and the maimed — many with their sides cruelly gashed. Every now and then one notes a gleam of silver on the surface — and a dead fish floats away downstream. Perhaps one of the gorged fish-eagles may swoop down and seize the carcass; oftener it will be swept unregarded away.

The number of salmon crowding into

a stream when the run is heavy is almost incredible; occasionally they lie so densely packed that it seems almost as though one could walk from bank to bank on the mass. In the big Fraser run of 1913 many millions of fish were sacrificed owing to a landslide at Hell's Gate, near Yale. This narrowed the channel and increased the speed of the current to such an extent that the fish could not surmount it. They lingered, exhausted, for days below the rapid; then they floated downstream, died, and were borne as carrion toward the sea. Below Hell's Gate are good spawning-grounds, to be reached via the Harrison, Lilloet, and Pitt tributaries; but rather than spawn at any other spot than that where they themselves had been spawned, the fish forewent the great purpose of their lives.

The evidence in favor of the view that the sockeye will spawn only at their birthplace is overwhelming. Anderson and Nahmint lakes in Vancouver Island lie less than two miles apart. The vent-streams from both run to Barkley Sound. Both lakes are fed from the same snow- and rainfall; both lie embowered in cedar, hemlock, and pine; on both the same sky looks down between mountains of similar geology. Yet Dr. Gilbert will distinguish between a sockeye taken in Anderson Lake and one taken in Nahmint. It may be by the shape or size of the scale, the form of a fin, the angle of the jaw, or, if the specimen be a female, by the size of the ovum. But the distinctive peculiarity will be there, and will be found constant in every specimen examined. It is quite possible that with a little further knowledge, it will be practicable to determine, not only the lake in which a given fish has spent the first year of its life, but the tributary streamlet on the gravel of which the ovum that gave it life was spawned.

That this habit will in course of time

give rise to different races, and eventually to different species, is a fair inference. That the process is now going on is clear from the circumstance that already racial strains are arising. For instance, a sockeye of very large size has been found at Yes Bay in Southern Alaska. A number of eggs of this variety have been laid in a lake down in Vancouver Island and another in the State of Washington. All this involves an astounding proposition, but one which, on the evidence, we cannot avoid accepting.

To what may we attribute this inevitable determination of the sockeye to return for the purpose of spawning — and then incontinently dying — at the spot where it was spawned? Is it to a blind, compelling instinct void of conscious thought, such as characterizes so many of the marvelous operations of the honey bee; or is it a passionate love on the part of the fish for its birthplace — an overwhelming desire to revisit and end its life in the beautiful spot where life and light first dawned upon it? For all the spots where the salmon spawn are beautiful. Is it perchance what Schopenhauer, in connection with higher animals, termed 'the genius of the genus' working through the mind of each individual, urging it to forge the link of continuance between the generations in a perfect circle, ending where it began — spending the strength it amassed amid the rich pastures of the ocean in striving for a goal which has been an ever-present dream?

The evidence is, one may think, in favor of an intellectual rather than an instinctive process. Place twenty bees in an uncorked bottle of clear glass, and set the bottle on its side with the closed end in sunlight and the open end in shadow. The bees will die of exhaustion after vain struggles to penetrate the glass, but they will never attempt to escape through the open vent.

Their instinct is based on a long racial experience that light indicates an opening, and their intellect is incapable of leaving the rut thus formed. But if a salmon-run be obstructed, the fish will diligently and intelligently seek in every possible direction for a passage. Moreover, they will at once make use of a fish-ladder or other arrangement placed for their convenience. If, owing to heavy rain, a river becomes swollen, and a fall, passable at ordinary times, becomes impassable, the sockeye will wait patiently in the pool below until the spate has gone by, and then resume the interrupted journey. Among bees, so far as can be observed, individual preferences are unknown; the individual is nothing; the dominant note of the bee's life is a passionate devotion to the commonwealth, manifested upon rigidly fixed lines. But the salmon have individual preferences; male and female mate together, and in their mating they exhibit jealousy and other characteristics which link them with the higher animals — and even with human beings.

It must, one thinks, be a fixed idea — a memory-visualization which guides them. Do these creatures, throughout the course of their perhaps world-wide wanderings during nearly three mystery-shrouded years, dream of the little submerged cairn of purple gravel over which the crystal water lapped and murmured — that cairn among the interstices of which they found safe refuge from watchful, ravening foes, from the greedy trout and their own hungry kin of a previous generation? Do they dream of the sombre, stately cedars growing from the edge of the stream; of the rugged pines festooned with sage-green *Usnea* moss; of the lace-like fronds of the hemlock and the swaying fingers of the maple? These trees stand, dreaming, between the sky and the murmuring water. Do the

tired wanderers long for those fleeting glimpses of the folded hills, — perchance backed by sunlit, snowy peaks, — glimpses had when they sprang, playing, into the air at sunrise? Does the lure perhaps lie in the miraculous clearness of the peaceful water — a clearness so startling that its realization comes as a shock to the observer? One cannot tell what it is, but the lure is there; the magnet that draws the doomed creatures from the most distant and secret places of the sea, over stunning obstacles, by a memory strand so strong that only death can break it. And the most significant circumstance is that these salmon forego the purposed culmination of their tragic life — the fulfillment of the love-instinct and the consequent continuance of the species — when they fail to reach the shrine desired for its consummation.

At length, all difficulties surmounted, the goal is reached; perhaps one in ten, one in fifty, of those who as fingerlings ventured to the sea three seasons previously, may have escaped their legion of foes and surmounted the obstacles of their difficult path. The wanderers have returned to their native lake — to the placid sky-mirror in its frame of sombre green hills, or stark, snow-encumbered mountains, which they have never forgotten. But the perils are not at an end. In the central waters of the lake, in the larger pools of its tributary streams, safety is to be found, but spawning has to be effected on the margins — in water but a few inches deep — and close to these margins watchful enemies lie ambushed. If the lake lie near the ocean, the fish arrive in fair condition; they even appear to experience something of the joy of life; one may watch them leaping from the deeper pools of the tributary streams; occasionally from the lake itself. But if the latter lie very far inland, the effects of weariness and the long fast become ap-

parent; the fish take on a gaunt and haggard look. In the male the upper jaw undergoes a marked change: that portion immediately behind the snout becomes depressed, the forward portion curves almost into a hook. This gives the fish a most sinister expression.

After a few days' rest the process of spawning begins, and, under the veritable shadow of the wing of Death, — in a furnace, as it were, of terror and pain, — the link joining past with future generations is forged; the perfect circle is completed.

III

The sockeye have now almost reached the final stage of their long travail. The supreme and most fatal sacrifice has yet to come — the immolation of a generation upon the cold and thankless altar of the Future. But there intervenes a period of rest, — of cessation from persecution, — a few score hours of luxurious, almost effortless gliding to and fro beneath the placid surface of the liquid mirror into which the inconstant sky glances as it is borne past by the circling earth. Beneath this surface the water is literally as limpid as the untroubled atmosphere which lies so lightly upon it. Midsummer is now gliding imperceptibly into the fall. The days are long and dreamful; the winds are hushed; the sky is unmarred, its blue unflecked save by occasional drifts of fleecy vapor — immaculate flocks born of snow which has melted on distant peaks, straying over the rare, pellucid pastures of the upper atmosphere. The shrieking tempest and the blinding snowfall have been — and will again be — in some distant and incredible future.

The days are sultry and the nights are mild. The water is warm and delicious; nevertheless, it is fatally charged with the germs of a terrible disease,

— with the spores of the *Saprolegnia*, that foul fungoid which will inevitably attack and destroy the debilitated fish when they have reached their final stage of exhaustion after the strenuous spawning effort. But in the meantime, in those lakes around which the shallow spawning ledges lie, there is little to suggest danger or death. It is true that the fish-eagles, having followed the run from the sea, perch expectantly upon the tall, gaunt stumps — those sinister reminders of long-past forest fires which, like skeletons at the feast, are seldom out of sight even in the most luxuriant of the forests of Northwestern America. Behind the inevitable rampart of dead logs — usually invisible owing to dense undergrowth — lurk bears, grizzly or black according to locality. These wait sulkily for the final holocaust. They sleep most of the time, their dreams, no doubt, being full of gustatory reminiscence and anticipation. Their taloned paws are pressed against their temporarily depleted paunches; it is not likely they will be disturbed, for their lairs have been cunningly chosen. Many of them have followed the pack from the coast, gorging luxuriously at each obstruction, going empty when the course was clear. But their final and most Gargantuan feast is now nearly at hand. The restless coyotes slink in and out of the thickets, hollow-flanked and impatient.

But in the meantime the fish are out of danger and at peace. There are exceptions to this rule. If the run be a great one there is considerable competition for the available gravel-beds; consequently the sockeye set to work preëempting spawning-sites immediately upon arrival. At night the drumming of the ruffed grouse may fill a steep gorge with miniature thunder. Occasionally the long-drawn howl of a timber-wolf or the gulping snarl of a

panther, as it tears at the throat of a slain deer, makes weird the night. But such sounds are rare; the North American forest is usually as silent as the grave.

However, under the surface of the lake is peace, utter and profound; and, for the moment, safety. Dawn sends its spell across the dreaming forest, dappling its darkness with softly-paling shades. As the light grows, each tall fellowship of firs stands forth in sombre relief. The nearer comes the sun, the darker grows the forest. The surface of the lake is like glass — except where broken here and there by a leaping trout. A piercing ray of light thrills like an arrow through the trees cresting the eastern horizon. Then the timid dawn flies westward, and morning, triumphant, reigns. The slow hours trail on to noon — to afternoon — in sultry procession, until evening essays to reproduce the rapture of day-break, but fails for lack of mystery.

And what of the sockeye during those halcyon hours? One does not know; yet one may reasonably believe they enjoy a measure of content — even of happiness. May it not be that during this interval they seek their affinities — those mates in conjunction with whom the final and fatal mystery of their love's consummation may be fulfilled? That they do select their mates is certain; it is also certain, as will be shown, that the process of selection is marred by disharmonies and cruelties very similar to those which so often disfigure the sex-relations of human beings.

But may we not at least infer the sockeye's enjoyment of the sense of having triumphed over enormous difficulties and escaped frightful dangers — their realization of the desirous dream which was ever present during their long, eventful wanderings? Here is the region where they first swam free-

ly — breathing and, by the same operation, feeding upon those microscopic organisms with which stepmother Nature had filled the limpid waters for their first nourishment. Here, by the constant discipline of escape from the Steelhead trout and their own aberrant kin who decided to spend a second, or even a third, year in the lake, they had braced and schooled themselves for tremendous achievements. Here Nature, in the guise of 'the genius of the genus,' had broken the cells of the germ-plasm with which their tiny brains were charged, and revealed to them — by the process we name instinctive — the tremendous purpose of their mysterious existence.

Nature has strange and often unthought-of methods of adjusting balances. May it not be that the happiness, the bliss realized by these creatures as they lie wrapped in the mild waters of their natal lake is deep and searching enough to compensate for all they have endured? May it not be that if only one in a hundred — one in a thousand — realizes it, the hundredth or thousandth chance of realization may be sufficient recompense? 'Many are called, but few are chosen,' was said by the Christ of men and the Kingdom of Heaven; and the God of Israel was justified in that terrible saying. May not the same be true of fishes — their travail in the Great Waters and their short interval of blissful peace in the Delectable Lakes? But who shall dare to justify the majestic, terrible, and blood-stained steps of that awful entity we term Nature?

The final act, the spawning, begins. The female sockeye selects a gravelly spot, usually near the margin of some tributary stream — a spot over which water, to the depth of some three or four inches, flows. Her chosen mate follows and watches her actions with anxious attention. The fish have now

markedly changed their color: the clean metallic blue has given place to a hectic flush of red. The female lies sideways on the gravel, with her head upstream. Then she bends her body and immediately again straightens it with a quivering jerk. This displaces the gravel over an area about equal in extent to the palm of one's hand, and causes a slight hollow. The displaced gravel is pushed down stream and thus forms a hillock below the hollow. The fish then rubs her abdomen sideways and with a quivering motion on the lower edge of the hollow and close to the upper base of the hillock, emitting the ova as she does so. During the operation the hillock grows by accretion of the disturbed pebbles. The male fish is at hand; he expresses the milt in the same manner in which the female expresses the eggs. The milt has to reach the eggs within two minutes and twenty seconds of their emission; otherwise fertilization does not take place.

The eggs are carried by the milt-laden stream into the interstices of the hillock. The fish resulting from those eggs which remain exposed die within a few days after they have been hatched. Even if they escape the host of greedy enemies lying in wait for them, they become infected fatally in the region of the umbilical sac by the *Saprolegnia* fungus. It is still unexplained why the fry hatched out among the stones of the hillock are not attacked. Possibly the spores of the *Saprolegnia* cannot live in darkness; possibly some antidote-parasite exists which is ineffective in light. Herein lies an interesting subject for investigation.

The expression of the ova as well as that of the milt is a purely mechanical operation, for the sockeye has no muscular apparatus to assist in the process of voiding. It is solely through the bending of the body, the quivering jerk, and the rubbing on the pebbles

that the expression is effected. The female normally contains some five thousand eggs. About four days are consumed in the work of expressing. By that time the abdomen of the fish is usually raw and void of scales in the vicinity of the vent.

Herein is manifested one of Nature's energy-saving devices. If the sockeye were furnished with the usual expressing apparatus, it would not have to jerk and struggle; thus the hillock would not be formed, and some round-about way of eluding the *Saprolegnia* spores and other enemies would have to be devised. So Nature withheld from a highly specialized creature an organ proper to its rank in the zoological scale — forcing it to descend from the heights of specialization and perform a lowly, rudimentary action. It is almost as though the commander-in-chief of an army were set to the work of digging trenches.

If the run be a moderate or a small one, each female sockeye insists upon having a considerable space free around her spawning hillock, and will energetically attack any other female venturing into her vicinity. But if the run be large and space be consequently limited, other fish may spawn within a few feet and no objection be made. Should another female attempt to appropriate a preëmpted spot, a fierce combat would result.

Sockeye both male and female — unattached, unconventional beings not bound by the accepted ethical rules: piscatorial home-wreckers, in fact — are apt to disturb the harmony of the spawning grounds. Some female fish, whose symmetry is comparatively unmarred owing to a succession of lucky escapes, and who consequently has most of her strength in reserve, may glide in and try to appropriate the hillock on the erection of which some matron-fish has expended almost her last

available energy. A combat will inevitably ensue; contrary to all ethical canons, victory will most likely go to the intruder. The male fish will not interfere. His tail fanning just enough to counteract the pull of the current, he will impartially watch the contest. If his old companion be driven forth to a lonely death, he will impartially mate with the newcomer. Again, one may observe mateless males of comparatively superior physique moving about over the spawning grounds, evidently on the lookout for mated males whose physique is inferior. When one of the latter is found, a combat — which may exhibit great savagery — will follow. In such cases the female regards the situation with tranquil unconcern. Should the male originally in possession be vanquished, he will accept the inevitable and glide tranquilly to his death — let us hope a euthanasia — in the profound calm of the adjacent waters, while his wife accepts the companionship of the victor with equanimity.

The foregoing represents ideal spawning conditions, which, however, do not as a rule exist. When the pack arrives, the carnivora of the forest-covered ranges surrounding the lake crowd in to take their toll of the hapless sockeye. The great grizzly bear lumbers over the gravel-beds, and, displaying unsuspected quickness with his murderously taloned paws, flicks the wearied and preoccupied fish high and dry into the undergrowth. After he has gorged his fill, the grizzly will lay up treasure (that will soon smell to heaven) for the coming weeks. Twenty to thirty fish he will collect into a heap; over these he will pile logs and rocks so large and heavy that, even remembering the strength of his thews, one wonders at his ability to move them through the dense jungle. The black bear gorges too, but apparently accu-

mulates no store. Nevertheless he becomes fetid, blear-eyed, unhealthy generally, and filthy in his habits. Sometimes his dulled fur falls off in patches until his once silky coat suggests that of a mangy dog. The coyote, too, gorges to a point of scandalous obesity. Every creature capable of sustaining its life upon flesh crowds in to take toll of the hapless salmon.

Spawning over, the spent and exhausted creatures, now mere living corpses, — distorted, emaciated, and disfigured, — cleave their slow and painful way back to the deep waters of the lake. The results of the *Saprolegnia* infection now develop: foul festoons — the bearers of spores to infect the next generation of sockeye — hang from lips, eye-rims, gill-shields, and fins. The pairs which have spawned together as a rule maintain their companionship, each pair seeming to shun the society of others. Their movements become slower, stiffer. This existence may be prolonged for a fortnight; it usually continues for a week. Then comes death. For a brief period, the poor, disfigured carcasses float at the surface; then they sink to the bottom, where the soft tissues undergo swift disintegration.

The hatching-period of the sockeye egg varies according to the temperature of the water. The governing principle has been ingeniously worked out and determined by Mr. Wallach, of the United States Fisheries Department. It is as follows. Take freezing point, 32° Fahrenheit, as the basis. Then take the mean temperature of the water on each day, starting with the day on which the egg was expressed, and de-

duct 32 from it. As soon as the remainders reach a total of 990, the egg will have hatched.

To make the thing quite clear the following table is given. Assume that on the day of spawning and the four subsequent days, the respective mean temperatures read as follows: 52, 55, 53, 60, 54.

1st day,	52 — 32 = 20
2nd “	55 — 32 = 23
3rd “	53 — 32 = 21
4th “	60 — 32 = 28
5th “	54 — 32 = 22

and so on. When the footing of the third column reaches 990, the egg will have hatched. The little fish soon becomes a free swimmer, but some eight weeks pass before the umbilical sac is fully absorbed. Then the minute, semi-transparent creature, helpless, except for the instinct that prompts it toward concealment from ever-vigilant enemies, starts on its independent career.

And what of that atom of faintly clouded jelly — its brain? Did any other physical substance ever bear such a tremendous load? Pictured or written therein is the vast and varied experience of the whole sockeye race, probably dating from a period before Vancouver Island emerged from the ocean, when the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains were wave-washed islands (there is evidence to be deduced from certain habits of the sockeye that this is the case). In that receptacle must be stored records of millions of precedents — clues for guidance through a life-embracing labyrinth of dangers and difficulties. It contains the tragedy and the triumph of the sockeye race. One's mind reels before the abyss.

HEROES

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

WHEN he could stand it no longer, he fired a revolver up through the roof of his mouth, but he made a mess of it. The ball tore out his left eye, and then lodged somewhere under his skull, so they bundled him into an ambulance and carried him, cursing and screaming, to the nearest field hospital. The journey was made in double-quick time, over rough Belgian roads. To save his life he must reach the hospital without delay, and if he was bounced to death jolting along at breakneck speed, it did not matter. That was understood. He was a deserter, and discipline must be maintained. Since he had failed in the job, his life must be saved; he must be nursed back to health, until he was well enough to be stood up against a wall and shot. This is War. Things like this also happen in peace time, but not so obviously.

At the hospital he behaved abominably. The ambulance men declared that he had tried to throw himself out of the back of the ambulance, that he had yelled and hurled himself about, and spat blood all over the floor and blankets — in short, he was very disagreeable. Upon the operating table he was no more reasonable. He shouted and screamed and threw himself from side to side, and it took a dozen leather straps and four or five orderlies to hold him in position so that the surgeon could examine him. During this commotion, from his bleeding mouth he shot great clots of stagnant blood, carving not where they fell. One fell on the immaculate white uniform of the

Directrice, and stained her from breast to shoes. It was disgusting. They told him it was *La Directrice*, and that he must be careful. For an instant he stopped his raving and regarded her fixedly with his remaining eye, then took aim afresh and again covered her with his coward blood. Truly, it was disgusting.

To the *médecin major* it was incomprehensible, and he said so. To attempt to kill one's self, when, in these days, it was so easy to die with honor upon the battlefield, was something he could not understand. So the *médecin major* stood patiently aside, his arms crossed, and his supple fingers pulling the long black hairs on his bare arms, waiting.

He had long to wait, for it was very difficult to get the man under the anæsthetic. Many cans of ether were used, which went to prove that the patient was a drinking man. Whether he had acquired the habit of hard drink before or since the war could not be ascertained; the war had lasted a year now, and in that time many habits may be formed.

As the *médecin major* stood there, patiently fingering the hair on his arms, he calculated the amount of ether that was expended — five cans of ether, at so many francs a can. However, the ether was a donation from America, so it did not matter. Even so, it was wasteful.

At last they said he was ready. He was quiet. During his struggles, they had broken out two big teeth with the mouth-gag, and that added a little

more blood to the blood already choking him. Then the *médecin major* did a very skillful operation. He trephined the skull, extracted the bullet that had lodged beneath it, and bound back in place that erratic eye. After which the man was sent over to the ward, while the surgeon returned hungrily to his dinner, long overdue.

In the ward, the man was a bad patient. He insisted upon tearing off his bandages, although they told him that this meant bleeding to death. His mind seemed fixed on death. He seemed to want to die and was thoroughly unreasonable, although quite conscious. All of which meant that he required constant watching and was a perfect nuisance. He was so different from the other patients, who wanted to live. It was a joy to nurse them. This was the *Salle des Grands Blessés* — those most seriously wounded. By expert surgery, by expert nursing, some of these were to be returned to their homes again, *réformés*, mutilated for life, a burden to themselves and to society; others were to be nursed back to health, to a point at which they could again shoulder eighty pounds of marching kit, and be torn to pieces again on the firing-line. It was a pleasure to nurse such as these. It called forth all one's skill, all one's humanity. But to nurse back to health a man who was to be court-martialed and shot — truly, that seemed a dead-end occupation.

They dressed his wounds every day. Very many yards of gauze were required, with gauze at so many francs a bolt. Very much ether, very much iodoform, very many bandages — it was an expensive business, considering. All this waste for a man who was to be shot, as soon as he was well enough. How much better to expend this upon the hopeless cripples, or those who were to face death again in the trenches!

The night nurse was given to reflection.

One night, about midnight, she took her candle and went down the ward, reflecting. Ten beds on the right-hand side, ten beds on the left-hand side, all full. How pitiful they were, these little soldiers, asleep! How irritating they were, these little soldiers, awake! Yet how sternly they contrasted with the man who had attempted suicide! Yet did they contrast, after all? Were they finer, nobler, than he? The night nurse, given to reflection, continued her rounds.

In bed number two, on the right, lay Alexandre, asleep. He had received the *médaille militaire* for bravery. He was better now, and that day had asked the *médecin major* for permission to smoke. The *médecin major* had refused, saying that it would disturb the other patients. Yet after the doctor had gone, Alexandre had produced a cigarette and lighted it, defying them all from behind his *médaille militaire*. The patient in the next bed had become violently nauseated in consequence, yet Alexandre had smoked on, secure in his *médaille militaire*. How much honor lay in that?

Here lay Félix, asleep. Poor, querulous, feeble-minded Félix, with a foul fistula which filled the whole ward with its odor. In one sleeping hand lay his little round mirror, in the other he clutched his comb. With daylight, he would trim and comb his moustache, his poor, little drooping moustache, and twirl the ends of it.

Beyond lay Alphonse, drugged with morphia after an intolerable day. That morning he had received a package from home, a dozen pears. He had eaten them all, one after the other, though his companions in the beds adjacent looked on with hungry, longing eyes. He offered not one to the men on either side of him. After his gorge, he had become violently ill, and demanded the basin in which to unload his surcharged stomach.

Here lay Hippolyte, who for eight months had jerked on the bar of a captive *ballon*, until appendicitis had sent him into hospital. He was not ill, and his dirty jokes filled the ward, provoking laughter even from dying Marius. How filthy had been his jokes — how they had been matched and beaten by the jokes of others! How filthy they all were, when they talked with each other, shouting down the length of the ward!

Wherein lay the difference? Was it not all a dead-end occupation, nursing back to health men to be patched up and returned to the trenches, or a man to be patched up, court-martialed and shot? The difference lay in the Ideal.

One had no ideals. The others had ideals, and fought for them. Yet had they? Poor selfish Alexandre, poor vain Félix, poor gluttonous Alphonse, poor filthy Hippolyte — was it possible that each cherished ideals, hidden beneath? Courageous dreams of freedom and patriotism? Yet if so, how could such beliefs fail to influence their daily lives? Could one cherish standards so noble, yet be himself so ignoble, so petty, so commonplace?

At this point her candle burned out, so the night nurse took another one and passed from bed to bed. It was very incomprehensible. Poor, whining Félix, poor whining Alphonse, poor whining Hippolyte, poor whining Alexandre — all fighting for La Patrie. And against them the man who had tried to desert La Patrie.

So the night nurse continued her rounds, up and down the ward, reflecting. And suddenly she saw that these ideals were imposed from without — that they were compulsory. That, left to themselves, Félix and Hippolyte and Alexandre and Alphonse would have had no ideals. Somewhere, higher up, a handful of men had been able to impose upon Alphonse and Hippolyte and Félix and Alexandre and thousands like them, a state of mind which was not in them, of themselves. Base metal, gilded. And they were all harnessed to a great car, a Juggernaut, ponderous and crushing, upon which was enthroned Mammon, or the Goddess of Liberty, or Reason, as you like. Nothing further was demanded of them than their collective physical strength — just to tug the car forward, to cut a wide swath, to leave behind a broad path along which could follow, at some later date, the hordes of Progress and Civilization. Individual nobility was superfluous. All the Idealists demanded was physical endurance from the mass.

Dawn filtered in through the little square windows of the ward. Two of the patients rolled on their sides that they might talk to one another. In the silence of early morning their voices rang clear.

'Dost thou know, *mon ami*, that when we captured that German battery a few days ago, we found the gunners chained to their guns?'

A FEDERAL MERCHANT MARINE

A LESSON FROM HISTORY

BY PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM

SHALL we have a Federal Merchant Marine? President Wilson is still persistent in the matter. With his customary directness and forcefulness of manner he calls our attention, whenever an occasion offers, to the perfectly patent and well-known fact that, in years past, 'we have stunted and hindered the development of our Merchant Marine. And now,' he says, 'when we want ships, we have not got them.'

As everybody knows, the markets of the world are empty and waiting, in many instances, for the goods which we hold in great abundance. We, however, who are eager to supply the goods, have no means of getting them to the places where they are wanted. A great trade is waiting to be built up, and we lack the means of transportation. The remedy is clear — as clear as the opportunity is great. It is suggested that the government should 'open these gates of trade, and open them wide: open them before it is altogether profitable to open them, or altogether reasonable to ask private capital to open them at a venture.'

Conservative America — and America is often strangely and signally conservative — views the proposition with alarm. It seems an unprecedented step to take, and one which the Federal government can not enter upon with safety. Individual initiative would be endangered, we are told, and such an ex-

tension of governmental authority and enterprise is vehemently opposed. It is spoken of as 'a rash expedient that has only failure written on it.' We are told that the United States 'proposes to put the Federal government into competition with the enterprise of private owners — and, of course, to drive them off the seas. We should then,' it is asserted, 'have a delightful state of socialism.'

At such a time we need all the light which can be gained. It may be interesting, therefore, to turn back to the past, and to consider the long and rich experience with a government merchant marine which is supplied us by another great Republic. I refer to the famous Republic of Venice which, for many centuries, pursued the radical and far-reaching policy which is now suggested for America. The problem which now confronts the United States confronted Venice in the Middle Ages, and the way in which the problem was carefully worked out, to the extraordinary prosperity of Venice and, apparently, to the satisfaction of Venetian men of business, is not without its permanent value and suggestive elements.

It is well to remember at the outset that no modern state — not even Germany — is so carefully and thoroughly organized or so scientifically managed as was that proud and prosperous Republic whose feet were securely planted

in the Adriatic, and whose long and powerful arms reached out in all directions. Moreover, in no department of her government were greater skill and care exerted than in the wise development of her commerce.

It is well to remember, too, in the days of our somewhat callow youth as a country, that the Venetian Republic lived for more than a thousand years, while, for nearly half that time, she was the commercial sovereign of the world. In prosperity, in naval supremacy and financial capacity, she knew no rival. To be a 'Merchant of Venice' was a synonym for successful enterprise and bold as well as wide and wise adventure. This business supremacy, however, was not attained by the method of unregulated competition, nor yet by enormous combinations of capital. It resulted from a happy combination of law with liberty, of government—or state—control with individual initiative.

The 'Big Business' of Venice was her commerce. And this was natural enough, since commerce came to be the first necessity of life for those peoples who had fled before the armies of Alaric and Attila. Escaping to the islands in the long lagoons of the northern Adriatic, these fugitives had built their homes upon the oozing banks of tidal mud. With a tenacity that told upon the characters of their remote descendants, they clung heroically to the low-lying, scattered islands of which neither Goth nor Hun envied them the possession. They could live, however, only by entering into trade with the people of the mainland, exchanging in the first place salt and fish and other products of the sea for meat and milk and vegetables from the shore. Before long it came to be apparent that the very amphibious character of Venice had supplied her inhabitants with a peculiar and distinct advantage in the way

of trade. 'On the edge of the sea, at the foot of the mountains, within easy reach of numerous rivers, Venice had every facility at hand for the importation, the exportation, and the transmission of merchandise with different parts of the world.'

The trade which began with the mainland, as a matter of self-preservation, and which was carried on at first by means of rafts and boats and shallow barges, gradually grew and reached out toward the South and East. Venetian merchants who made a beginning by sending barges up the Brenta to Padua, and along the waters of the Piave to Belluno, were soon found establishing relations with Southern Italy and Sicily, with Dalmatia, Corfu, and the isles and ports of Greece. 'The Adriatic,' says Mr. Sedgwick in his fascinating study of *Italy in the Thirteenth Century*, 'was the "path of gold" down which Venetian galleys sailed on their way round the Peloponnesus, through the Ægean Sea to Constantinople.'

All this, as I have said, was natural and inevitable if any growth was to be secured. Hence, as Mr. Thayer has written in his *Short History of the City of the Sea*, 'Commerce, next to self-preservation, was the chief concern of Venice'; and he quotes da Canale to the effect that 'Merchandise flows through the city like the water of the fountains.'

Ruskin, as we might expect, is still more emphatic on the point. 'Venice stands, from first to last,' he says, 'like a naked statue; her coldness impenetrable; her exertion only aroused by the touch of a single spring. That spring was her commercial interest — this the one motive of all her important political acts or enduring national animosities. She could forgive insults to her honor, but never rivalry in her commerce; she calculated the glory of her

conquests by their value, and estimated their justice by their facility.'

I have called for the testimony of these writers because it proves how centrally and vitally important to Venice became her shipping interests and her trade by sea. What her coal-mines are to England, her glacial streams to Switzerland, her natural resources and giant railways to the United States, that — and even more than that — her ships and commerce were to Venice. Without them her prosperity would have faded suddenly away and her chief advantage in the world would have ceased to be.

We go on, therefore, to inquire how the Venetian government stood related to this central and supreme business interest; how individual rights and private incentive were encouraged, while nearly everything was carefully and minutely regulated by the State. We shall discover an example of semi-socialistic organization, and probably the only instance known to history in which a merchant marine was the property of the State, and a navy was utilized for purposes of trade. It is possible to trace with more or less precision how this came about; the steps that, one by one, led up to it are reasonably clear.

We have seen how commerce first began in Venice; how, at the outset a physical necessity, it was later fostered and developed by geographical conditions. It remains to consider now how man allied himself to nature, and how government reached out to confirm advantages conferred originally by geography.

As early as the eighth century, the protection and greater security of her budding commerce began to be considered by Venice. The seas were peopled with pirates. Corsairs cruised at large. In order, therefore, that Venetian merchants might have some protection and

be able to pursue their business with a certain measure of security, the government equipped and sent out fleets to suppress these robbers and rovers of the sea. But the task was difficult. The pirates could not be exterminated. They sprang up in the wake of the returning fleets. Before the Venetian warships were comfortably anchored off the Piazzetta the work of piracy had begun again. The deep and narrow bays, the rocky headlands, and the many islands of the Adriatic, — of which we read so much at present, — afforded the freebooters convenient hiding-places and numerous spots of refuge. As a measure of precaution, therefore, and to ensure protection against these pestering pirates, the government decreed that merchant ships should always sail in squadrons, and with these squadrons the State sent several fighting galleys to act as convoys.

For better protection, also, it was soon decreed that merchant vessels should themselves be armed and fitted to resist attack. Before long, therefore, it came about that trading expeditions were made up of three kinds of vessels. In the first place, there were merchant vessels pure and simple. After these came the trading galleys, partly armed; and finally, the government sent fighting galleys to protect the little fleet.

But this arrangement soon led to the necessity for further legislation. If the State engaged to send vessels from the arsenal to protect Venetian traders, it must have some say as to where the traders went. Thus it came about that the government gradually established the routes of trade, and announced at what times it would send its galleys to protect the merchant vessels. Nor was this all. If the State was going to the trouble and expense of protecting these merchant ships, it was good policy to

see to it that the ships were worth protecting, and, what is more, that they could be depended upon to do something to defend themselves. It was not long, therefore, before the State began to prescribe very definitely in regard to the character, dimensions and equipment of all the ships that flew the banner of St. Mark. Private shipyards were inspected and no Venetian was permitted to build a vessel for the mercantile business except in accordance with certain rigid specifications. Each ship that was designed for the foreign trade had to be of a certain length and draught, with equipment for a certain amount of cargo, and with definite and carefully calculated facilities for defense. The Naval Statutes even went so far as to prescribe the length of the anchors, the quality of the cordage, and the number of the crew. Romanin tells us that the Nautical Statutes, first published in 1172, provided that every vessel with a capacity for two hundred thousand pounds of cargo should have a crew of twenty men, which was increased by one man for every ten thousand pounds. It seems that the 'load-line' was indicated by a cross painted or cut upon the vessel's side. Government inspectors were on hand to see that no vessel left port carrying more than her proper amount of cargo. An indication of how carefully everything was regulated is found in the fact that it was permitted to load entirely new vessels somewhat 'above the line, but to a diminishing extent each year for the first three years.'

It is easy to see, of course, why the State should have come to regulate in this careful way the nature, dimensions and equipment of the ships. In the first place, since the vessels sailed together, it was highly desirable that everything possible should be done to keep them together. More particularly, in stress of weather it was eminently advanta-

geous to have vessels that would behave alike. An added reason, however, lay in the practice of sending out to the various trading ports certain state officials, known as consuls, whose business it was to promote and provide for the commercial interests of the Republic. Among other things these consuls were expected to keep on hand a supply of ships' findings — such as anchors, oars, cordage, rudders, yards, masts, shrouds, and the like. If the ships were all of uniform construction it can be seen how vastly easier it would be to keep in store the right supplies than in case they were of different designs and builds. When a ship lost a mast, or carried away her rudder, the consul at Tripoli, or Alexandria, or Antwerp, would have on hand a rudder, or a mast, of the proper size and this could be shipped without delay as soon as port was reached. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that these ships were all built so as to be convertible, without much difficulty, into men-of-war. In the event of sudden need they could be, and often were, employed for national defense; just as Great Britain when this war broke out, controlled by virtue of her subsidies the fleet of swift Cunarders and added them to her navy.

But this was far from all that Venice did in the line of regulation and control. The way had been prepared for still another step which was the most radical and interesting of all. If the government could supervise the private shipyards and decree that no vessel should be built for trade except along certain lines and in accordance with a standardized design, why might it not go just one step further and build for itself and own these vessels which were to engage in trade? History does not tell us whether or not there was opposition to the step. It may be that the State was accused of interference

with affairs of private business. But the Great Council did not listen to objections of the kind, — even if it heard them, — and by the middle of the fourteenth century we find merchant galleys which were the property of the government sailing on the appointed routes of trade.

These ships were built at the State arsenal. When they had been fully fitted out and armed, a public crier announced in the streets and squares that certain galleys were ready for the expedition to Alexandria, Corinth, Constantinople, or elsewhere. It was proclaimed in the name of the Doge and the Senate that these vessels would be put up at auction and leased to the highest bidder. The nobles who were privileged to bid — for the ships were let out to none but members of the higher classes — then came together and bargained for portions of the fleet. Merchants rented these government ships much as people nowadays lease a house or rent a car on a railway — the State, however, being the landlord or grantor. Manufacturers or traders put their merchandise on board, sometimes shipping themselves, sometimes sending representatives to look after their property. Great nobles, or large mercantile companies, often needed several ships; and by a curious survival of ancient privilege the lessee of each vessel was required to take, as a kind of supercargo, eight younger representatives of poor, but noble, families. These young noblemen were paid a nominal wage, and were allowed to ship a specified amount of merchandise without paying any freight.

The merchandise carried by the fleet was disposed of at the various ports where the vessels touched, other goods being taken on board and brought back for sale in Venice or else for further shipment. It appears that the person hiring a government vessel superin-

tended the lading of her and sometimes took command himself. The State, on its side, appointed a representative, or official guardian, for every ship, his duty being to look after the property of the government and see that it came back to the arsenal in good condition when the voyage was ended. This official was obliged to be on board from the time that the lading of the ship began until the last item of cargo was discharged; it being his business, also, to see that the crew had their stipulated rations of bread, meat, and wine, and to keep the ship's accounts. In the event of shipwreck, the 'sailors were bound to attend to the salvage, with all diligence, for the space of fifteen days, when the gains would be five per cent. Every ship had to have, besides, two scribes who were pledged to keep an exact entry of the quality, quantity, weight and measure of the ship's freight.'

It will thus be seen how immense an amount of responsibility was assumed by the government. It even supplied the merchant with clerks and bookkeepers who kept a tally of his goods. In addition to all this, inasmuch as the ships never sailed singly, but always in squadrons, a commander or fleet captain was appointed — at first by the Great Council but later by the Senate. Under him were the *padroni*, all of whom were nobles, next in importance being the master, to whom were referred all nautical as well as mercantile matters. That there was liability to 'graft' in those days is made evident by the fact that the fleet captain was forbidden from the first to have any pecuniary interest in the ships or cargo of his squadron. He was held responsible for the safety of the squadron as a whole, and was obliged to give bond before he took command. Here, therefore, was a very intimate relationship and a carefully worked-out adjustment

between government ownership and individual enterprise. The ships were the property of the State; but the cargo was the merchant's, and government officials were not permitted to have any interest in it. The adjustment went so far as to arrange a kind of mutual liability for losses in case of shipwreck. This was necessary, of course, inasmuch as all nautical matters were taken out of the hands of individual merchants.

One final point remains to be touched upon. I have hinted at it already and, of course, it follows naturally from all that has been said. The State began very early to prescribe, in part, the routes of trade, and it was not long before it regulated them entirely. The exact dates and lengths of the various voyages, with the different ports of call, were carefully arranged, and merchants leased the State ships for specified trips. The routes of trade were all government routes; at every port on the regulation routes were stationed government officials whose business it was to safeguard the rights of their fellow citizens.

The fleets of galleys had fixed times for starting on the various trips, and their regularity in arriving at the various ports of call was such that bankers dated their loans by them. At least, so it was in Dalmatia; for we read: 'Pour les affaires traitées à Lazarro, les échéances avaient pour termes l'arrivée des galères.'

When there were signs of war, or when the ambassadors or consuls who were stationed in different parts of the world gave notice of suspicious movements, the sailings were suspended for a time, or else a whole fleet of fighting galleys was sent as escort for the merchant ships. These government voyages reached far and often occupied several months. One fleet went round by Greece, passed through the Helles-

pont, and penetrated the Black Sea. Another sailed off to the South and East, calling at the ports of Syria and Egypt, where connections were established with the Red Sea and goods were received that had come from India. Another, the Flanders fleet, which took the longest voyage, sailed for Tripoli and Tangiers, touched at points in Spain, passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, coasted Portugal, called at various French ports, put in at Southampton or Dartmouth, and went north as far as Antwerp or Bruges, where Venetian merchants had large warehouses.

By the fourteenth century there seem to have been seven of these government mercantile expeditions each year. The fleet which visited Catalonia set sail between the fifteenth and twentieth of January; the Flanders fleet got away somewhere between the eighth and twenty-fifth of April; the galleys to Roumania and Trebizond set out between July eighth and twentieth; those to Alexandria between the eighth and twenty-fifth of September. An account has come down to us from a German priest, named Breydenbach, who made a pilgrimage to Palestine in 1483. He came home by way of Egypt and took passage on a Venetian squadron which had been sent to Alexandria. The squadron, it appears from his narrative, was composed of four well-armed galleys loaded with valuable merchandise. This Alexandrian squadron was joined by the Syrian fleet as well as by the fleet from Tarifa, and, much to the delight of the wandering parson, the commander of the three fleets, together with the patrons of the various galleys, organized a fête at sea.

Something of all this is familiar to us from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare makes Shylock say of Antonio: 'He hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies: I un-

derstand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad.'

It was a vessel, probably, of the Flanders fleet that was first reported wrecked, and marked the beginning of all the woes that followed. Salarino is made to say that he has it from a Frenchman how, —

' . . . in the narrow seas that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught.'

Later the rumor is confirmed and the news is spread from the Rialto that 'Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas, — the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say.' Still later the news comes of 'an argosy cast away coming from Tripolis.'

And so disasters follow one another, until it seems that all his ventures, one by one, have failed.

'From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,'

not a single 'hit.' Among them all not one escaped 'the dreadful touch of merchant-marring rocks.'

Of course the natural supposition is — and always has been — that all these vessels were Antonio's private property. The fact that he was ruined by his losses, unable to pay his debts, and thus the helpless victim of Shylock, to whom he owed three thousand ducats, would appear to confirm this supposition. In all probability, however, at least some of the ships were the property of the State. Salarino called the one that met her end upon the Goodwin Sands, 'a vessel of the country,' —

'Vailing her high top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial.'

So far as Antonio's bankruptcy is concerned, the loss of the merchandise he had on board, — the 'spices and the silks' that we are told about, — this alone would have been sufficient to bring about his ruin. On the other hand, his losses may have come from the fact that all of these were private ventures, and that he had not taken advantage of government protection. For the State did not forbid the dispatch of private vessels built on standardized lines: it offered protection only against just such disasters as Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice may have brought upon himself.

The question of Antonio's losses brings us to a consideration of financial matters. The importance of the general commercial undertakings in which the government came to be involved may be inferred from the fact that these armed mercantile fleets — 'le flotte armate in mercanzia' — sailed and returned each year laden with merchandise estimated at over forty million lire. The exact equivalent of that sum cannot be accurately determined at the present time; but the profits were, undoubtedly, enormous. In any event, for many hundred years Venice was the leading trading nation of the world. At the end of the fourteenth century, when she was at the apex of her worldly power, the number of ships enrolled upon her register is given as thirty-three hundred. There were sixteen thousand men employed at the arsenal, and the roll of sailors numbered thirty-eight thousand, or about one-third of the native population of the city. In other words, the 'Business' was a 'Big' one, and these

. . . argosies with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,

state-built, state-owned, and state-commanded, were a very profitable venture. In 1421, the Doge, Thomas

Mocenigo, could say with just pride to the Venetians, 'You are the channel of all wealth: you supply the whole world: the universe is concerned in your prosperity: all the gold in the world arrives at your door.'

In the whole matter, however, the thing of real importance and genuine significance is the close and careful partnership between the State and the individual citizen. It was a case of Socialism on the sea: but it was a phase of Socialism which left ample room for individual rights, and was careful not to discourage personal incentive. And in this respect it was typical of the Venetian idea of government in general. As some one has suggested, the Republic of Venice might be 'compared to a joint-stock company. The Board of Directors was the Senate; the citizens of Venice the shareholders.'

The government, in other words, was highly centralized. It was not only firm, but far-reaching — including many things which nowadays are left to private management. As to whether the agents of the government performed their duties well, resisting the temptations to bribery, which must have been numerous — we do not know. We do know, however, — and this is a thing of vastly more importance, — that the government mari-

time policy of Venice was enormously successful. The policy of renting ships for commercial voyages and ventures yielded such rich profit that the Venetian navy was almost self-supporting. Moreover, the efficiency of the navy was tremendously increased. A great part of Venetian maritime supremacy was due to the fact that her merchant marine was part of her navy and that her men-of-war were also merchantmen. Her ordinary seamen were sailors of the fleet. When the State went to war her men and ships were ready; and no sooner was peace restored than her fleet resumed the task of amassing wealth.

Such an arrangement makes us feel the stupendous folly of our modern system. For nowadays 'civilized' nations build battleships at enormous cost which have no use except in time of war. In contrast we cannot but admire the scientific policy that Venice so carefully worked out. And if we cannot imitate her and divert our 'Dreadnaughts' into channels of productive trade, at least we may learn a lesson in regard to a federal merchant marine. We may learn that a State has rights as well as duties, and that rigid and far-reaching regulation is not incompatible with individual enterprise and successful development and growth.

THREE 'S COMPANY

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

A CURIOUS sense of yearning attacked Susan Magnus just as she was going to dive again. She paused to consider it. For a moment she thought she must be on the verge of an inspiration; then light broke on her. 'Hil!' she called. 'I believe I'm going to die a sudden death of starvation. Shall we go in?'

Her husband's head appeared on the other side of the diving-board. 'By Jove,' he said easily, 'should n't wonder a bit if we're jolly late for brekker. Where's old Binky with her bell?'

They swam to shore.

'Perhaps she rang it and we never heard,' said Susan, with an indifference that argued precedents for this supposition. 'Oh, oh, but I *am* hungry!'

Lifting her bath-wrap, she ran swiftly up the beach, and Hilary instinctively started in pursuit. In the veranda of the bungalow he caught and kissed her.

'Praise the Lord for all his mercies,' panted Susan, 'including legs.'

'Certainly; anything you like. But why legs specially?'

'Because if I could n't run away from you, you'd never want to run after me. Such is man — and art. Selah! Oh, Binky, there you are!' Susan looked in at the studio window. 'Are we frightfully late? We're so sorry.'

But for once Miss Bingham did not yield to the disarming charm of Susan's manner. 'It's ten o'clock,' she said dryly. 'I'll make fresh coffee.'

'Oh, Binky darling, are you wild?' Susan was instantly upon her, more charming than ever. 'Truly, honest Injun, we never heard your little bell.'

'I never rang it,' said Miss Bingham, even more dryly.

'Never —? Well, but *then* —!' With a relieved gesture Susan cast off all shadow of responsibility.

Miss Bingham faced her stonily. 'As far as I know, I am paid to have meals ready at certain hours, but not to fetch you in to them. You can both tell the time, I believe?'

Hilary had now added himself as audience, and chuckled. 'Our Binky, when roused,' he supplied, with the air of a showman.

'But Binky,' murmured Susan, half dismayed, half laughing, 'how — how *coarse* of you to refer to payments, like that. As if you did n't know your price was above rubies! Only we don't happen to have any.'

'Oh, yes, you can *talk*! You can *both* talk!' declared Miss Bingham exasperatedly, and stood for a moment considering them with smouldering eyes.

Hilary was dark and slim and lithe-looking, with some indefinable heritage of manner from courtly ancestors that persisted attractively through all his personal modesty and a fervor of democratic conviction. 'I always feel I'm going to fall over his sword,' Susan had once complained, summing it up. She herself could practically be described as being conspicuously everything that Miss Bingham was n't. Miss Bingham, although only two years the older, was temperamentally middle-aged, while Susan would remain inconvertibly young. They had been at school together, and there the older girl had

mothered (albeit sternly) the bright blossom, the flash of quicksilver, the entrancing sprite that had been Susan. Now she kept house for her — here in the summer, with more state in town throughout the winter.

And in childhood, in youth, in marriage, Susan had been uniformly favored and happy, so that it was easy enough for her now, Miss Bingham sometimes reflected, to get what she wanted by sheer force of never anticipating that she would n't. (She had got *her*, for instance, just when she married and would otherwise have been plunged into household management.) Then there were beauty and charm — both among Susan's birthrights; enough money, no incumbrances, and now Hilary Magnus, a husband who, although undeniably a musician, had been born (again, of course, to oblige Susan) without the temper to which persons of his temperament were known to be lamentably liable. And as if that were not enough, Susan herself — Susan the gay, the charming, the apparently frivolous — had only to stand at an easel for a few hours to produce drawings by which editors singled out for their reception felt themselves incomparably blessed: drawings of a strength, a poise, a very poetry of conception and execution that enchanted every one except those unhappy authors whose work, far from being illustrated, was simply obliterated by them.

Miss Bingham herself had never got what she wanted. Not that she complained of this. She shouldered her manifold burdens — poverty, invalid relatives, a too sturdy figure and an inability to pass examinations — with proud independence. But her lack of all the gifts that had been so royally showered on Susan made her unconsciously cling more and more fiercely to the knowledge that there was one thing in which she excelled — the thing that

Susan and Hilary had for two years passed lightly over as beneath notice. Even now, she observed, they had not the least idea that they were perched perilously on the very razor-edge of a crisis. Susan had asked her if she were 'wild'; Hilary had referred to her as 'roused.' Well, they should see to what extent! Their maddening unawareness of any crisis was precipitating it.

Susan made a last effort to beguile her friend into the way of peace. 'Binky beloved, I'm *hungry!*' she wailed, in heartfelt appeal.

For a second something in Miss Bingham leaped to answer that, and a quiver broke the sternness of her features. But she did not yield, except in a material sense. 'All right,' she said, and turned to go for the coffee. 'You can begin on the breakfast buns, while you dress. But of course they're cold.'

They began joyously. 'She brought us breakfast buns in a lordly dish,' mumbled Hilary with his mouth full; for, if cold, they were still delicious.

'And then,' continued Susan under similar disabilities, 'she never rang her little bell. (I can say everything but "r" with my mouth full.) Her heart is like the nether millstone, but her breakfast buns came out of the flesh-pots of the Egyptians. No, that's perhaps an insult, because they're not stale.'

'She hath fed,' Hilary revised, 'that is to say, she hath fed *us* on honey-dew buns, and presently we shall drink the coffee and milk of Paradise.'

Unhappily, these tributes were inaudible to Miss Bingham in the kitchen; and as they had paid them merely to please each other, and not in the least with the suspicion that it might be necessary to please Miss Bingham in any way beyond existing in her neighborhood, it did not occur to them to repeat or improve on their efforts when she returned, bearing coffee and a dish that exhaled savoriness. They

simply fell upon these blessings and demolished them, conversing cheerfully, as usual, on extraneous matters.

Miss Bingham meanwhile went about picking up stray bath-towels and pebbles. 'Coffee all right?' she asked presently, with a carelessness that should have been ominous.

The blinded pair stared.

'Of course,' said Hilary.

'Why should n't it be?' demanded Susan, with a deplorable lapse from tact.

'Oh, I don't know. Only you did n't say.'

'But — do we ever say?' Susan blundered on, puzzled.

'No, you don't.' There was suddenly a return of grimness in Miss Bingham's voice.

Hilary and Susan elevated eyebrows at each other.

'What's to be done?' questioned his.

'Leave her alone,' signaled hers.

But this, as it happened, was a counsel of disastrous imperfection. It gave Miss Bingham time finally to mature her grievance, and presently it burst upon them like a storm.

'I'm going,' she said tensely, gripping a bath-towel with both hands, as though for a tug of war. 'I'm going at once. I can't stand another day of it.'

'Binky!' they gasped in unison.

'Oh, yes, you can Binky me now as much as you like; it won't make a scrap of difference. I'm going; I'm tired of being treated as though I were something between a child and a dog. Either you forget me altogether, or else you — you just humor me. I don't want to be forgotten or humored; I want to be appreciated, and so I'm going somewhere where I shall be — where people are n't so clever that they simply can't see what other people do. You — both of you — you don't know you're *born* yet! You think a house runs itself. Well, you can just try. Then perhaps you won't look down quite so much on

whoever comes after me to run it for you.'

The storm abated with suddenness, though only, it was plain, to get its second wind.

'Look down?' Susan faltered. 'Oh, Binky, do you really mean you have n't been happy with us?'

Her eyes appealed to Hilary for help. He was as concerned as she, but his unaccustomed tongue refused to find any but the old, jesting words.

'Our Binky?' he murmured in a stunned way. 'Nursing a secret sorrow? Wanting to lead Her Own Life? And then going and wounding us in an exceptionally tender spot?' He roused to that. 'Binky, do you dare to deny, then, that we are enlightened democrats, incapable of treating any one (even your handmaiden, Emmy, who sings flat) as — as beings beneath us?'

'Yes, I do!' Miss Bingham asserted. 'I don't know or care what Emmy may think, but all the time you treat *me* like a rather amusing toy; you use me as a conversational ball that you can toss to each other in idle moments. Never for a minute do you take me or the work I do seriously. You keep that for yourselves and each other.'

Hilary fairly gaped at this transformed and tempestuous Miss Bingham. 'Sue, she *has* been reading Ibsen — if not Shaw — if not both,' he suggested weakly.

'I don't need to read anybody,' retorted Miss Bingham, 'to see the way you both laugh at me, condescend to me, *despise* me. You've got genius, have you? You've —'

'Now, Binky, be calm.' Hilary's eyes kindled a spark of mischief, but he kept his voice grave. 'You know we have.'

Miss Bingham hesitated. 'Well, I don't know about genius; I suppose you've got something,' she admitted grudgingly. 'But —'

'Oh, leave it at genius, Binky, please,' he implored earnestly. 'It can't do you any harm, and it bucks us no end. We ask nothing more, do we, Sue?'

Miss Bingham's look darkened. 'There you go again. Playing with me. Because I don't know about your sort of things. Well, has it ever occurred to you that you don't know about mine? You think anybody can housekeep, and they can't. Or, anyway, there are as many *degrees* of housekeeping as there are of picture-painting. And—and' (in desperation Miss Bingham blew a blast on her own neglected trumpet) 'mine's one of the *top* degrees!'

'Binky, of course it is, and you know we can't possibly do without you!' reproached Susan sweetly — yet not with that note of supreme conviction for which Miss Bingham yearned. This was just 'humoring' once more.

'Yes,' she agreed curtly, 'I know it; the point is that you don't.' Her purpose finally hardened. She folded the bath-towel. 'Well, that's all,' she said, with something of a return to her usual balanced and staid manner. 'I'm going now. Sorry I made a scene. Good-bye, and many thanks for the things you've both done for me.'

'Hil,' said Susan in distress, as soon as the door was shut, 'but we can't let our Binky go like that. Her home — it's wretched, you know, even if she could afford to stay in it. She'll have to look for other work, and she'll hate going to strangers, whatever she says, and she is fond of us and we of her, and — oh, have we really been such beasts to her?'

The situation had so many bearings that they were still discussing it when a cab drove past the window that faced the road.

'Quick!' Hilary urged, 'or she'll be gone.'

They rushed to Miss Bingham's room and knocked. There was no an-

swer, and then they heard Emmy bringing the cabman for the luggage. They could also hear what he was saying.

'The lady she just caught the 11.17, miss, and she said for to fetch her trunks and send them on after her.'

Susan and Hilary, exchanging signals of defeat, stole back unperceived to the studio.

'Oh, Hil, it's too late. Poor Binky! I — I wish we had n't upset her, but I really don't quite know even now what we did; do you?'

'Have n't an earthly.' But his profound meditation on the subject gave way suddenly to a new idea. 'And I say, Sue, what about us?'

Yet so obsessed had they been by their sense of Miss Bingham's loss in leaving them that even now it was not anxiety but merely interest that his question voiced.

'Us?' Susan gave the matter only an instant's thought. 'Oh, well, there's still Emmy, you know,' she reminded him and herself comfortably.

And thus was Miss Bingham justified in her going. For it was as though she, being informed by Susan that all the works of Michael Angelo were destroyed, had remarked, 'Oh, well, there's still that man who draws for *Fashion's Forecast*, you know.' Here too, as Miss Bingham had claimed, existed a question of degree.

'By Jove, so there is,' returned Hilary, precisely in Susan's manner. 'Better have Emmy in then, I suppose?'

'Had we? Why? Oh well, yes, there 'll be lunch and things, won't there? All right; ring.'

Emmy answered the bell.

'Oh, Emmy,' began Susan briskly, 'Miss Bingham has — has been called away.'

'Don't!' groaned Hilary, under his breath; 'it sounds as if she were dead.'

Susan waved him aside. 'Called away,' she repeated firmly. 'And we

will have scrambled eggs and apricots and cream for lunch, Emmy, and cakes and things for tea, and — Hil, what shall we have for dinner?’

They fell with zest upon so novel an occupation as choosing their own dinner, but presently Hilary noticed that Emmy's mouth was wide open — a sign that she awaited an opportunity to speak.

‘Yes, Emmy?’ he questioned.

‘Miss Bingham,’ said Emmy stolidly, ‘was goin’ ter myke termater soup ‘n’ cutlets ‘n’ mashed potato ‘n’ a Victoria pudden fer dinner.’

‘Oh!’ said Hilary, descending ignominiously from higher gustatory flights.

‘Then we’ll have *that*,’ declared Susan. ‘Now run away, Emmy, and — and turn out the dining-room and clean the kitchen windows and polish the hall floor and have lunch ready at half-past one.’

‘Yes, miss — ma’am,’ said Emmy in a dazed way, and departed.

Hilary, swinging on the table edge, cocked his head critically. ‘There’s *something* wrong about the way you did it, Sue,’ he commented. ‘She’s gone off looking like a sleep-walker, and she never did that to Binky.’

‘Nonsense,’ said Susan complacently; ‘I think I did it frightfully well, considering I had n’t a minute to rehearse.’

Work being clearly out of the question, they went for a walk, and returned not more than three quarters of an hour late for lunch. To their innocent surprise, however, lunch was even later for them. They went in search of Emmy, and found her with her head buried in her arms, which were on the kitchen table. Explosive sobs rent the air at short intervals, and there was an undesirable smell.

‘What is the matter?’ Susan asked, her nose uplifted in investigation.

Emmy raised her head and wailed,

between explosions, a comprehensive answer. ‘I never remembered — which wy yer said nothen’, ‘n’ so — I ain’t done ‘em; ‘n’ I was that ‘ungry, meyed’s — fit ter split; ‘n’ so I — remembered what yer — said about lunch, ‘n’ I tried ter — scramble them eggs, but they seemed ter — kinder stick.’

Hilary, locating the smell at that instant, examined a frying-pan on the fire. ‘They did indeed,’ he confirmed. ‘Requiescant.’

‘Well, but, Emmy,’ Susan expostulated, ‘what’s the matter? You managed all right with Miss Bingham.’

‘Miss Bingham?’ Emmy picked up the name resentfully, like a weapon. ‘*She* did n’t never tell me all them things at once. She’d sy, “Emmy,” she’d sy, “go ‘n’ clean the bedroom winders,” she’d sy, ‘n’ I went ‘n’ done it. Then she’d sy somethink else, ‘n’ I went ‘n’ done that. I kin work, I can, but I ain’t no use with me yed. Teacher always said so.’

There was a pause. Then Hilary gave a gasp, and drew Susan firmly by the elbow out of the kitchen. His face was alight with a new intelligence. ‘Sue! *That’s* what we’ve done to Binky. Don’t you see? The monstrous injustice of it! We’ve practically said, “She kin work, but she ain’t no use with ‘er yed.” (No, what a bore: it has to be “*me* yed,” does n’t it, or the “y” does n’t fit in nicely.) Whereas you see how things go when Binky’s head is removed, and only Emmy’s body is left.’

‘Oh, do you think it’s that?’ Susan looked at him doubtfully, and decided there was nothing in his theory. ‘No, it’s just an accident, about the lunch and things. She’ll be all right to-morrow. Why, it’s nothing — the work of a bungalow like this! It’s — it’s —’

Her voice failed, and he turned to follow her suddenly stricken gaze. Emmy, jabbing hatpins into a large, limp hat on her head, stood at the door.

'I'm a-goin' now, ma'am, please,' she said, in a voice weak from many tears but charged with an immovable purpose. 'Miss Bingham paid me me wages yesterday, so that's aw right, thank you, ma'am. I won't be able ter manage, not be meself, I won't. I'm sure I hope it's no ill-convenience, ma'am, but yer see where it is. Miss Bingham, she never engaged me fer ter do it, 'n' it'd worrit me that awful, what with the cooking 'n' all, me yed would n't never stand it. Good-day, ma'am; good-day, sir; 'n' I'm sure I hope yer'll soon be suited.'

Hilary gazed after her retreating form. "Ill-convenience," he murmured, trying it over. "Ill" — "in": yes, I vote for "ill" myself, as being more forceful.'

Susan wriggled her shoulders, as though discarding a weight. 'Oh, dear,' she said, in a surprised voice, 'what a day of fusses — all about nothing! Come on, Hil; we'll have to get lunch ourselves.'

Miss Bingham's intention was to walk to the front door of the bungalow and ring the bell. It was therefore curious, as she noted herself, that she should be cautiously creeping along the seaward veranda, and peeping in, as she passed, at one of the studio windows. It was also curious that her heart should be thumping so unmanageably, for had she not known Susan, if not Hilary, all her life; and had she not been a thousand times justified in leaving them, and was she not, nevertheless, magnanimously returning? In spite, however, of the impregnable position in which all these facts placed her, Miss Bingham was forced by her ridiculous heart to press herself for a breathing-space against the outer wall between the two open studio windows. For anything might have happened in three weeks! They might even be happy and com-

fortable without her, in which case she could retire, perhaps, without exposing herself to bitter humiliation.

Various sounds reached her as she hesitated. Hilary's whistle was accompanied by a scraping noise, and she gathered (not without a pang) that he was shoveling up ashes on the hearth. Suddenly both sounds ceased, and he burst loudly into a tune of his own composition.

'If seven maids with seven brooms
Swept till kingdom come —'

he postulated, and paused expectantly. From a little farther off (Miss Bingham judged it to be Susan's bedroom) returned instantly the antistrophe:—

'Do you suppose, the magni said,
The place would look less rum?'

Miss Bingham had an unexpected feeling. This kind of thing had always been one of their pet games, and she had secretly envied them their dexterity at it, as she had envied them so much else. But it was not dexterity that she noticed now, or envy that she felt. It was a thrill of pride. They were alone, then — without even Emmy — in difficulties; (and who but she should know how insuperable they would find such difficulties?) Yet they could still build for their voyaging this gallant bark of words. It was a thing, then, suited, not only to summer seas, but to winter and rough weather? Their gaiety, their carelessness, their charm of manner and sweetness of temper — these were not, as she had disparagingly thought, but the easy fruits of too easy living and achievement? They were something inherent in them — something that even her sudden deflection, with the havoc it must have wrought in their days, had not been able to shake?

Miss Bingham was conscious — although, indeed, to her great indignation

— of a sense of guilt. For her thoughts were groping their way to a new truth. And thereupon, because expression was so difficult to her, there fell on her out of the past a group of words still riddled with the manifold bullets of examination—parsing, analysis, paraphrase, translation; but now the words came strangely to life, supplying her need. 'Those who have not suffered are shallow, but he who has not happiness will scarcely know how to give it. . . . What we owe to others is not our hunger and our thirst, but our bread and our wine.'

Those who have not suffered are shallow: she had stopped short, in considering Susan and Hilary, at that. Yet who was she to say that they had not suffered? Her former blindness now amazed her. Were there no griefs but the material and visible? Were there not adventures of the soul? Having left the bungalow for the one, and being on her return involved in the other, she knew now that there were. And could they, unless they, too, had experienced these, have drawn into the service of art either beauty or humor, either understanding or strength? No! What she had missed had been their philosophy of life. They had known hunger (they must have known it to be what they were and do what they did), but it was their bread, not their hunger, that they shared with others; they had been athirst, but it was of their wine poured out that they made a feast. . . .

Susan's voice broke in opportunely on these somewhat exhausting reflections, and her remarks were interspersed with calculations of which Miss Bingham could at first make nothing.

'Before next Monday, Hil, (seven—eight) we shall have committed suicide, shan't we? So anyway (nine—ten—eleven) I shall never (twelve) have to count the (thirteen—fourteen) laundry again. Hil, did *you* know I

had a million cotton frocks, all dirty?'

'Rather! At least, I know you have n't a clean one. But why count the laundry even now, on that account? There are still our bathing things.'

'Yes, but the man's coming.' Susan was now in the studio, too, and absorbed, as was her custom, in the subject of the moment. 'And this is the third week, and both the other times I forgot.'

'Why did n't you make him wait while we did it, then?' Hilary inquired easily.

'Last week I did try. I offered him some coffee while he waited. But either he smelt that the milk was just the teentiest bit burnt, or else he felt that I had a rather too coming-on disposition. Anyway, he went, and I was given to understand that he would murder me if it was n't ready to-day.'

'Sue! Then to-day it will be necessary for me to have his blood.'

'Oh, well, not really, of course,' she modified. 'He only looked his daggers. What he actually said, I remember, was that 'e'd gotter get a move on, 'e 'ad. (Has any one, do you think, ever written an article on how hard it is to drop your *h*'s?) So I promised for to-day, only I find I simply can't hold more than fourteen dresses on one arm while I pick up some more with the other hand, and then I drop the lot, and have to begin again.'

But this was too much for Miss Bingham. She entered by one of the windows. 'What do you want to *hold* them for at all?' she cried despairingly. 'Can't you put them down somewhere as you count them?'

'Put them down?' For the moment the vivid light cast by this suggestion blinded Susan to the unexpected source from which it sprang. 'Why—do you know, if I'd gone on counting all day, I don't believe I'd ever have thought of that. Binky, how *clever* of you! Put

them down. Of course.' That being settled, her glance wavered, in recognition of the circumstances. 'But, Binky — *you?*'

'Come to gloat over us, of course,' supplied Hilary, in amiable resignation. 'You can't deny she has a right to. Well, then, Binky,' — with a wave of his arm he made her free of the appalling apartment that had once been an attractive studio, — 'gloat.'

'I've not come for that!' Miss Bingham retorted furiously, because her heart ached. 'I—I hoped you were getting on all right. Why have n't you got some one to take my place?'

They stared, first at her, then at each other. Clearly, the answer seemed to them so obvious that they had difficulty in framing it.

'Well, but of course,' Susan managed at last, 'we did n't know how!'

Of course: Miss Bingham perceived it to be the literal truth. Advertisements, agencies, registry offices — they might never have heard of them for all the impression such things had been able to leave on that part of their brains which recorded impressions. And that meant, then, that they really could not do without her? They actually were defenseless (as she had maintained, yet not wholly believed) unless she defended them? Something swelled and burgeoned in Miss Bingham's heart, — the divine flower of the maternal root, — and although she did not give it a name she bowed to it in an ecstasy of surrender.

'Besides,' Hilary amplified, and again it was a simple statement of fact, 'we know now that there never could be any one to take your place.'

'So we just hoped you'd come back before we had to commit suicide,' Susan concluded.

'Oh!' said Miss Bingham. For this she had starved; on this she could thrive and achieve miracles of admin-

istration for them both. Her blunt exclamation, therefore, was no match for the gladness in her eyes.

'Binky!' Susan dared to voice their trembling hope. 'You *have* come back — to stay?'

'I never said so!' declared Miss Bingham, instantly on the defensive again.

'But Binky, when we admit it all!' implored Susan. 'All!'

'That your genius is superior to ours,' Hilary contributed.

'That it's *your* life that is real and earnest, Binky —'

'And we are but infants crying in the night without you —'

'That housekeeping such as yours is a science — an art — an inspiration —'

'That you can live without us —'

'Whereas we can't live without you!'

'Oh, yes!' Miss Bingham stemmed the rising tide of extravagance. 'It's easy for you to talk like that just now.' She was, in fact, innocently bursting with gratification, as two such psychological experts could not fail to see; yet she succeeded in giving each in turn a defiant glance. 'But if you want me to stay,' she threatened darkly, 'you'll have to keep it up, you know.'

'Keep it up?' murmured Susan, inexplicably blighted.

'Do it — this sort of thing — with a *purpose?*'

Hilary weighed the ultimatum. Each of them sought the other's eyes; both of them were suddenly awkward, distressed — Miss Bingham could not really make out what, though she felt it was not fair that they should be it, whatever it was. Why should n't they be willing to do for her occasionally such a small thing as keep it up? At the same instant, however, she was being attacked (most unfairly, she considered) by a sturdy demon of truthfulness that resided in her nature. For a while she struggled, but the demon prevailed. Yet, though she paid the price of de-

feat, she could not rise to doing it without bitterness.

'Oh, well, if you want to know,' she said in a hard voice, aware that she was madly relinquishing her one precious advantage, 'I lied to you just now. You don't have to keep it up. You said you could n't live without me. Well, it's just as true that I can't live without you — much truer, probably.'

'Binky! Because we're geniuses?' surmised Hilary hopefully. 'You may remember that we left it at that?'

'No!' she said, with the fierce shame of one baring her heart against her will. 'Because you're children — *my* children — the only ones I shall ever have. Oh, yes, it's true! You need n't trouble to contradict. I'm not old yet, but I shan't marry; I'm not the sort men choose. I've got — I've got a talent for marriage and for home-making and for children; but I have n't got — glamour. And every man wants that.'

'Oh, not *every*, Binky!' Hilary protested. 'There are quite a lot of intelligent men like me nowadays who look before and after glamour, so to speak.'

'There are n't! There's about one to every ten thousand women, and when I find him he's always married.'

Hilary swaggered. 'You hear that, Sue? *I* am married, as you will admit. I leave you to draw the flattering inference.'

Susan picked up a cushion to throw at him, but it was never thrown. For Miss Bingham, they both noticed, was suddenly gazing with a strange concentration at Susan's easel, where the faint outlines of a drawing hung dustily by one drawing-pin.

'Is that,' Miss Bingham asked, as though short of breath, 'the one you were doing when I went?'

Susan came up behind her to look. 'Yes, I believe it must be,' she admitted casually. 'Why, Binky dear?'

Miss Bingham did not answer that.

'What was it going to be?' she asked, still as though some one were trying to choke her.

It was so rare for her to ask anything of the sort that Susan frowned in the intensity of her polite effort to remember. But it was useless. 'I'm so sorry,' she said apologetically, 'but I'm afraid it's quite gone. I can't think in the least what it was going to be.' Not a breath of reproach was in her voice, not a thought of injury in her mind, Miss Bingham recognized, and writhed the more under the blinding light of self-revelation.

So this was what she had done! Three weeks ago there had been in Susan's mind a drawing — a thing touched with the tenderness, the humor, the strength that was Susan's and no other's, and now it was dead, killed by *her*. Nothing could bring it back. The dusty paper was like a ghost: no, not that, either; ghosts had at any rate once had life. Only a dream, only the unborn robbed forever of the right to life could smite with this intolerable poignancy.

It was Hilary who understood that thus did Miss Bingham feel, although thus she would have been abashed and furious to have her feeling put into words. 'It's all right, Binky,' he said, and squeezed her arm comfortingly as he slipped his through it. 'She'll do some more, you know. She's made of them.'

But even that light touch on her unbearable thought was anguish. She started, and shook him off. 'What on earth are you talking about, Hilary? Only look at the *dust* on it! So now, if you'll be good enough to walk to the village and tell Mrs. Fisher *I'm* back and shall be glad of her help, that's all I'll need. You must get lunch somewhere, but you can come home to dinner. I'll be ready for you by then.'

'Oh, Binky!' sighed Susan in ecstatic gratitude. 'The *dirt!*'

'Is this the face,' inquired Hilary in song, 'that launched a thousand meals? It is — it is! And oh, Binky, we have lived on Tins from time immemorial.'

Miss Bingham, affecting indifference, smiled with the calm of assured generalship. Nevertheless, there was a sweetness in these tributes to which she felt it would be dangerous to accustom herself.

'Oh, you don't have to keep it up, you know!' she reminded herself rather than them, a little wistfully. For it was hard. *Why* should she be bereft of her only hold on them, just because she could not live without them?

Again they exchanged one of the looks that Miss Bingham had come to recognize. It meant that they were either going to be astounded by the discovery of something that every one else in the world knew (as in the case, for instance, of how to count the laundry), or that they were going to astound her by knowing something that had never occurred to her. This time it was the latter.

'Blessed, beloved, benighted Binky!' cried Susan, as she hugged her and supplied her with another blinding light, 'but don't you see that's just why we *can*?'

TO TINTORETTO IN VENICE

BY ALICE MEYNELL

The Art of Painting had in the 'Primitive' years looked with the light, not toward it. Before Tintoretto's date, however, many painters practiced shadows and lights, and turned more or less sunwards; but he set the figure between himself and a full sun. His work is to be known in Venice by the splendid trick of an occulted sun and a shadow cast straight at the spectator.

Tintoretto's thronged procession to Calvary and his standing Cross are two of the greatest of his multitude of paintings in Venice.

MASTER, thy enterprise
Magnificent, magnanimous, was well done,
Which seized the head of Art, and turned her eyes
— The simpleton — and made her face the sun.

Long had she sat content,
Her young unlessoned back to an east impearled,
To a golden west, to a mingled firmament,
And looked upon a gently lighted world.

But thy imperial call
Bade her to stand with thee and breast the light,
And therefore face the shadows, mystical,
Sombre, translucent, vestiges of night,

Yet glories of the day.
Eagle! We know thee by thy undaunted eyes
Sky-ward, and by thy glooms; we know thy way
Ambiguous, and those halo-misted dyes.

Thou Cloud, the bridegroom's friend
(The bridegroom sun)! Master, we know thy sign:
A mystery of hues world-without-end;
And hide-and-seek of gamesome and divine;

Shade of the noble head
Cast hitherward upon the noble breast;
Human solemnities twice hallowèd;
The haste to Calvary, the Cross at rest.

Look sunward, Angel, then!
Carry the heavens forever by that hand.
Still be the interpreter of suns to men;
And shadow us, O thou Tower — for thou shalt stand!

LIFE'S LITTLE CLASSIFICATIONS

BY LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

ONE of the first things we learn to do is to count, — one, two, three, four, — by which our infant feet mount by steps of our living selves to higher numbers. Then somehow we can compass two steps at a time, — two, four, six, eight, — and we smile up at the pleased assistant; for by twos means hand in hand, arm in arm, couples, an augmented self. Threes, though, are quite otherwise. No child willingly does threes. Enter then the rule of it, and masters. As for sevens and nines, those, as Marjorie Fleming said, are damnable.

Even the adult, whatever his conning and totting ability, still dotes on pairs. His first, last, and in-between philosophy of life consists in dividing the world — mankind, womenkind, things, feelings — into two classes. Stripped of verbiage there is only Me and Not Me in the whole world. Raveling and tying and winding up the thread of this summary style of classification into a play-ball has been of late one of my recreations; and few persons so superior or things so recalcitrant but toss me shreds and patches.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, omniscient but sane, announced that though she had lived a long time and seen a great deal she had met only two sorts of people and they were very much alike, namely men and women. Mrs. Oliphant had her own way of dividing persons, into 'those I can talk to and those I can't'; while Laurence Hutton used to say that there were only two sorts of persons in the world, those

who remember to say 'thank you' and those who do not. 'Is he a Yes-Sayer or a No-Sayer?' asked Nietzsche; with which simple brevity contrast Galsworthy: 'There are two kinds of men in this world — one who will not rest content till he has become master of all the toys that make a fat existence, never looking to see of what sort they are made; and the other for whom life is tobacco and a crust of bread and liberty to take all to pieces, so that his spirit may feel good within him.'

The world being thus sliced in two, lesser sections of it lend themselves to the same game. 'There are two Romes,' Masfield makes Cato say, 'one built of brick by hodmen; but the Rome I serve glimmers in the uplifted heart.' Carlyle resolves all history into the acts of individuals, while Buckle's idea of history leaves out men and women. Hardy's argument is that human beings with their brief joy and little ideals might get on very well if the general wave of the world did not overturn them. Meredith's idea is that our little lives always stagnate into morbidity unless the general wave of the world continually refreshes and recreates us. One man has the heart of Alexander of Macedon and another has the heart of little dog Fido; mine (it is Dostoievsky speaking) is that of little dog Fido. 'There is no good tyrant,' Jean Christophe declared, 'there are tyrants one loves and tyrants one detests.' Just where does tyranny become lovely? Francis Galton had two

sisters, of whom he wrote that one was just and one generous. When they buttered bread for him as a child, the one sister picked out the butter that filled the big holes and the other did not. No less distinct and delightful in their dichotomy were the Shandy brothers, Toby and Walter, one all gentle goodness, the other all wayward intellect.

One of the more elastic classifications of humanity into pairs is by habitual conduct. 'Our ventilation is other people's draughts,' sums it up; but for detail there is written up in a Friends' School, 'It is as much a Christian's duty to avoid taking offence as giving offence'; quite different from the 'Do others or they will do you,' felicitously adapted from Holy Writ for the use of the slums. Balzac noted that to give and to receive happiness are the two systems of feminine procedure separated by an abyss; which a more modern French novelist, M. Rolland, expresses thus: 'The eternal feminine has always exerted an uplifting influence upon the finer type of men; but for the commoner there is another type of feminine, quite as eternal, which draws them down.' Bishop Creighton observed that some persons ask about another's character, 'How much chaff?' others, 'Is there any wheat?' Malebranche distinguished between those who came to see and those who came to say that they had seen. Tolstoï found that in every attachment one loves while the other permits himself to be loved; one kisses, the other offers the cheek.

Then there is the whole class of minds which, as Bagehot says, prefers the literary delineation of objects to the actual eyesight of them. The primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose is to him, and it is nothing more because Wordsworth said so. Such a man chuckles over Protagoras's query,

'Shall I answer what appears to me to be short enough, or what appears to you to be short enough?' whereas in real society he would be short of any repartee. He delights in the neat French paradox, *Un saint triste est un triste saint*, but in the flesh he would fly both saints, sad or sorry. He admits the apothegm that the man of the library has much to learn from the man of the street, but insists that it is Ulysses of the book who furnishes him with unrivaled contradiction between seeming and being.

The *dioscuri* are not always one's self and another; there are also one's self and one's other self, and here we are often *counter-passant*, going opposite ways. The ego in the man of to-day is no more a simple reliable thing than was the ego of Milton's Abdiel — a double rebel, first against the poetical traditions of his age and then against the doctrine which he had set up against them. L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, the cheerful man and the pensive, are only two sides of the same man. In John Bright were blended the Old Testament and the New, which Trevelyan calls the two indispensable contradictions. Myself out of doors is a very different person from myself shut in by walls. I have active and passive phases of both abilities and inabilities, when the thing I see matters, or the thing I do not see.

Since we are so inconsequent ourselves, why begrudge the privilege to others, or find it incomprehensible that Shelley was one of the best, most unselfish and spiritual men that ever lived, who yet on several occasions behaved as badly as men can? While Simon slept in the garden, Peter still followed Jesus afar off. The best of us is tugging along the worst of us. Or would you say the worst of us is ever masquerading behind the best of us? — such a fine point as the critic brought against

The Rise of Silas Lapham, that instead of showing how an intolerably vulgar man can be innately noble, it shows how an innately noble man can be intolerably vulgar.

I amuse myself (and, I hope, my victims) by sometimes daring them to guess the author of certain pairings-off. Who could doubt that 'From Selfism to Otherism is the supreme transition of history,' was spoken by Henry Drummond; or that 'The world is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel,' is the dictum of Horace Walpole; or that 'Of the two ways of disliking poetry one is to dislike it and the other is to like Pope,' sprang from Oscar Wilde; or that 'To be good is noble, to show others how to be good is nobler and no trouble,' bubbled from Mark Twain? 'Sir' (the word betrays it), 'your levellers wish to level down as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves.' Who liked to quote Burton's motto, 'Not honors, but honor'? — You are right: Gordon. And, finally, 'Orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy'? Wrong! Not Doctor Johnson, but Bishop Warburton said that.

How to take other persons' classifications suggests a sort of by-play of this theme. Not many of us have the ability to edge out as did Mark Twain when asked if a certain woman were cultivated. 'Cultivated? I do not know whether she is cultivated or uncultivated, but [brightening] she is the sort of woman who keeps a parrot!' An undergraduate, hard-pressed, often rises to the occasion, as a former Master of Balliol discovered. 'Mr. Wickens, I never stand at my window, but I see you passing.' — 'Indeed, Master, I never pass but I see you standing at the window!' A mulatto who used to wash my hair spoke of moving into a part of town sacred to her compatriots. When asked if she would not lose her

former customers, she replied, 'Yes, miss, but I get heaps o' work a-ironing out niggers' hair.' I had ignored that subdivision of kid-curlers and shoe-string wrappers.

Ever since the world began it has been dividing Time into two classes. The evening and the morning made the first day. Early-risers and sleepy-heads use the same clock, but with contradictory results. The fifth Duke of Devonshire, who used to leave Brookes's regularly at a very late hour, in passing by a cobbler's stall always wished the cobbler good-night — to which the cobbler, just taking down his shutters, always riposted with a good-morning. 'What time is it?' asked the querulous Queen Anne of Doctor Arbuthnot. 'Whatever it may please Your Majesty,' was that courtier's reply. I like that. My time versus anybody's else time. Henry James early investigated life's time-piece and drew up his private schedule. He found, 'One way of taking life was to go in for everything and everyone, which kept you abundantly employed; and the other was to be quite as occupied with just the sense and image of it and on only a fifth of the actual immersion. Life was taken almost equally both ways; mere brute quality and number being so much less in one case than in the other. I had the intrinsic qualities.'

The poet Hafiz had them. When asked by the philosopher Zenda what he was good for, he replied, 'Of what good is a flower?' 'A flower is good to smell,' said the philosopher. 'And I am good to smell it!'

Such vagueness as that, embracing and enhancing material things like the very ether, nevertheless makes straight for its goal. Its practitioner can look at both sides of a thing with the joy of a connoisseur, but not indefinitely; he can always decide the debata-

ble point, and of that point evolve a whole again. Is it not in this balance of the thirst for truth and the delight in illusion; in this consciousness of unity between past and present; in this fitting together of the two parts

into which the human experimentalist has so neatly, so humorously, and so fantastically sliced his conception of life; in this synthesis following analysis, that the health of the individual and the public consists?

SUB SPECIE ÆTERNITATIS

BY HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

SINCE the beginning of the war, thoughtful people — and I have in view primarily Americans as deeply interested neutrals — have grieved by day and in the waking hours of the night over the destruction of young and ardent life and of so much that was costly and beautiful. Will this unspeakable coil of death and ruin ever remove from our minds or be forgotten? Alas for the enormous play of hate, for the misdirection of ideals, for the world fallen in ethical pitfalls! Alas for the fatal patriotism of millions upon millions of beings so tragically mistaken! Alas for the failure to see life whole — all proportion lost in a state of *ira* which is *brevis furor*!

Our own lives are made to seem so small. How quickly would we offer them to stop the ruin! One is confused. Does the war necessitate an entire reconsideration of life? Before now, men have thought much; and we are still thinking. Are there no principles, slowly won from universal experience through age-long reflection, that will meet the storm?

Let us not be caught by bulk. The bigness of the war does not establish its significance. All subsequent history

has proved the lasting import of Marathon — a little battle — and of Salamis. Although we cannot accept as permanently valid the declarations and assurances of those whose minds are now strained by their belligerency, their children's children will recognize whatever may prove to be the true importance of this war. At present no one can foresee wherein that will lie. This war obviously dwarfs other wars in the number of fighters, and in the altogether modern prodigiousness of the economic and social, as well as military, organization, which makes possible the fighting of such numbers; also in the new marvels of physical science applied likewise to the ends of slaughter. Possibly one great result may lie in the very demonstration of this universal organization, economic, military, scientific, and in the pregnant suggestion as to how the same hereafter may be turned to some human good. Moreover, for the time, the war has increased the world's energy by drawing out an unrealized total of devotion and self-sacrifice, which thus may be proved and made ready for employment in some clearer enlargement and ennoblement of life.

Therein lies the test. Is this war (seemingly a huge stupidity) adding to the fundamentals of life, as eminent individuals have done: scientific inventors who have facilitated physical comfort and convenience, or the far greater men who have increased the spiritual wealth of mankind? Is this world-war to have as deep an effect as Buddha, as Plato, as Jesus? One does not measure the significance of men by tons or acres, nor that of events by the noise of the concussion. The fine thought may have more lasting import than the death of ten thousand men in battle.

As for ourselves, thoughtful people who do not cease to grieve while doing what we may to relieve some infinitesimal part of the sufferings of those to whom our hearts are knit, perhaps we are entitled to some private peace of mind, which is not to be gained by turning our thoughts from the stupendous calamity. We are swung between unappeasable grief and the vague hopes which we are forced to visualize, so as not to despair. Consolation lies in the apparent fact that our grief has to do largely with temporal conditions, while our hopes seek to establish themselves in eternal validities. For any stable calm, the great calamity must be viewed unflinchingly. One must also look around, above, and beneath it. We must frame the conflict in larger universals, which shall span its struggling contraries and even render audible the transcendent harmony issuing from these warring opposites.

One needs faith for this final intellectual peace of contemplation; faith in the laws of life working through the tumult; faith not to worry lest the outcome shall not be just. Let no one think that he could arrange the outcome more wisely than it will adjust itself. If life is not always obviously just in its awards, it is wise beyond the imaginings of men. For it regards and

makes account of the infinite web of forces which escape us; it utilizes them all, and through this measureless inter-related means, moves on along its all-considering progress.

Justice is but a part. Long ago Plato taught those who would learn, that the unjust man does not benefit by his injustice, but will be injured by it as by disease; will be made worse, he himself. Here still is truth. But if the mind will span the present crisis, broader, more universal thoughts are called for, in which justice shall join with its apparently evil opposite, and the two move on in some high harmony.

Consider God, or the Sum of Power making for the coherence of the Universe, and incidentally for the checkered progress marking the record of the world we live in. The life-giving, renewing, plastic Power, or the omnipotent God, if God it be, is the God or Power of that which apparently is baneful, as well as of that which is more apparently benign: God or Power of the earthquake and the typhus-germ, and of all red-fanged nature. He or It is God or Power of the grasping, destroying, bloody ways of men, as well as of their beneficent purposes. History, both in the large and in the small, as well as we can read it, shows might triumphant, outwardly if not inwardly; lustful, grasping, destructive, *arriving* might — the might which arrives. Again and again the industry and freedom of small innocent groups have been crushed by superior force. Power in action is apt to destroy. Much of mankind's apparent progress has come independently of moral purpose, has arisen from selfish strife, and even from the triumph of the unjust cause, as it would seem.

The merely moral is not the only good! Righteousness is not the only virtue! Love is not all, justice is not all, charity, patience, humility, these

are not all. It may be that in some future consummation — in the Kingdom of Heaven if one will — there is place for the fruits of wickedness, sobeit that they were begotten of power. Indeed, he who has lived out his three-score years has discovered in his own progressing selfhood, that life's whole does not lie in gladness or in sorrow only, or in duty only, or in reaching or renouncing the heart's desire, or in accomplishing the beheld achievement of the mind; but perhaps in all of these, and in much besides that seemed unrelated to any good, but rather connected with palpable lapses.

Out of apparent evil, as well as out of good, life constantly advances. The horror of this world-war need not affect our faith in the purposes of God working good out of apparent evil; or, if one will, our faith in the triumphant vitality of nature and of man. There is no reason why we should not still hold fast to God, or to the eternal life-giving and restoring Power, being assured that not merely physical renewal, but some spiritual regeneration shall emerge from this cataclysm. Specifically we may still believe that the elements of culture which are not dead, but living, will renew themselves. Enough has occurred already to raise such hope to a conviction, that the suffering, fighting lands shall be benefited and renewed, each according to its need. Perhaps, in them, war will purge patriotism of its grosser parts. The danger is rather for prosperous neutral countries, lest they gain nothing where they have made no sacrifice. Yet the war may purge some

of their citizens of small selfishness, and help a few to the knowledge which is understanding, which is sympathy, which is love: *chi più cognosce più ama*.

Besides the calm which comes through thought, peace may drop on the heart unexpectedly, as if straight from God's mercy. Many months ago, the fall of Antwerp was to me as the death of Bathsheba's child. I rose and returned to peace and work, after that great grief. The Greeks recognized a like peace flowing from the tragic catharsis.

Thus in two ways, which often seem to join, the way of thought and the sudden lift of feeling, one gains peace. 'For we know that to them who love God, all things work together for good.' Well for those who may know and feel this! For them, hate cannot triumph, nor the power of love be thwarted. But all of us can pass out beyond anxiety, through consideration of the everlasting stars and the eternal ways of the Universe which holds us all. The tragedy of our own generation may be seen set in the cycle of universal law, cause and effect, unending, infinite. What shall shatter the refuge of such consideration?

And as for concrete intruding disquietudes and sorrows, — I do not refer to closer personal anguish, — why not cry as Joinville to his knights beset by Moslem: 'Let us whoop after this *canaille*, and sometime we shall be glad, telling of it in our ladies' chambers'? Or say with Æneas speaking in the storm to his companions, 'Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit'?

SIR ROGER CASEMENT AND SINN FEIN

SOME PERSONAL NOTES

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

I MET Roger Casement first in a beautiful old house — the relics of a mediæval convent — beside a chalk stream in Buckinghamshire. I had myself just returned from long journeys in Central Africa, and was trying to expose the abominations of the slave traffic in the Portuguese provinces of Angola and the Cocoa islands of San Thomé and Principe. Casement, who had been British Consul in those regions and on the Congo for seven years, had also only lately come back (1905) and was the first man in England to recognize my report, not merely as unexaggerated, but as understating the horror of the truth. It may be that that prejudiced me in his favor when, after that first meeting, I described him as one of the finest men and noblest characters I had ever known. But it was a common verdict. I have heard many English people say exactly the same. Not only was he strikingly handsome — with tall, upright figure, black hair and beard, clear blue eyes, and fine features, showing, as Mr. Robert Lynd has said, the stamp of nobility in his very face and step — but few could resist his charm of manner, his perfect politeness, and a nature obviously so sympathetic, generous and sincere.

What led such a man into ways that have brought him to trial for his life on the charge of high treason? He was sent as consul to various cities in

South America; he was chosen by the Foreign Office to investigate the atrocious trade in rubber and murder on the Putumayo; his report (Miscellaneous, No. 8, 1912) was perhaps the finest Bluebook ever written by a consul. He was knighted as reward, and was glad of a title which gave official recognition to his work. He received a pension abundantly due to him for long and precarious labors in unhealthy parts of the world, which had seriously injured his constitution. Everything that secure position, friendship, and society can offer was open to him. Apart from the envy of colleagues, and the malignant animosity lurking in all official minds towards any one who disturbs routine by exposing abuses, he was universally admired and beloved. It would have been easy for him to settle down at fifty into a pleasing existence of social intercourse, literary production (for he was a poet), and benevolent utility. But there was something in his nature which gave him no rest. Unhappily for his peace, he was capable of indignation, and to every Irishman the cause for indignation stands near.

In a letter to me about something I had written against the Turks while I was with the Bulgarian Army as war correspondent in 1912, he said, —

‘You are probably right about the Turks, but I am right about the English! I wish all “Empires” and all

damnable conspiracies against the poorer classes of mankind — generally speaking, “the Irish” — could be brought to book as Turkey has been. But that does not lead me to denounce the Turk himself, and as between the London press and its loathsome backing of the winner, I stood for the Turk. Besides, he was down! I knew he was beaten before it began, and when the whoops and howls of this unseemly throng of scribblers broke loose upon his defeated agonies I joined him — and in that camp, the camp of the fallen, I stick.’

In the camp of the fallen he always was. It was part of his Irish and generous nature to be there, and for that camp no Irishman need look abroad. Always a strong Irish patriot, he became more and more engrossed in the history — the ancient and modern history — of Ireland’s wrongs, especially after he was released from official responsibilities. He studied that appalling history continually, brooding over it until, acting upon an oversensitive and quixotic mind, it began to obsess him, as people say. I call it an appalling history because no chapter in Russian or Prussian or savage history has been more hideous than England’s treatment of Ireland from the first invasion up to about 1880. It is a history no Englishman can read without the deepest shame. It stirs a profound indignation even in so fine an English patriot as Mr. G. K. Chesterton, always ready to think everything for the best so long as there is plenty of beer and Christianity to go round.¹ No one of Irish stock ever forgets it. To an Englishman, for instance, the word Limerick usually suggests lace or facetious rhymes; to an Irishman, Limerick is always ‘the City of the Violated Treaty,’ — a treaty more than two

centuries old, — a treaty of which not one Englishman in ten thousand has ever heard. An Act of Oblivion would be the surest settlement of the Irish question, but it cannot be enforced. England cannot subjugate the Recording Angel.

Brooding over immemorial wrongs, Casement not merely ceased to regard himself as a British subject (that, I think, he had never done), but came to regard the British government as his country’s permanent and irreconcilable enemy. For a time he was fairly hopeful about Home Rule. Even at Sir Edward Carson’s signing of the ‘Covenant,’ when I was with him in Belfast, he remained hopeful, for he believed that what he called ‘Carson’s circus’ would dissolve in laughter. But when he saw the Ulster volunteers openly organized, drilled, and armed to oppose the government; when gun-running was successfully practiced by the Ulster ‘loyalist’ rebels and nothing said; when British officers and regiments openly threatened mutiny if ordered to Ulster, his last hopes of securing his country’s freedom ‘by constitutional means’ appear to have been extinguished. To meet the Ulster rebels he helped to arm and organize the ‘National Volunteers,’ a large section of whom afterwards became the ‘Irish Volunteers.’ With the ‘Citizen Army’ raised by James Connolly early in 1914, in consequence of the Larkin strike of transport workers, I think he had no immediate connection beyond sympathy.

When first he conceived the fatal notion of seeking German aid, I am not sure. He may have followed the example of Wolfe Tone, who called in French assistance when France was our enemy; or perhaps he took the hint from ‘Welcome to the Kaiser’ inscribed on Orangemen’s arches, or from a speech of Captain Craig, the

¹ See the Irish chapter in his high-spirited but inaccurate little book, *The Crimes of England*.

Ulster leader and close friend of Sir Edward Carson, declaring that 'Germany and the German Emperor would be preferred to the rule of John Redmond, Patrick Ford, and the Molly Maguires.' When I was in Ulster during the most dangerous period of volunteer drilling and the simmering Ulster rebellion (early in 1914), I noticed the presence of at least three German correspondents. One of them, a pleasant enough man, named Schweriner (I think a Jew, of the *Vossische Zeitung*), accompanied me from Belfast to Dublin, and was very solicitous in seeking information about the whole country.

At the time I wondered why German papers should be at the expense of sending correspondents for the threat of an Ulster rising. I now understand how the expense was covered, and my wonder has entered upon other conjectures. Whatever happened, it seems probable that a German agent would find in Casement a quixotic victim ready to fall into the Teutonic trap. Incredible as it must appear to an Englishman, Casement may have believed in Germany as a deliverer. In any case, by German aid he might strike a blow at Ireland's historic and perpetual oppressor — the oppressor whose ancient crimes 'obsessed' him. If he could but have passed an Act of Oblivion binding on his own indignant spirit! But cruel rage possessed him, and the error — the fatal error — was committed.

I have dwelt upon Roger Casement because the unhappy development of his career illustrates the whole movement of revolt. Like him, the 'rebels' might some years ago have settled down into a pleasing existence of social intercourse, literary production (many of them were poets), and benevolent utility. When first I knew the Sinn Feiners, such seemed their enviable des-

tiny. In spite of subtle divisions and cross-divisions — in spite of mutual and eloquent denunciations arising from imperceptible differences — intellectual society in Dublin was unusually pleasant. A productive school of literature had arisen, hampered, it is true, by the mutual admiration and the personal animosity that prevail in narrow circles; hampered also by attempted 'revivals,' always dangerous in any art, and by the patriotic zeal of extremists who denied the honor of 'Irish poets' to such distinguished poets as William Yeats and George Russell ('A.E.') because they did not write in Irish, being unacquainted with that language. Nevertheless, in prose, and lyrics, and drama, all three, the Irish school has been the most remarkable movement of a generation's literature in the English tongue; and very likely much of the poetry in Irish is remarkable, too, though one distrusts poetry except in a language imbibed at babyhood and habitually used in thought.

On the side of benevolent utility one found the agricultural and coöperative movement inaugurated by Sir Horace Plunkett, organized by George Russell, that true poet and artist, and developed throughout Ireland with extraordinary success, in spite of official discouragement on the one side, and idealist contempt for practical reforms on the other. Many other useful, and often delightful, schemes were being already developed under the Irish County Councils, or were designed for the moment when the Parliamentarians should have secured Home Rule at last. One must add a revival of Irish industries in homespun cloth and other materials, Irish decoration in brooches, head-ornaments, wedding-rings, and interlaced designs, Irish folk-songs and music to the native pipes and harp, Irish costume, including the kilt, and

Irish games such as hurling — a fine admixture of hockey, football, and battle. Though touched by every revival's danger of affectation and self-consciousness — as when nice people stick up a maypole in Southwark and teach our stagnant slums to sing 'Blow away the morning dew!' — these occupations and interests were attractive and inspired by the most genuine patriotism.

Along these peaceful lines — the lines of the Gaelic League, the 'Irish Homestead,' Irish literature and drama, Irish arts, and the Parliamentary development of Home Rule — Irish patriotism might have proceeded without violence but for certain external events and a certain quality deeply rooted in the Irish nature. The external events were such as I noticed in the instance of Sir Roger Casement — such events as the open preparation of Ulster for armed rebellion; the violent suppression of the transport workers' strike; the firing upon a Dublin crowd by British troops after the Nationalist gun-running at Howth and about ten days before the beginning of the war; the suspension of the Home Rule Act; the inclusion of Sir Edward Carson and Sir F. E. Smith (leaders of designed lawlessness in Ulster) in the Coalition Government as Law Officers of the Crown, and the appointment of Mr. J. H. Campbell (another prominent leader of the Ulster 'rebels') as Attorney-General for Ireland. It must not, however, be supposed that the immunity or reward of the Ulster leaders aroused indignation and nothing more among the Nationalist Irish. They took the Ulster methods rather for their example and encouragement. Many a Nationalist has expressed to me in the same breath a scornful hatred towards Sir Edward Carson, and a patriotic pride in his defiance of the English government. For Carson was,

after all, an Irishman, and so were they all — except 'F.E.,' who, as 'galloping Freddy,' became an object of amusement rather than detestation or pride.

It is difficult for foreigners like us to appreciate the bond which holds the most incensed Irish opposites together.

On Covenant Day (September 28, 1912), for instance, I was watching Sir Edward Carson sign that melodramatic and sinister document in Belfast City Hall, while close beside me stood Mr. Garvin, the brilliant Unionist editor of the *Observer* and, at that time, of the *Pall Mall Gazette* — an Irishman whose eyes and mind are always going full gallop — galloping hell-for-leather in any direction, with far greater rapidity than 'Freddy' ever galloped. All the time during that solemn ceremony, while Carson was bowing over the fateful document as at an altar of religion, Mr. Garvin, in subdued tones, kept assuring me of his profound affection for Charles Stuart Parnell. He loved Carson and he loved Parnell. He had been the first to stand publicly at Parnell's side after his 'fall.' He had served him to the last and he revered his memory. It was all perfectly true and sincere, but a little difficult for a foreigner to understand when he was listening to quill pens scratching the signatures of Ulster Covenanters on the parchment, and knew that in England Mr. Garvin supplied the Unionist Party with brains.

When first it was proposed to exclude Ulster from Home Rule, Parnell laid down the precept that 'Ireland cannot afford to lose a single Irishman.' The Irish have also a saying that 'The worst Irishman is better than the best of England.' We should remember those sayings, however accurately we realize the difference of race and temperament, religion and imagination, between Ulstermen and the 'mere Irish' (as our fathers called them), and

however regretfully we recognize an Israelitish hatred on Ulster's side, and the secretive hatred natural to an oppressed and despised people on the other.

But undoubtedly the chief external cause of the growing discontent which culminated in the rising was the suspension of the Home Rule Act. If any outward and visible sign of Home Rule had been given; if any change had been effected in the 'Castle' gang; or if the beautiful old Parliament House in Dublin (now the Bank of Ireland) had been prepared for a reëstablished Parliament, all might have been well. But even though Home Rule was 'placed on the Statute Book,' nothing happened. People began to suspect one another in the long series of Ireland's hopes deferred. Mr. Redmond, with all his political capacity as a leader, seemed incapable of striking the emotional moment. Of all conspicuous Irishmen, he, almost alone, had failed in imaginative appeal. Under his direction, the Home Rule ideal had become a rather dull, commonplace, and jog-trot affair, much entangled in the forms and manœuvres of a distant Parliament among hostile or indifferent strangers. Mr. Redmond had every quality but inspiration and imaginative appeal — every quality except those to which the Irish nature most eagerly responds.

And here we reach that inward and spiritual characteristic which, to the finest Irish natures, is always the prevalent motive, and which gave these external events their main importance. We are confronted by a devoted and impassioned love of country, raised almost to 'obsession' through an indelible memory brooding over Ireland's wrongs. That is what Mr. Birrell meant when he said in evidence before the Commission that Sinn Fein was a perpetual background in Ireland. In

the Parliamentary Party's appeal, issued after the rising, the members pointed with justice to the immense advance in material prosperity and political power already won by constitutional means since the time of Isaac Butt and Parnell's early days. They had a right to do so. Material prosperity is an excellent thing. No Irishman denies it, and Mr. Bernard Shaw has told us that the Irish are essentially a practical race. But for a large number of them, material prosperity is never enough. More readily even than most people, they will go to their graves for a rag, a word, a symbol, a disembodied shade. Inexorable memory, which no kindly oblivion puts to rest, has created for them that disembodied shade which sometimes appears as the 'Little Old Woman,' sometimes as the 'Rose of all Roses, Rose of all the World.' Writing of Clarence Mangan's 'Dark Rosaleen' a few years ago, I said, —

'She is no Imperial State, standing in white-columned security over the seas which her fleets command' — (a reference to the Athens of Pericles, beloved with equal passion) — 'but a shy and fugitive spirit; her beauty remains unseen by all except her worshippers. To strangers' eyes she looks a mournful and profitless thing. Full of sad memories, reviled and held up to derision, bound, tortured, and spat upon, dragged out to make sport with her wit, starved and driven through the earth, half strangled and in turn caajoled to supply a pleasing strain of breed in the nurseries of her tormentors, even to her lovers she takes the disguise of the Little Old Woman, the Kathleen na Houlihan who sits uncomforted beside the world's highway, or crouches muttering over the peat fires of her hearth, while under those torn rags and under the disguise of that wrinkled skin is hidden the form of the

Dark Rose whose heart is the consecrated shrine of joy and sorrow, —

'All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!'

Such is the passionate ideal which stands in Mr. Birrell's words as a perpetual background in Ireland. It is an ideal so beautiful in its sorrow and so deeply associated with memories of ancient struggles and pitiless suppressions, with poverty, evictions and famine, that even freedom and prosperity would not obliterate its sadness or its power. Many, in fact, have looked back with regret to times of greater suffering, and, being habituated to indignation, would feel lost without a present cause for it. This was the passionate ideal that inspired Sinn Fein on its intellectual and poetic side — always an important side among a peculiarly intelligent and imaginative people.

The actual expression, Sinn Fein, 'Ourselves Alone,' was, I believe, first suggested by Arthur Griffiths, the dogged, practical and rather reactionary writer who edited the Sinn Fein paper till it was suppressed. But the design of creating a passive independence by the same means as the Indian 'Swadeshi' movement — by following the old advice 'to burn everything English except the coals and the people,' and by reviving Ireland's old reputation in arts, literature, and industries — attracted both poetic and practical natures; for it promised success and was touched by devotion to the imaginative ideal.

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When the violent outbreak came, it did not include all members of the Sinn Fein Society, nor did all its leaders belong to the 'Intelligentsia' — still less did the rank and file. Among the highly educated leaders we may count Mr. P. H. Pearse (executed), the headmaster of a kind of model boys' school on a large estate a few miles south of Dublin, and a supporter of the Irish Republican Brotherhood rather than of Sinn Fein; Pearse's brother William, a painter (executed); young Thomas MacDonagh, poet, dramatist, and excellent critic (executed); Joseph Plunkett, a writer (executed), and his two brothers, John and George (imprisoned for ten years); and Professor John MacNeill, a fine Gaelic scholar and nominal Commandant of the Irish Volunteers after the split, when Mr. Redmond insisted on keeping the National Volunteers largely under his own control. At the last moment, John MacNeill (imprisoned for life) seems to have tried to check the rising; he was not actively involved himself, but he had presided at a Convention of the Irish Volunteers at which the following declaration of policy was adopted: —

(1) To maintain the right and duty of the Irish nation to provide for its own defense by means of a permanent armed and trained Volunteer Force.

(2) To unite the people of Ireland on the basis of Irish nationality and of common national interests; to maintain the integrity of the nation and to resist any measures tending to bring about or perpetuate disunion or the partition of the country.

(3) To resist any attempts to force the men of Ireland into military service until a national government was empowered by the Irish people themselves to deal with it.

(4) To secure the abolition of the system of governing Ireland from Dub-

lin Castle and the establishment of a national government in its place.

These leaders were more or less representative of intellectual Sinn Fein, but perhaps for the driving force in the outbreak we should rather look to working-class reformers such as James Connolly (wounded and executed), a very attractive and remarkable man, the brain of the long transport-workers strike, — capable, cheerful, honorable; a natural leader, on whose platform before the war one was always glad to stand. As belonging to the workers, one must also mention John MacDermott (executed), a tram-conductor, propagandist of Sinn Fein politics; and Thomas Clarke (executed), tobacconist and news-agent, a Fenian and dynamiter of ancient days, associated with MacDermott in running *Irish Freedom*, the first paper suppressed under the Defense of the Realm Act.

Perhaps as a kind of intermediary between the 'Intellectuals' and the workers, one may place 'The Countess' (sentenced to death but reprieved to lifelong imprisonment). Some years ago, she and her sister, Eva Gore-Booth (the well-known writer, pacifist and Suffragist), were the two honored beauties of Sligo. Constance married Count Markievicz, a good-tempered Russian artist, now serving in the Russian Hussars. During the Larkin strike, I found her flinging herself body and soul into the cause of the workers, dealing out rations to their families at Liberty Hall, organizing, exhorting, serving, training her formidable Boy Scouts with a generosity and violent enthusiasm far from pacific. Let English poets mander about the falsehood of extremes: to her only extremes were worth a hang.

I hardly know where to place John McBride (executed), who as 'Major' commanded the 'Irish Brigade' against us in the Boer War, and so became the

subject of many Irish ballads, such as that containing the verse beginning:

'O Mother of the bleeding breast!
O Mother of the tears!'

Unlike the usual Sinn Feiner, he was something of the old-fashioned stage Irishman, a swashbuckler, drunken, dissipated, devoid of character. But he died bravely, and when the woman to whom he had once been married (a famous woman of singular beauty and influence) heard the news, she said to her son, 'Your father treated us badly, but now we must remember him only as one who died for Ireland.'

For us English, that is the worst of it. We execute a worthless rebel, and for Ireland a heroic saint emerges from the felon's grave.

My dear friend, Frank Sheehy Skeffington, was neither worthless nor an active rebel. So far as violence went, he was no rebel, for he was the most violent pacifist I have known. About three weeks before the rising, he had written to the English papers, warning us of the danger if the Castle's supposed policy of invitation was carried out. A man of great knowledge and unusual charm, a fearless champion of all noble causes, such as Irish freedom, Woman Suffrage, and International Peace, he went up and down Dublin in the thick of the fighting, posting up a placard, a copy of which I possess. It calls upon the citizens to organize themselves into a police force to stop the looting. He is said also to have dragged a wounded English officer under heavy fire into a place of safety. That is only a report at present, and the inquiry into his death has not begun as I write. But Mr. Asquith and the general commanding have admitted that he was taken into Portobello Barracks and shot without any form of trial; nor was his widow given notice of his death. Of all our recent

errors in Ireland, this was one of the worst. As Mr. Healy said in the House of Commons, while grass grows and water runs, it will not be forgotten. Again we have supplied a ghastly food for that insatiable Irish memory. Two others (men of worthless character, I believe, but still human beings) were shot with Skeffington, also without even a court-martial's form of trial.

It is now evident that the movement was not homogeneous. I doubt if it should even be called Sinn Fein, for many of the best Sinn Feiners were not in it. The rebels were a mixed lot of Adullamites, though all were inspired by love of Ireland, memory of her wrongs, and hatred of British or 'Shoeneen' dominance. Many of the more ignorant certainly trusted to German assistance, just as in the days of the Shan Van Vocht they used to sing, 'Oh, the French are on the sea!'

But for the executions, the Irish people as a whole would have taken the rising as a gallant but crazy affair, a possible danger to Home Rule, but nothing more. The executions made all the difference. It is strange: some policemen and many soldiers were killed in the rising; many peaceful citizens were killed by both sides (usually, no doubt, by accident), and a large part of Dublin (though, unfortunately, not the worst part) was destroyed by fire and shell. Yet consideration for all this death and misery was obliterated by the executions. As suppressions of rebellion go, they were not many, — only fifteen, — but, as Mr. Garvin complained, they were carried out by driblets; they continued long after the violent danger was over, and for every man shot the ancient rage was rekindled in thousands of hearts. All their errors, all their offenses were forgotten, but the memory of those who 'died for Ireland' will be cherished at every fire-side. In every cottage, the pictures of

'The Fifteen' will be framed upon the walls; and if our Law Courts add Roger Casement as a sixteenth, he will stand in the centre. Instead of being regarded as a well-intentioned but crack-brained set of people, they will be enshrined under that Necromancy or Magic of the Dead which is both the treasure and the plague of their country.

During the cruel suppression which followed the Indian Mutiny, Disraeli wrote, 'Of all the awful circumstances of this terrible affair, the most awful is the spirit of vengeance which is preached — as if we were to take our enemies for our model. . . . I protest against meeting atrocities by atrocities.'

We have taken our German enemies as our model in conscription, in imprisonment without trial or charge, in the censorship, and the suspension of many hard-won liberties. Let us heed Disraeli's warning and not take them as our model in cruelty as well. I have long urged that captured or surrendered rebels should be treated as beligerent prisoners are treated by the law of nations. Had this been done, the main feeling of Ireland would have supported the government for the first time in history, and it would have condemned the outbreak almost universally as futile and disastrous. Now we have added another page to that Doomsday Book from which no tears can wash out a word.

There is the future; there is the next step. We English must remember that in this war we have publicly declared ourselves to be fighting for the freedom and protection of small nationalities. By the principle of nationality we stand or fall.

In the famous interview published by the *Chicago Daily News* in the middle of last May, Sir Edward Grey said many of the honest and honorable

things that we expect of him, but none wiser than the following: —

‘To all this we say to Germany, “Recognize the principle urged by lovers of freedom everywhere; give to the nationalities of Europe a real freedom, not the so-called freedom doled out to subject peoples by Prussian tyranny. . . . It belongs to the rudiments of political science, it is abundantly taught by history, that you cannot enslave a people and make a good job of it; that you cannot kill a people’s soul by foreign despotism and brutality. We aspire to embark upon no such course of folly and futility towards another nation.”’

Sir Edward Grey was at the moment speaking about our supposed threats of grinding Germany to the dust, and other follies dear to the truculent minds of Fleet Street. But the wisdom of those words applies equally to Ireland. To Irish nationality we must give a real freedom — not the so-called freedom doled out to subject peoples by Prussian tyranny. History has abundantly taught us that you cannot enslave the Irish people and make a good job of it, nor can you kill the Irish people’s soul by foreign despotism and brutality. The books of that Recording Angel whom we cannot subjugate show a long and dark account

against us. Only within the last fifty years have we even attempted to wipe out some items in that appalling debt. If we would see an Act of Oblivion in Ireland (and it is the only healing measure), we must on our side concede an Act of Amnesty. The moment — the emotional moment at which alone in a country like Ireland great spiritual miracles are possible — is passing as I write. By the time this is published, the moment will have gone. Either England’s unimaginative self-satisfaction, combined with the Hebraic pedantry of Ulster Scots, will have resuscitated a proud and rebellious defiance for two more generations of Irish life; or the love of justice and freedom which lies hidden somewhere at the base of the average English heart will have taken a forward step towards the only conceivable peace.

George Meredith once told me that our treatment of Ireland reminded him of a man who rather likes a running sore upon his leg kept open because it gives an interest to life. Let us now obliterate the foul parallel. For many decades to come, our life is likely to supply plenty of enthralling and perilous interests, without our cultivation of a running sore which always threatens to corrupt the heart’s blood of Ireland and of our own people as well.

THE VINEYARD OF RED WINE

BY HENRY SHEAHAN

A FEW miles below Verdun, on a narrow strip of meadow-land between the river and the northern bluffs, stood an eighteenth-century château and the half dozen houses of its dependents. The hurrying river had flooded the low fields and then retreated, turning the meadows and pasturages to bright green, puddly marshes, malodorous with swampy exhalations. Beyond the swirls and currents of the river and its vanishing islands of pale green pebbles, rose the brown, deserted hills of the Hauts de Meuse. The top of one height had been pinched into the rectangle of a fortress; little forests ran along the sky-line of the heights, and a narrow road, slanting across a spur of the valley, climbed and disappeared.

The château itself was a huge, three-story box of gray-white stone with a slate roof, a little turret *en poivrière* at each corner, and a graceless classic doorway in the principal façade. A wide double gate, with a coronet in a tarnished gold medallion set in the iron arch-piece, gave entrance to this place through a kind of courtyard formed by the rear of the château and the walls of two low wings devoted to the stables and the servants' quarters. Within, a high clump of dark-green myrtle, ringed with muddy, rut-scarred turf, marked the theoretical limits of a driveway. Along the right-hand wall stood the rifles of the wounded, and in a corner, a great snarled pile of bayonets, belts, cartridge-boxes, gas-mask satchels, greasy tin boxes of anti-lice ointment, and dented helmets. A bright

winter sunlight fell on walls dank from the river mists, and heightened the austerity of the landscape. Beyond a bend in the river lay the smoke of the battle of Douaumont; shells broke, pinpoints of light, in the upper fringes of the haze.

The château had been a hospital since the beginning of the war. A heavy smell of ether and iodoform lay about it, mixed with the smell of the war. For the war has an unmistakable odor of its own — a compounded odor of humanity, wet cloth, horses, leather, mud, smoke, and chemicals; a smell that clings to everything military, fills the troop trains and encampments, and saturates one's own clothing. This effluvia of an army, mixed with the sharper reek of anæsthetics, was the atmosphere of the hospital. The great rush of wounded had begun. Every few minutes the ambulances slopped down a miry byway, and turned in the gates; tired, putty-faced hospital attendants took out the stretchers and the *nouveaux clients*; mussy bundles of blue rags and bloody blankets turned into human beings; an overworked, nervous *médecin chef* shouted contradictory orders at the *brancardiers*, and passed into real crises of hysterical rage.

'Avancez!' he would scream at the bewildered chauffeurs of the ambulances; and an instant later, 'Reculez! Reculez!'

The wounded in the stretchers, strewn along the edges of the driveway, raised patient, tired eyes at his snarling.

Another doctor, a little bearded man wearing a white apron and the red velvet *képi* of an army physician, questioned each batch of new arrivals. Deep lines of fatigue had traced themselves under his kindly eyes; his thin face had a dreadful color. Some of the wounded had turned their eyes from the sun; others, too weak to move, lay stonily blinking. Almost expressionless, silent, they resigned themselves to the attendants as if these men were the deaf ministers of some inexorable power.

The surgeon went from stretcher to stretcher looking at the diagnosis cards attached at the *poste de secours*, stopping occasionally to ask the fatal question, 'As-tu craché du sang?' (Have you spit blood?) A thin oldish man with a face full of hollows like that of an old horse, answered 'Oui,' faintly. Close by, an artilleryman, whose cannon had burst, looked with calm brown eyes out of a cooked and bluish face. Another, with a soldier's tunic thrown capewise over his naked torso, trembled in his thin blanket, and from the edges of a cotton and lint-pad dressing hastily stuffed upon a shoulder wound, an occasional drop of blood slid down his lean chest.

A little to one side, the cooks of the hospital, in their greasy aprons, watched the performance with a certain calm interest. In a few minutes the wounded were sorted and sent to the various wards. I was ordered to take three men who had been successfully operated on to the barracks for convalescents several miles away.

A highway and an unused railroad, both under heavy fire from German guns on the Hauts de Meuse, passed behind the château and along the foot of the bluffs. There were a hundred shell holes in the marshes between the road and the river, black-lipped craters in the sedgy green; there were ugly

punches in the brown earth of the bluffs, and deep scoops in the surface of the road. The telephone wires, cut by shell fragments, fell in stiff, draping lines to the ground. Every once in a while a shell would fall into the river, causing a silvery-gray geyser to hang for an instant above the green eddies of the Meuse. A certain village along this highway was the focal point of the firing. Many of the houses had been blown to pieces, and fragments of red tile, bits of shiny glass, and lumps of masonry were strewn all over the deserted street.

As I hurried along, two shells came over, one sliding into the river with a 'Hip!' and the other landing in a house about two hundred yards away. A vast cloud of grayish black smoke befogged the cottage, and a section of splintered timber came buzzing through the air and fell into a puddle. From the house next to the one struck, a black cat came slinking, paused for an indecisive second in the middle of the street, and ran back again. Through the canvas partition of the ambulance, I heard the voices of my convalescents. 'No more *marmites!*' I cried to them as I swung down a road out of shell reach. I little knew what was waiting for us beyond the next village.

A regiment of Zouaves going up to the line was resting at the cross-road, and the regimental wagons, drawn up in waiting line, blocked the narrow road completely. At the angle between the two highways, under the four trees planted by pious custom of the Meuse, stood a cross of thick planks. From each arm of the cross, on wine-soaked straps, dangled, like a bunch of grapes, a cluster of dark blue canteens; rifles were stacked round its base, and under the trees stood half a dozen clipped-headed, bull-necked Zouaves. A rather rough-looking adjutant, with a bullet head disfigured by a frightful scar at

the corner of his mouth, rode up and down the line to see if all was well. Little groups were handing round a half loaf of army bread, and washing it down with gulps of wine.

'Hello, sport!' they cried at me; and the favorite 'All right,' and 'Tommy!'

The air was heavy with the musty mell of street mud that never dries during winter time, mixed with the odor of the tired horses, who stood, scarcely moving, backed away from their harnesses against the mire-grip-wagons. Suddenly the order to go on again was given; the carters snapped their whips, the horses pulled, the noisy, lumbering, creaky line moved on, and the men fell in behind, in any order.

I started my car again and looked for an opening through the mêlée.

Beyond the cross, the road narrowed and flanked one of the southeastern forts of the city. A meadow, which sloped gently upward from the road to the abrupt hillside of the fortress, had been used as a place of encampment and had been trodden into a surface of thick cheesy mire. Here and there were the ashes of fires. There were hundreds of such places round the moorland villages between Verdun and Bar-le-Duc. The fort looked squarely down on Verdun, and over its grassy height came the drumming of the battle, and the frequent crash of big shells falling into the city.

In a corner lay the anatomical relics of some horses killed by an air-bomb the day before. And even as I noted them, I heard the muffled 'Pom! Pom! Pom!' of anti-aircraft guns. My back was to the river and I could not see what was going on.

'What is it?' I said to a Zouave who was plodding along beside the ambulance.

'Des Boches — crossing the river.'

The regiment plodded on as before.

Now and then a soldier would stop and look up at the aeroplanes.

'He's coming!' I heard a voice exclaim.

Suddenly, the adjutant whom I had seen before came galloping down the line, shouting, 'Arrêtez! Arrêtez! Pas de mouvement!'

A current of tension ran down the troop with as much reality as a current of water runs down hill. I wondered whether the Boche had seen us.

'Is he approaching?' I asked.

'Yes.'

Ahead of me was a one-horse wagon, and ahead of that a wagon with two horses carrying the medical supplies. The driver of the latter, an oldish, thick-set, wine-faced fellow, got down an instant from his wagon, looked at the Boche, and resumed his seat. A few seconds later, there sounded the terrifying scream of an air-bomb, a roar, and I found myself in a bitter swirl of smoke. The shell had fallen right between the horses of the two-horse wagon, blowing the animals to pieces, splintering the wagon, and killing the driver. Something sailed swiftly over my head, and landed just behind the ambulance. It was a chunk of the skull of one of the horses. The horse attached to the wagon ahead of me went into a frenzy of fear and backed his wagon into my ambulance, smashing the right lamp. In the twinkling of an eye, the soldiers dispersed. Some ran into the fields. Others crouched in the wayside ditch. A cart upset. Another bomb dropped screaming in a field and burst; a cloud of smoke rolled away down the meadow.

When the excitement had subsided, it was found that a soldier had been wounded. The bodies of the horses were rolled over into the ditch, the wreck of the wagon was dragged to the miry field, and the regiment went on. In a very short time I got to the hospital and delivered my convalescents.

My way home ran through the town of S——, an ugly, overgrown village of the Verdunois, given up to the activities of the staff directing the battle. The headquarters building was the hôtel de ville, a large eighteenth-century edifice, in an acre of trampled mud a little distance from the street. Before the building flowed the great highway from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun; relays of motor lorries went by, and gendarmes, organized into a kind of traffic squad, stood every hundred feet or so. The atmosphere of S—— at the height of the battle was one of calm organization; it would not have been hard to believe that the motor lorries and unemotional men were at the service of some great master-work of engineering. There was something of the holiday in the attitude of the inhabitants of the place; they watched the motor show exactly as they might have watched a circus parade.

'Les voilà,' said somebody.

A little bemedaled group appeared on the steps of the hôtel de ville. Dominating it was Joffre. Above middle height, silver-haired, elderly, he has a certain paternal look which his eye belies; Joffre's eye is the hard eye of a commander-in-chief, the military eye, the eye of an Old Testament father if you will. De Castelnau was speaking, making no gestures—an old man with an ashen skin, deep-set eye and great hooked nose, a long cape concealed the thick, age-settled body. Poincaré stood listening, with a look at once worried and brave, the ghost of a sad smile lingering on a sensitive mouth. Last of all came Pétain, the protégé of de Castelnau, who commanded at Verdun—a tall, square-built man, not un-English in his appearance, with grizzled hair and the sober face of a thinker. But his mouth and jaw are those of a man of action, and the look in his gray eyes is always changing.

Now it is speculative and analytic, now steely and cold.

In the shelter of a doorway stood a group of territorials, getting their first real news of the battle from a Paris newspaper. I heard 'Nous avons reculé — huit kilomètres — le général Pétain, —' A motor lorry drowned out the rest.

That night we were given orders to be ready to evacuate the château in case the Boches advanced. The drivers slept in the ambulances, rising at intervals through the night to warm the engines. The buzz of the motors sounded through the tall pines of the château park, drowning out the rumbling of the bombardment and the monotonous roaring of the flood. Now and then a trench light, rising like a spectral star over the lines on the Hauts de Meuse, would shine reflected in the river. At intervals attendants carried down the swampy paths to the chapel the bodies of soldiers who had died during the night. The cannon flashing was terrific. Just before dawn, half a dozen batteries of 'seventy-fives' came in a swift trot down the shelled road; the men leaned over on their steaming horses, the harnesses rattled and jingled, and the cavalcade swept on, outlined a splendid instant against the mortar flashes and the streaks of day.

On my morning trip a soldier with bandaged arm was put beside me on the front seat. He was about forty years old; a wiry black beard gave a certain fullness to his thin face, and his hands were pudgy and short of finger. When he removed his helmet, I saw that he was bald. A bad cold caused him to speak in a curious whispering tone, giving to everything he said the character of a grotesque confidence.

'What do you do *en civil*?' he asked.

I told him.

'I am a pastry-cook,' he went on; 'my specialty is St. Denis apple tarts.'

A 'marmite' intended for the road landed in the river as he spoke.

'Have you ever had one? They are very good when made with fresh cream.' He sighed.

'How did you get wounded?' said I.

'Éclat d'obus,' he replied, as if that were the whole story. After a pause he added, 'Douaumont — yesterday.'

I thought of the shells I had seen resting over the fort.

Do you put salt in chocolate?' he asked professionally.

Not as a rule,' I replied.

It improves it,' he pursued, as if he were revealing a confidential dogma.

The Boche bread is bad, very bad, much worse than a year ago. Full of crumbles and lumps. *Dégoutant!*'

The ambulance rolled up to the evacuation station, and my pastry-cook alighted.

'When the war is over, come to my shop,' he whispered benevolently, 'and you shall have some *tartes aux pommes à la mode de St. Denis* with my wife and me.'

'With fresh cream?' I asked.

'Of course,' he replied seriously.

I accepted gratefully, and the good old soul gave me his address.

In the afternoon a sergeant rode with me. He was somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty, thick-set of body, with black hair and the tanned and ruddy complexion of outdoor folk. The high collar of a dark blue sweater rose over his great coat and circled a muscular throat; his gray socks were pulled country-wise outside of the legs of his blue trousers. He had an honest, pleasant face; there was a certain simple, wholesome quality about the man. In the piping times of peace, he was a *cultivateur* in the Valois, working his own little farm; he was married and had two little boys. At Douaumont, a fragment of a shell had torn open his left hand.

'The Boches are not going to get through up there?'

'Not now. As long as we hold the heights, Verdun is safe.' His simple French, innocent of argot, had a good country twang. 'But oh, the people killed! Comme il y a des gens tués!' He pronounced the final *s* of the word *gens* in the manner of the Valois.

'Ça s'accroche aux arbres,' he continued. The vagueness of the *ça* had a dreadful quality in it that made you see trees and mangled bodies. 'We had to hold the crest of Douaumont under a terrible fire, and clear the craters on the slope when the Germans tried to fortify them. Our "seventy-fives" dropped shells into the big craters as I would drop stones into a pond. *Pauvres gens!*'

The phrase had an earth-wide sympathy in it, a feeling that the translation 'poor folks' does not render. He had taken part in a strange incident. There had been a terrible *corps-à-corps* in one of the craters which had culminated in a victory for the French; but the lieutenant of his company had left a kinsman behind with the dead and wounded. Two nights later, the officer and the sergeant crawled down the dreadful slope to the crater where the combat had taken place, in the hope of finding the wounded man. They could hear faint cries and moans from the crater before they got to it. The light of a pocket flash-lamp showed them a mass of dead and wounded on the floor of the crater — 'un tas de mourants et de cadavres,' as he expressed it.

After a short search, they found the man for whom they were looking; he was still alive but unconscious. They were dragging him out when a German, hideously wounded, begged them to kill him.

'Moi, j'ai plus jambes,' he repeated in French; 'pitié, tuez moi.'

He managed to make the lieutenant

see that if he went away and left them, they would all die in the agonies of thirst and open wounds. A little flickering life still lingered in a few; there were vague *râles* in the darkness. A *rafale* of shells fell on the slope; the violet glares outlined the mouth of the crater.

'Fermes tes yeux' (shut your eyes), said the lieutenant to the German. The Frenchmen scrambled over the edge of the crater with their unconscious burden, and then, from a little distance, threw hand-grenades into the pit till all the moaning died away.

Two weeks later, when the back of the attack had been broken and the organization of the defense had developed into a trusted routine, I went again to Verdun. The snow was falling heavily, covering the piles of *débris* and sifting into the black skeletons of the burned houses. Untrodden in the narrow streets lay the white snow. Above the Meuse, above the ugly burned areas in the old town on the slope, rose the shell-spattered walls of the citadel and the cathedral towers of the still, tragic town. The drumming of the bombardment had died away. The river was again in flood. In a deserted wine-shop on a side street well protected from shells by a wall of sand-bags, was a post of territorials.

To the tragedy of Verdun, these men were the chorus; there was something Sophoclean in this group of older men alone in the silence and ruin of the

beleaguered city. A stove filled with wood from the wrecked houses gave out a comfortable heat, and in an alleyway, under cover, stood a two-wheeled hose cart, and an old-fashioned see-saw fire pump. There were old clerks and bookkeepers among the soldier firemen — retired gendarmes who had volunteered, a country schoolmaster and a shrewd peasant from the Lorraine. Watch was kept from the heights of the citadel, and the outbreak of fire in any part of the city was telephoned to the shop. On that day only a few explosive shells had fallen.

'Do you want to see something *mon vieux?*' said one of the *pompier*. to me; and he led me through a labyrinth of cellars to a cold deserted house. The snow had blown through the shell-splintered window panes. In the dining-room stood a table, the cloth was laid and the silver spread; but a green feathery fungus had grown in a dish of food and broken straws of dust floated on the wine in the glasses. The territorial took my arm, his eyes showing the pleasure of my responding curiosity, and whispered, —

'There were officers quartered here who were called very suddenly. I saw the servant of one of them yesterday; they have all been killed.'

Outside there was not a flash from the batteries on the moor. The snow continued to fall, and darkness, coming on the swift wings of the storm, fell like a mantle over the desolation of the city.

'IT'S A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE AIR CORPS'

BY LEWIS R. FREEMAN

I

It had been all of nine years since I first met Horne at an *estancia* house-party in the heart of the Argentine Pampas, and fully seven since I last saw him at a banquet given at the Buenos Aires Jockey Club in his honor, a day or two after he had led his four to victory in the finals of the River Plate polo championships. Yet, in spite of the pallor of a face I had always remembered as bronzed, and a slight hitch in his once swinging gait, I recognized him instantly — it was the keen, piercing glance, I think, and the sudden flash of white teeth in the quick smile — when he hailed me from a passing taxi and came hobbling back along the broad pavement of Whitehall to meet me.

'What does this mean?' I asked, indicating his jaunty Flying Corps uniform, after we had shaken hands. 'I thought it was the army you were in before you resigned to become an opulent *estanciero* and "man-about-the-Pampas."'

'It was the army I came back to,' he replied, 'and I was with my old regiment at Neuve Chapelle when a fragment of hand-grenade effected a semi-solution of the continuity of one Achilles tendon and put a period on my further usefulness in that branch of the service. The "air" was still open to me, however, and, as I had already dabbled in flying, — I was the first man to pilot an aeroplane across the Plate estuary, — I got a commission almost

immediately, and so lost very little time.'

'But your "lily-white" face and hands,' I pressed. 'I never heard that the air had a bleaching effect on the complexion.'

'Oh — that —' (Horne looked absently at a blue-veined hand and shuffled uneasily), 'that must have come from my spell of "C.H." — confined in hospital. Got knocked up a bit again. Flying over Belgium. Got shot down and hit the edge of Holland a trifle too hard when I volplaned over the boundary. Telescoped a few vertebrae, that's all. Now, be a good chap and stop asking questions and jump in with me and come along to the Club.'

Horne waited for me while I picked up a few promised figures at the 'Lloyd-Georgery,' as he facetiously called the new Ministry of Munitions in Whitehall Gardens, and then took me up to one of the Service clubs in Piccadilly. There, without giving me further chance to 'get him up into the air,' he launched at once into news and reminiscence of the Plate and the Pampas. When I left him at six, we had talked for close on two hours without more than the most casual reference to events of the war.

'A keen patriot, like all the rest of these young Britons who have flocked home from overseas to fight for their country,' I reflected as I sauntered down through Green Park; 'but certainly not keen on his work.' I even speculated as to whether or not Horne might be in some sort of trouble in the

service. Nothing else seemed to account for the man's reticence regarding everything connected with his special activities.

A few days later Horne called me up to ask me to dine with him that evening at a famous old restaurant in the Strand.

"S——s" is a bit more "merry and bright" than this old tomb of a Club," he said, "and a few of the Flying Corps chaps who are in the habit of rendezvousing there while in London on leave you'll find well worth knowing."

The gathering was even more informal than I had anticipated. One of the long tables, it appeared, was set aside for 'R.F.C.' officers and their friends, and these dropped in by twos and threes, as suited their convenience, all the way from seven to ten o'clock.

There were half a dozen men at the table when Horne and I entered, and all of these — they had stalls for a new 'révue' — presently took their leave. One of the group was a South African, one a New Zealander, and two Australians. The latter we found bent over the racing page of the *Sydney Bulletin*, while the New Zealander was evidently trying to persuade the Africander that a dairy herd near Wellington offered better prospects than a general farm in Rhodesia. One of the Australians, whose family was interested in an importing house, lingered behind a moment to ask me if I thought the war was going to force up the price of American agricultural machinery in foreign markets. None of them said a word about flying, and Horne volunteered no more than that they were all 'good men — that little chap from New Zealand really "topping."'

Horne, with the flesh-pots of Argentina in his mind, ordered solidly and lengthily, and three or four more officers had 'wolfed' hasty meals of roast beef and whiskey-and-soda before our

Chateaubriand (which represents the nearest Anglo-French equivalent to the *carne asado* of the Pampas) had been done to its proper turn over the coals. These, like the others, rattled on about the music-halls, the homeland, the 'rotten London weather' — anything and everything, in fact, save the war in general and the war in the air in particular.

One, it is true, — he had come from France only that afternoon — in accounting for a bandaged hand, did mention something about getting a finger jammed under the belt of his machine-gun; but it seemed to occur to no one to inquire what he had been shooting at, or whether or not he had hit it, or any of a dozen or so other things concerning which I, for one, was at once consumed with interest.

By nine all of those with theatre or other engagements had come and gone, and the eight or ten still seated at the table were leisurely diners with the evening on their hands. Yet not even among these unhurried ones was there evident any inclination to talk of their work. On the contrary, I fancied I discerned an inclination to avoid, to 'side-step' it. When they were reminiscent, it was the friends and events of their old life — 'trekking,' 'caravaning,' 'hiking,' 'mushing'; Arctic midnights and tropic dawns; strange odds and ends of adventure by land and sea — that they called up. And when they spoke of the present, it was in connection with little happenings incident to their leaves — with the comparative merits of 'kit' shops, Turkish Baths, 'révue' favorites, the pros and cons of drink restriction, and the extortionate charges of dentists.

Yet every man of them appeared true to what I have since come to recognize as a rapidly developing type — the 'Flying Type.' The army aviator of to-day is picked for his quickness of

mind and body, and the first thing that strikes you about him is a sort of feline, wound-up-spring alertness. Then you note his reticence, the cool reserve of a man whose lot it is to express himself in deeds rather than words. And lastly there is the quiet seriousness, verging almost on sadness, of the man who must hold himself ready to look Death between the eyes at any moment, and yet keep his mind detached for other things. ¶

It was the youngest, and therefore the least 'formed,' officer of the lot — a lad who had left his cacao plantation in Trinidad to come home and fight — who was responsible for the only 'shop' discussion of the evening. Noting that he was eating but little, and constantly passing his hand over his temples, some one asked him banteringly if he was 'homesick or only love-sick.'

'Neither,' he answered, relaxing his set lips in a forced smile. 'Had a bit of an accident yesterday, and have had a deuce of a headache ever since. Can't for the life of me make out whether it comes from going up too high or coming down too quick. I went up higher and came down faster than ever before in my experience. Landed all right, but ever since I've felt as though I were being blown up by a tire-pump that was driving air into every capillary and nerve-tip. My head feels as though some one was opening up a jack-screw inside of it. Suppose I should have gone to the hospital and found out what was wrong, but I did n't want to spoil my leave. Maybe some of you chaps can tell me why I feel as though I had to keep holding my head together to stop its flying to pieces,' he concluded, pressing the heels of his hands to his temples to offset the seeming pressure from within.

Every one stopped talking and leaned forward with interest, and for an instant I thought the curtain was going

to drop and reveal something of the experiences, if not the minds, of those khaki-clad sphinxes of the air. Horne's coldly professional diagnosis dashed the hope. 'Altitude,' he pronounced laconically. 'Got over twelve thousand, did n't you? Over thirteen thousand? That accounts for it. And you went up wide-open, trying to take "pride of place" away from a Fokker, I suppose? Of course. And when you got there you began to feel like a deep-sea fish looks when you bring him up out of the kelp-beds and his own air-bladders blow him up? A man can go up fifteen thousand feet by rail or on foot without more than a shortness of breath and occasional nose-bleed. But not every man — and not even every seasoned flyer — can stand jumping up to twelve thousand feet in the half hour that some of the new machines can negotiate that height in. The difficulty's almost entirely physical, and it all depends upon how a man is made whether or not his flesh and blood will accommodate themselves to the suddenly reduced pressure of the atmosphere. There's no growing used to it. If it "gets" you once, it's pretty sure to do it again. At the best you may only have a bad headache and a sort of "boiled-owl" feeling for a week. At the worst you faint, lose control of your machine, and are listed among the casualties of "cause unknown." Did *you* lose control, by any chance?'

'I think not,' was the reply. 'It was a second German machine — one that I had n't seen — that brought me down. It came nose-diving down out of a cloud, shaking its tail, and giving me a regular shower-bath of bullets — the usual Fokker trick. I'm almost positive I can remember all the way down. Fact is, with my machine in the shape that it was after its peppering, any "lapse" on my part would have started it somersaulting at once. No.

Rotten as I felt, I'm sure I kept "connected up" mentally all the way down.'

Horne shook his head dubiously. 'You may be able to stick it,' he said; 'but before you try any more big-game shooting among the high places, best have a few practice flights in the upper empyrean. The sooner a man learns his altitude limit the better. There's plenty of useful work below twelve thousand feet for the man who begins to "blow-up"—mentally or physically—above that height.'

Conversation became general again even before Horne had finished speaking, for to most of them there was nothing new in what he was saying. None but the man on the left of the young West Indian ventured an inquiry as to the details of what had happened, and it was only by straining my ears that I was able to catch the drift of the low-voiced, almost monosyllabic exchange.

'Get your petrol tank?'

'No, for a wonder. Got about everything else, though. Propeller all chewed up; wings a pair of sieves. Bumped the bumps all the way down. Ground was about the softest thing I hit.'

'Any one get the Hun?'

'None of us. Got himself, though. He came breezing out of a tuft of cirrocumuli all of fifteen thousand feet up, and seemed to be going wild; sort of running amuck. Seemed to be trying to ram me when he nose-dived, and the reason he bored me so full of holes was that he did n't sheer off to give me a berth. Missed me by a hair, and almost upset me with his wind. But he never recovered from his dive. Just seemed to lose control and started going end over end. Fell almost into some of our trenches. I landed five miles away from the wreck of him with nothing shot up but my machine and my nerves.'

'Any one get the first machine—the one you went up after?'

'No. It had the heels of all of us.

The Hun's "Archies"¹ brought down one of our machines that tried to follow it.'

'Shop' interest waned at this juncture, and the conversation upon which I had been eavesdropping veered off *via* headache-remedies and a pretty Scotch nurse at a hospital in France to the comparative merits of the 'Empire' and 'Alhambra' choruses; and I was able to turn both ears to Horne, who had been holding forth learnedly for some minutes on the points of the Andean pony-thoroughbred cross as a polo mount.

II

Our fellow diners drifted away as they had come—singly, and in twos and threes—and by ten o'clock Horne and I were alone in the deserted lounge with our cigars and coffee. He was expecting to be called up at ten-thirty, he said, and as the time approached I could not help noticing that he became distraught and nervous, palpably anxious. The call came promptly, and it was with a look of ill-concealed apprehension on his face that he rose to follow the summoning flunkey to the telephone booth. A minute later he returned walking on air. Twice or thrice he tried to take up the dropped thread of Argentine reminiscence, finally giving it up as a bad job.

'I can't help telling you that I've just had some very good news,' he exclaimed, with beaming face. 'For six weeks now I have been haunted by a fear that that last jarring up I got was going to put me out of the game for good. Yesterday I had the doctors go over me, and now, after being kept all day on tenter-hooks, comes word that, so far as flying is concerned, I'm going to be as right as rain. Nothing whatever likely to occur to prevent my go-

¹ Soldiers' slang for anti-aircraft guns. — THE EDITORS.

ing back in a fortnight. I think I must be just about the happiest man in London to-night. I —'

He checked himself with a deprecatory gesture. 'Really, you'll have to pardon my outburst, old chap; but I was n't half sure that I was n't in line for invaliding out. Besides, I've been fairly itching to be "up" all day. There's been witchery in the air ever since sunrise. I've never known more perfect flying weather. Which reminds me, by the way, that the Zepps are expected in this vicinity to-night. They were on the "East Coast" last night, you know. It's just a little too clear for their purposes; but the air itself is perfect — *perfect*. There have n't been more than one or two other such days for flying as this one since the war began. You can't understand it till you've been in the air yourself. It was in the blood of all those chaps at dinner this evening. They talked about everything on earth except flying; and were thinking about nothing else but that. Did n't you notice that they were as restive as the lions in the Zoo an hour before feeding time?'

Throwing aside all reserve, Horne began to speak of his work — his love of it, the fascination of it, the great and increasingly important part it was playing in the war. This was precisely what, hoping against hope, I had been trying to draw him out on all the evening; and so, lighting a fresh cigar, I sank back contentedly in my arm-chair to play the part of the appreciative auditor. Scarcely was I well settled, however, when Horne abruptly ceased speaking and leaned forward with his head cocked in an attitude of attentive listening.

'Did you hear that?' he whispered; 'and that, and that?'

'Nothing but the chatter of the first dribble of the supper crowd,' I answered. 'What is it?'

'Bombs,' was the reply; 'three or four of them. And, I think, gun-fire. The Zepps must be nearer London than they have been at any time since last October. Let's get down to the Embankment. We can see from there, if anywhere. They never wander far from the "river road."'

The Strand, packed with the crowds from the emptying theatres, was plainly oblivious and unalarmed, and I promptly taxed Horne with letting either the wine or the 'perfect air conditions' go to his head. He said nothing, but, all the way down the black little canyon of a street along which we threaded our way, appeared to be listening intently. Not until we were about to emerge into the brighter blankness of the Embankment did he speak again.

'There have been no more bombs,' he said, 'but I think the guns are going right along. If the sound is too faint for your "unattuned" ear, perhaps the fact that you hear no shunting of trains or whistling at Charing Cross or Waterloo (you know of the new order which halts all trains during air-raids) will convince you that the Zepps are about. Or if not that, then come along here and have some ocular evidence. What do you say to that?' And Horne pointed off down past the looming mass of Saint Paul's to where the stationary beam of a single searchlight laid low along the eastern horizon.

'I see the searchlight plainly enough,' I said, 'but where's the Zepp?'

'Take my glass,' said Horne, handing me a small pair of semi-collapsible binoculars which was evidently a constant companion. 'Now focus on that point of brighter glow, with a shadow behind it, halfway down the shaft — right there, straight over the back of the right-hand lion at the foot of the Obelisk.'

I did as directed, fairly to gasp with

astonishment as a tiny blur, so indistinct as to go unnoticed by the passers-by on the Embankment, sharpened to a long, yellow-ribbed pencil, with pin-points of light — fireflies escorting a glow-worm — flashing out and disappearing above and below and round about it.

'The first Zepp to get over London in six months,' I ejaculated excitedly. 'How long will she take to get here? Had n't we better get away from the river and under cover? But no,' I went on, peering through the glass again; 'I don't think she's coming this way. Seems to be standing still. Probably hovering over W——, the old objective.'

'London! W——!' laughed Horne. 'Do you realize that *you* did n't hear any bombs, and that none of these people have any idea that there's a raiding Zeppelin, with shells bursting about it, squarely in their range of vision? That fellow's all of twenty-five miles away, and as for its "hovering," you may rest assured that when you see a Zepp with incendiary shells bursting *above* it, it is either badly hit or else doing seventy miles an hour toward the home hangars. As a matter of fact, I've been expecting to see this fellow begin to drop at any moment. He's evidently run into better guns and gunners than he counted on. Ah! No hope!' (Horne snatched his glass and turned it quickly on the now agitated searchlight beam.) 'He's gone. Even the light's lost him.'

Horne turned around disgustedly, led the way to a bench by the curb, pushed along a somnolent 'match dame' to make room for him, and wearily sat down.

'He's slippery game — the Zepp,' he observed presently, after watching the futile flounderings of the questing searchlight. 'I did n't tell you, did I, that it was through trying to get a

Zepp that I came that last cropper of mine over Belgium?'

'You know perfectly well you did n't,' I replied, folding a corner of the old matchseller's straggling cloak back over her knees and sitting down in the space vacated. 'Go to it.'

'I was starting on a reconnaissance over a corner of Belgium just as the Zepp was returning from a raid over France. I got above him, and just after I dropped my first bomb the "Archies" opened up on me from the ground and put me out at just about the first shot. Jolly nervy work, with my machine only a couple of hundred feet above the Zepp. A little too nervy, perhaps, for I've never been quite certain in my own mind whether it was my bomb or one from the German guns which sent the Zepp — not wrecked but pretty badly messed up — down into a sugar-beet field. I headed —'

'Just a moment,' I interrupted, anticipating the end of the tale at the end of Horne's next breath. 'You're dumping over your story just the way a Zeppelin under fire dumps over its bombs. Now please back up and tell it properly. The night is young, the raiders are now headed out to sea, and the lady and I are here to follow you to the end.'

III

Horne laughed uneasily, fumbled through his pockets in a vain search for matches, filched a box from the tilted tray of our nodding companion, — leaving a sixpence in its place, — lit his pipe, puffed pensively for a minute or two; and even after all that preparation made his beginning apologetic.

'I don't know that I've ever told the yarn from the beginning,' he said, 'and I'm dead sure I've never said much about the end. If I chatter a bit to-night, you'll please check it up against

the good news I had a while ago — and the air. A man could pretty nearly walk on the air as it has been to-day, and a machine would slide through it like tearing silk. Funny thing, but it was in the dawn following almost just such a night as this that I went off on the flight I have spoken of.

'There are three main factors in flying,' — Horne spoke more freely again as he digressed upon generalities, — 'the man, the machine and the atmosphere. Theoretically, man and machine are supposed to be sent out in perfect order, ready to take the air as they find it. There *are* days, of course, when you are "off," your machine "cranky," and the air all "heights" and "hollows," and at such times there is pretty sure to be a "stormy passage," if nothing worse. Usually, however, it's a fairly fit man and machine against indifferent air. But once or twice a year there comes a period, like the last eighteen hours, when the air is almost absolutely "homogeneous," and then, with his engine running "sweet," the man has spells of fancying himself an "air god" in fact as well as in name, and acts accordingly, — invariably either to his own or his enemy's sorrow.

'It was like that on the morning I am telling you about — man, machine and air all in harmony — yes, and with the usual result. I would have remembered this flight for several reasons, even if the Zepp had n't come along; for one, because of our ride down the wake of a "42" shell; for another, on account of the terrific shelling they gave, or tried to give us, as we passed over the German lines.

'The meeting with the shell was merely one of those freak experiences that might happen to any one, or, just as well, never happen at all. It was during the time I am speaking of that the Germans were amusing themselves by a long-distance bombardment of

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N—— with their biggest guns, and we — (I had an observation officer along, a chap named K——, whom you may have heard of as a long-distance runner) — simply chanced to meander into the path of one shell somewhere about the last quarter of its trajectory. Watching from a distance, you can always see one of these brutes go hurtling along, but this one we only heard, — and felt, — and it was like two express trains, going in opposite directions, passing at full speed. There was a strange soft sort of a buzz, growing into a rushing roar inside of two or three seconds, a blow from a solid wall of air that was like colliding with the side of a house, and then, for two or three minutes, a series of bumps like going over a corduroy road in a springless cart.

'I don't know whether we interfered very much with the course of that shell, but the shell pretty nearly brought *our* flight to an end then and there. Only the fact that we met the first big rush of air head-on saved us. I would n't have had one chance in a thousand of "correcting" if it had caught us sideways — and even as it was, the machine, in spite of its seventy-miles-an-hour headway, was stood up on its rudder like a rearing horse. After that first "collision," our fluttering flight down the wake of the "42" was only "queer," but withal a different sensation from anything I had ever experienced.

'I have no idea how close we passed to each other. My impression of the moment was that the distance was inside of fifty yards, though it was doubtless really much greater. We were not, of course, going in exactly opposite directions, for the shell must have been coming down at a considerably greater angle than that at which we were going up. Yet the "aerial surf" stirred up by the passage of the Hun's little messenger of good-will in that smooth

stretch of atmosphere was heavy and persistent enough to keep my machine wallowing for over a mile.

'The air was going by us in a swift, steady river as we neared the German lines, and I never recall having been able to climb so quickly and easily. Lucky it was, too, for the enemy — probably in anticipation of a pursuit of their returning raiders — had their whole trench "hinterland" planted with anti-aircraft guns, both stationary and movable. There was one little strip that blossomed out like a poppy garden as they opened up on us, and for a minute or so the smoke from the spreading shell-bursts formed a good-sized little cloud of its own. But they never had any real chance of getting us. My good little engine, singing like the wind in the telephone wires, had enabled me to get up over fourteen thousand feet without turning a hair, and at that height you're a lot safer from shells in an aeroplane than from taxis in crossing the Strand. K—— was feeling the altitude a bit, I think; I saw him wiping blood from his nose and pressing his hands to his ears, but he gave no signs of real distress. As for myself, beyond a little swelling of the fingers and a drumming at the temples, I was quite as usual.

'We passed over the main "boquets" of the "Archies" without even feeling the kick of the shells bursting beneath us; but in dropping down to ten thousand feet a few miles beyond, we encountered an unexpected "plant" of them, and the shrapnel bullets were flying all about us for a minute or two. A score of neat little holes winked out in the wings, and one friendly bit of a bullet — spent, but still hot from its sharp flight — dropped gently into my lap and slightly singed the fold of my coat in which it found lodgment. Then we left that mare's nest behind and the going grew smoother once more.

'It was only a few minutes later, and before any beginning had been made on the work we had come for, that K—— picked up a Zepp through his glass and began reporting its progress to me over the telephone. At first it was flying very high, doubtless to keep above gun-fire in crossing our lines. Once over, however, it came down rapidly, probably, as K—— suggested, with the purpose of luring the pursuing aeroplanes into easy range of the German "Archies." If that was the plan, it was eminently successful; for K—— presently reported one of our "chasers" falling in flames, another planing for our own lines, and two or three others turning back. I could see the marauder myself by this time, and noted that it appeared to be heading off about twenty-five degrees to the west of me, and flying already at a level considerably lower than the twelve thousand feet I had run up to in getting away from the last spasm of gun-fire.

'It was this commanding height, together with the fact that my engine was running as sweetly as when it started, that determined me to take a hand in the game at this juncture. Still keeping well up, I promptly headed across to cut off the returning prodigal. For a minute or two the Zepp either didn't recognize me as "enemy," or else ignored me entirely. But presently a sharp speeding up of its engines was apparent, and for a moment I thought that it was going to challenge me for a climbing contest, generally a Zepp's first resort. But a few seconds later it had altered its course through nearly half a quadrant and headed off at top speed, at the same time beginning to descend at what I figured was about an angle of ten per cent, or five hundred feet to the mile. The ruse — to draw me down over some concealed line of "Archies" in that direction — was

plain as day; but I had three thousand feet of altitude to the good, power to burn, and, moreover, was bitten deep for the moment with that "air-god" bug I have spoken of. It seemed as natural that I should chase Zepps as that a fox-terrier should chase chickens. Without further thought, I accepted the challenge and launched off in pursuit of the speeding "sausage."

'It really never occurred to me to discuss the thing with K——, but, like the trump he was, he never showed by word or sign that tilting at airships had not been included in our orders. He, also, twigg'd the game at once.'

"Guns probably in that thick clump of trees by the little pond," his faraway voice said over the telephone. "Best catch him as far this side there as you can. One of his engines missing badly, and he's not going very fast."

'With a quarter of an hour instead of a couple of minutes to work in, I would have preferred to keep along on a comparatively high level, and only descend, to drop my bombs, at an angle that would have kept me pretty well out of the range of the Zepp's guns. But K——'s warning was too sound to be disregarded and, in this case, the quickest way was also the only way. As it was, it was really almost a nose-dive, and I did the first half of it with the throttle wide open. So fast did we come up with the Zepp that it seemed almost as if a giant had taken the big gas-bag in his hand and thrown it at us.'

'The patter of machine-gun bullets sounded only for a second or two — it was n't unlike walking over a lawn-sprinkler — and, so far as I could see, did no harm. Then, cold as ice for the work in hand, I shot straight down along the yellow spine of the airship, letting go a couple of bombs before my terrific speed carried me beyond my mark.'

'Now a perfect torrent of shrapnel burst out around me — the smoke-tufts made the still distant clump of trees look like a cotton field — and almost at the same instant there was a strong rush of air from below. The machine teetered giddily on one wing-tip for a moment, and I just managed to right it in time to free a hand to grab the tail of K——'s coat as he, apparently unconscious, started to lurch over the side. I don't seem to have any very clear recollection of being able to get him back into his seat at all.'

'I did n't have a chance for another good look at the Zepp; I only know that it descended rapidly, although apparently not entirely out of control. My machine, badly shot up as it was, still seemed to have a good deal of "kick" left, though the reek of petrol in the air was n't an encouraging indication that its "vitality" would continue. The impetus of my descent quickly carried me out of range of that spiteful but isolated little battery of "Archies" — luckily, too, in just the direction I wanted to go.'

'Just before I flew over the Zepp — it was while the machine-gun bullets were still pattering, I have since recalled — K——'phoned me the compass bearing of the nearest point of the Dutch boundary, and said something about it being our only chance if things went wrong. (That they had already "gone wrong" with him he gave no hint.) Strangely, the figures had stuck in my head, and it was in that direction I sheered as soon as the machine was on an even keel again. It was not far, thank heaven, and, partly planing, partly under the power of that brave little half-fed engine, I somehow managed to keep up long enough to clear the top wire of the boundary fence and pile up in a heap in the hospitable silt of good old Holland.'

A dozen questions tumbled after each other off the tip of my eager tongue, and the old 'match dame,' who had snored peacefully all through Horne's even narration, stirred and muttered petulantly at the unwonted disturbance. But Horne, rising and working his stiff joints, essayed to answer all in a single breath.

'I don't know how much harm was done to the Zepp, or whether it was I or the Hun's own "Archies" that did it. K—— died in a Dutch hospital, without regaining full consciousness, two days later. (It was a bullet from one of the Zepp's machine-guns that did for him.) I can't tell you how I managed to get out of Holland; and' — as a low whistle sounded from Charing Cross and a hooded eye peeped cautiously out of the black shed — 'the trains are running again; so we may take it that the little visitor we were watching is now out over the North Sea and on its way home to bed. I think it's high time that we followed its good example on the latter score. Good-night and sweet dreams, mother.' And he took my arm and began piloting me back to the Strand to waylay a taxi.

Horne has been back at work for a month now, and, so far as I have heard,

with no recurrence of ill luck. Last week I met another friend from Argentina — a doctor, returned to 'do his bit' with the Red Cross. 'Horne has made a brilliant success of his flying,' he said; 'did he tell you anything of his exploits?'

'Only a little about a brush with a Zeppelin,' I replied, 'and scant details of that.'

'That's all he has ever told any one. Yet the Dutch patrol swear that he came down in Holland with the tail of his half-dead observation officer's coat in his teeth (only thing that kept the chap from falling out); and there is also every reason to believe that it was his bombs that brought that Zepp down, and badly knocked up, too. Either one of them would bring him anything from the Military Cross to the V.C. if he would tell even the plain, unvarnished tale of it. But the quixotic idiot made his report so confoundedly noncommittal that there was simply nothing for his commander to go by. Was hardly enough to merit mention in dispatches the way it stood, much less to award a decoration on. Queer thing, but they say they've had the same sort of trouble with a number of the flying chaps. Seems to be a sort of cult with them. Can't say it's a wholly bad one, either.'

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

BY H. SIDEBOTHAM

THERE has been freedom of the seas in peace-time for nearly three hundred years. Early in the seventeenth century Grotius wrote his *Mare Liberum*, the 'Free Sea,' against the pretensions of the Portuguese to close the Eastern seas to the traffic of other nations. His theme was that there could be no territorial sovereignty of the sea as there was of the land; the argument was Byron's apostrophe, —

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore, —

set out in legal form and phrasing. Elizabeth's sea captains had used other means to combat the very similar pretensions of the Spanish in the Western seas; but when Grotius wrote, the dominant spirit in England's foreign policy was trade jealousy of the Dutch. Accordingly, John Selden was put up to answer Grotius, which he did in his *Mare Clausum*, the 'Closed Sea,' asserting British territorial sovereignty, not only over the Narrows of the North Sea and the Channel, but over the whole of the waters from Norway to Finisterre. For a long time Great Britain claimed that ceremonial honors should be paid to her flag in these waters; but the view of Grotius prevailed, and it is now undisputed law that there can be no ownership or sovereignty of the sea. The doctrine of the three-mile limit is all that remains of Selden's learned argument and of the pretensions of the Spanish and Portuguese.

But the freedom that is now in question is freedom in war-time. If there

were ownership of the seas, the owner would do his best to keep the operations of war away from his property, and if that owner were a neutral, belligerents would have no more right to carry on war over his sea than on land subject to territorial sovereignty. As it is, however, war always sets up a conflict between two easements over the sea — between the freedom of the belligerent to carry on his war and the freedom of the neutral to carry on his trade. Thus, freedom of the sea, like the freedom of the individual, necessarily implies some limitation of itself as a necessary condition of its own realization. In morals, philosophers will sometimes define freedom as a voluntary submission to rules of conduct recognized as good, and in this sense St. Paul, for example, speaks of the liberty to which Christians are called. In politics again, one man's freedom, unless it is regulated by the sense of duty to his fellow citizens, is only another man's bondage. Similarly, we do not get far in our examination of this freedom of the seas before discovering that no meaning whatever is to be attached to the phrase except in the terms of submission to a law recognized as fair and for the general good. It follows, further, that the law of which freedom is the acceptance is not a fixed and stationary conception, but one that is constantly developing. It changes with changing political ideas, and even with the progress of mechanical invention. But each change should mark an advancement to rules that are for the greater good of the world, an

elimination of some purely selfish interest, and the substitution in its place of something that makes for justice between all.

The object of this article is to turn over the ideal of the law at sea (which is freedom) as it presents itself to Englishmen of liberal mind. It is not easy, in moments of great anxiety and even danger like these, to keep a sure hold of the ideals of humanity and to cast the mind forward to the time when there will be some chance of advancing them; but the attempt must be made. For war would be even greater unreason than it is, unless we keep steadily in mind the processes of construction that must follow the destruction. And in analyzing the conception of freedom at sea, Englishmen are encouraged by the thought that in a wise and liberal solution of its problems lies the best hope of establishing the friendship of Great Britain and the United States on an unshakable foundation.

I

'The Government of the United States and the Imperial Government,' wrote President Wilson in his third note to Germany on the sinking of the *Lusitania*, 'contending for the same object, long stood together in urging the very principles on which the Government of the United States now insists. They are both contending for the freedom of the seas.'

The allusion in this remarkable passage seems to be to Franklin's treaty, concluded in 1785 between the United States and Prussia, which provided that in any war between the two countries, the property of Prussian subjects and United States citizens should be exempt from capture at sea. Evidently President Wilson regards this exemption of private property from capture as an essential to the law of freedom,

which he wishes to have established at sea, and Germany has naturally made the most of this old treaty and of the long dispute between England and the United States over the law of the sea. Englishmen who are wise never forget that the last war with the United States arose out of certain incidents of what Americans regarded as the British maritime tyranny. There is even a close resemblance between the arguments of Count Bernstorff in this war and some passages in the decrees of Napoleon establishing the so-called Continental system against Great Britain.

'This decree' (so run the closing words in the preamble of Napoleon's Berlin Decree, issued after the battle of Jena in 1806) 'shall be considered as the fundamental law of the Empire, until England has acknowledged that the rights of war are the same on land as on sea; that it [war] cannot be extended to any private property whatever; nor to persons who are not military; and until the right of blockade be restrained to fortified places, actually invested by competent forces.'

In all her negotiations with the United States, Germany has constantly striven to put herself in the position thus defined by Napoleon, hoping at first, no doubt, actually to embroil the United States with Britain and to have a second war of 1812 on the centenary of the conclusion of the first, or, failing that, at any rate to obtain the assistance of the United States in loosening the tightness of the British blockade. Wise Englishmen do not forget these and other historical parallels between the struggle to-day against Germany and that against Napoleon more than a century ago.

But interesting as the points of resemblance are, the points of difference are still more important. It is true that the maritime policy of Prussia in the

eighteenth century was in close accord with that of the United States, whereas that of England was at a constant variance which culminated in the War of 1812. The reasons, however, were economic rather than in the strict sense political. It must be remembered that in the eighteenth century all nations which had colonies regarded them as commercial appanages. 'Commercial monopoly,' says Montesquieu, 'is the leading principle of colonial intercourse.' By decisions of the British prize courts in the Seven Years' War, it was laid down that a trade forbidden to foreigners in peace could not, at the convenience of a belligerent, be extended to neutral foreigners in war. That is to say, France at war could not allow the United States to conduct a trade with her colonies which she refused to her in peace-time.

This rule, the so-called Rule of 1756, was rational enough as between the various states of Europe, all of which regarded colonies as close commercial monopolies, but was inequitable as applied to the United States, which had no colonies, and, moreover, living apart from Europe as she did, regarded such restrictions on commercial development as an infringement of those American ideals which afterwards came to be embodied in the Monroe Doctrine. Prussia, too, had no colonies, and it was because the Rule prevented her from obtaining in war the commercial advantage that she would otherwise have had as a neutral that she was found pleading alongside of the United States for the principle that the flag covered the cargo. But this association was purely casual, and its point against England depended on fiscal views of colonial commerce which England long ago discarded. The Franklin treaty, therefore, implied no real community of ideals between the United States and Germany, but was a merely

temporary connection due to views on the nature of the relations between the mother country and the colonies, of which the British Empire is a living contradiction splendidly embodied.

The main cause of the War of 1812 was England's exercise of the right of search in order to impress seamen serving on American vessels, who by English law were still British subjects; and there is no Englishman who does not regret that war, and regard it as a disfiguring misprint on the page of history. While it is true that the war could never have arisen but for Great Britain's refusal to accept the doctrine that the flag covered the cargo, the cause that produced it has long ceased to be operative. If there ever was any fund of sympathy between Germany and the United States due to the fact that Prussia, as a member of the Armed Neutrality, had urged views of the rights of neutrals of which the United States approved, and for which she may perhaps be said to have fought in the War of 1812, it was dissolved in 1856 when England signed the Declaration of Paris. For that Declaration took both from the principles of the Armed Neutralities and from British practice the parts that were most favorable to neutrals. From the one it took the principle that the flag covered the cargo, and from the other the principle that neutral property was exempt from capture even under a belligerent flag.

If England had ever abused her power at sea to oppress neutrals, this Declaration was a complete renunciation of her past errors, and gave her the just right to boast that henceforth her naval power was to be regarded as the champion of neutral right in war-time. It was the greatest surrender of belligerent power ever voluntarily made by a nation. It is true that she did not go as far as the United States would have wished and abandon the right of cap-

ture of private property other than contraband at sea; but that was not, after all, a neutral grievance, for neutral ships are not liable to capture except for breach of blockade or contraband regulations. To neutrals the surrender of Great Britain was absolutely complete. Nor was the Declaration signed under mere temporary impulse. Its rules were embodied permanently in British naval policy, and by the Declaration of London, more than fifty years later, were boldly — perhaps rashly — extended, and still in the same direction, namely, to secure for neutrals a greater freedom on the seas.

Nor was this all. Soon after the Declaration of Paris was signed, a movement began in England for extending to noncombatants among the belligerents immunity from the operations of war, and for exempting all belligerent as well as neutral private property at sea (except contraband) from capture. The movement divided opinion very curiously in England. It was supported and opposed from both political parties. In favor were the men of the Manchester school; against, the philosophic Radicals; among Conservatives again the bureaucratic type tended to oppose and the individualistic to favor the reform. The lawyers, on the whole, supported the reform: Lord Loreburn, ex-Lord Chancellor, and the last two Attorneys-General, Sir John Simon and Sir F. E. Smith, have both argued very forcibly for it. Further, Sir Edward Grey, in his instructions to the British delegates at the last Hague Conference, made it quite clear that if Continental Powers would consent to a reduction of their armaments on land England on her part would forgo the right of capture at sea.

It is not too much to say, therefore, that just before the war there were great hopes that England might take the lead in establishing the freedom of

the seas both in peace and in war. Had Germany on her element of the land shown the same openness of mind as England on the sea, the causes of the plague that is now ravaging Europe might have been removed. Even as it was, the contrast between England's treatment of neutral rights at sea and Germany's treatment of them on land was sufficiently startling. Germany began the war by invading Belgium, of whose neutrality she was a guarantor. England at the beginning of the war accepted the regulations of the Declaration of London, although, as that Declaration had been rejected by Parliament, it was not legally binding upon her, and although she knew that it must gravely hamper her in a war with Germany. There is no conceivable motive for this forbearance except her respect for the rights of neutrals. The government, which has been attacked at home for this forbearance by men heated with the struggle against Germany, has some claim to the consideration of neutrals; and it may be doubted whether it has had its full due from them. The just standards of judgment in international affairs are not absolute, but take into account all the attendant circumstances and conditions. England may not have given as much as all neutrals desired by the Declarations of Paris and London. But whatever she gave — and it was a great deal — she gave out of what she regarded, rightly or wrongly, as her most valuable and remunerative capital investment. For the average Englishman is ultra-conservative in everything that relates to sea and sea-power, and any abatement that he consents to make of it is evidence of a goodwill many times the intrinsic value of the concession. By the beginning of the war, therefore, England felt that she had not only wiped out the past which had led to her old quarrel with the United States, but

had accumulated a fund of goodwill on which she could draw in a struggle with Germany which, so far as she was concerned, she had been taught to think must be decided mainly by the exercise of sea-power.

One amendment she did make in the provisions of the Declaration of London at the very outset of the war. Whereas under the Declaration of London, the doctrine of continuous voyage, under which a belligerent could seize goods consigned to a neutral port if there was evidence that their ultimate destination was the enemy, had been restricted to absolute contraband, at the outset of the war England announced that she meant to apply it to condition of contraband also. The necessity for this change was very regrettable, but inexorable. Its effect was that all imports of articles not on the free list into neutral countries were liable to retention and search, and, if it should be found that they were intended for the use of the enemy's armed forces, to confiscation. Obviously that meant a great extension of the interference with neutral shipping. But what was the alternative? Under the original rules no commercial blockade of Germany was possible, for she would always have been able to import everything that she wanted (except absolute contraband) through the neutral countries of Holland, Denmark, and Sweden.

The changes which England made in the Declaration of London were no more than were necessary to redress what would otherwise have been to her the great disadvantage, so far as her supplies were concerned, of being an island and not a Continental state. The changes in the conditions of war that had taken place since the struggle with Napoleon had all been to the disadvantage of island sea-power. Before railways were made, to blockade the ports of a Continental country was to cut off its

supplies. Not so now, with every country in Europe connected with every other by railway; and it was manifestly inequitable that Germany, which had invaded one neutral country for her military advantage, should use the rights of other neutral countries like Holland and Denmark to shelter her from England's sea-power. Further, as Sir Edward Grey pointed out in one of his dispatches, the Continental system of conscription made the distinction between supplies destined for civilian and for belligerent use unreal, and even the best will could hardly carry it out in practice without great risk of unfairness to the sea-power.

Even with these changes in the Declaration of London, the conditions were greatly in favor of Germany. She could import in neutral ships into her own ports all the articles on the free list, which included some materials like cotton which were of great value for war purposes. Sheltered behind neutral countries, she was free from blockade. But she was not content with this amazing good fortune. From the very beginning of the war she attempted to establish a paper blockade of British ports by mines, and at the end of October, 1914, a great liner, the *Olympic*, crowded with Americans, narrowly escaped being sunk off the north coast of Ireland. The position, therefore, was this: when it was to her military advantage Germany was to violate neutral rights, as she did by the invasion of Belgium; when it was to the advantage of her defense from blockade, Germany was to have the shelter of neutral rights; and, again, when it was to her naval advantage, she was to be free to establish a paper blockade of British ports, using the neutral flag for the purpose of escaping observation, and to drown neutrals on ships that ran on the mines she had surreptitiously laid. This was freedom of the seas with a vengeance—

freedom for Germany but for no one else. No nation, least of all Great Britain, to whom sea-power was as the breath of her nostrils, could acquiesce; and at the beginning of November the North Sea was declared a closed military area, except for a narrow passage in the Strait of Dover.

II

This was admittedly a reversion to the *Mare Clausum*, but one that Grotius himself might have defended; for there seemed no other way of protecting neutral life and trade. The only solid argument ever advanced for the doctrine of territorial sovereignty at sea was that, if a nation used her sea-power to keep the sea free from pirates, she thereby acquired certain rights in those waters. On the same principle Great Britain, now engaged in preventing a blockade by mines which threatened not only her own belligerent interests but neutral life and commerce alike, might claim to be at any rate in the position of custodian trustee of the sea-area of the war, and to have the right, not, of course, of prohibiting access, but of laying down rules on which that right of access might be enjoyed with comparative safety.

Another analogy is to be found in the claims put forward by the United States in the Behring Sea controversy. In effect, the United States then asserted the right to treat a vast area of the Pacific off Alaska as territorial waters, and the Arbitration Court, while rejecting their claim of sovereignty, acknowledged that the United States were morally entitled to an agreement with all other nations interested that should put an end to the danger of the extermination of the seals. One of the clauses of such agreement provided for a close time for sealing. On the same principle the partial closing of the

North Sea by the British, though technically a breach of the freedom of the seas, was defensible as a necessary measure for preserving that freedom.

The German answer was the submarine blockade, which in its least unfavorable aspect was a gross violation of the provision of the Declaration of Paris that blockades, to be binding, must be 'effective,' — that is to say, 'maintained by a force sufficient really to prevent access to the coasts of the enemy' (which the German submarines never were), — and in its worst aspect was an invasion of American rights at sea no less heinous as regards the State and no less cruel in its blind choice of innocent victims than the German invasion of Belgium. There is no need here to elaborate the case against the submarine blockade, which has been put by President Wilson with all the moderation of strength. The sole contentious point is whether Great Britain, in the Orders in Council of March, took the wisest measures to protect her own and neutral rights. The governing fact of the situation was that Germany, who was thus attacking neutral rights in order to injure Great Britain, was sheltering behind neutral rights in order to escape injury from her sea-power. Which set of neutral rights was the more valuable — the rights behind which Germany was sheltering, including the right to make profit by trading with Germany, or the right which Germany was attacking by her submarine campaign?

The British policy, stripped of its technicalities, was this: In order to defend her own and neutral rights she in effect asked neutrals to forgo their right of profitable trade with Germany, a right which they would not have had if Germany, like England, had been an island, because in that case she would have been completely blockaded, and which they owed solely to the fact that

Germany had land frontiers with neutral powers which could not be blockaded; a right moreover which Germany proposed to use solely for her own advantage, and so far from making any return for this use was prepared to violate without scruple, as her submarine campaign showed.

Holland had no difficulty in making her choice. The United States hesitated. It may be that the dead hand of the War of 1812 was still on the policy of the country, and that the government, having at some critical moments of her history come to regard Great Britain as the arch-opponent of freedom on the seas, failed to recognize the real nature of the change that had come over the British attitude towards neutral rights at sea. The influence of tradition — perhaps because it is weak in the social and business life of American citizens — often surprises Europe by its strength in certain departments of government. It may be that unofficial opinion in England, by its somewhat unimaginative handling of the exceedingly delicate problems of domestic policy which the war had made for America, and by well-meant but clumsy efforts to persuade her to take the side of the Allies in the war, had actually hindered the recognition of the essential community of interest between the United States and the Allies. It may be, again, that the agitation which had sprung up in England against what was regarded as the excessive mildness of the government's blockade policy prevented our official diplomacy from making certain concessions to the American point of view that might have led to closer coöperation between the two governments; or, again, that the form of the British government's answer to the German submarine blockade showed too little appreciation of the forms of law and of the difficulties in which neutrals were placed. Certain it is, how-

ever, that the American government seemed to English people for a time to be unduly sensitive about British infringement of neutral rights and unduly considerate of the much graver violations of which Germany had been guilty.

In one of President Wilson's Lusitania notes there was a passage already quoted which gave great pain to English Liberals. He said that the United States and Germany had long stood together in their advocacy of the freedom of the seas, and invited the Imperial government to coöperate with the United States now for the same ideal — a passage which seemed to English people, bruised as they were in the terrible conflict, unnecessarily to rub into sore places the lessons of the War of 1812. But, whatever be the inner diplomatic history of this time, the American government last autumn gave Germany a chance such as few nations have ever had and rejected. She had only to keep the promises made by Count Bernstorff last September and refrain from torpedoing liners without notice (surely a cheap price for such a prize), in order to secure, not merely the continued neutrality of America, but a public certificate that she and not England was the friend of the freedom of the seas. The promises were broken, and the sinking of the *Sussex* and a number of outrages on neutrals were her answer, which amounted to a definite rejection of America's extremely generous offers.

Never has so low a value been put on the friendship of a great nation. Nor could it be said that the government misrepresented the people of Germany in this matter. When Von Tirpitz resigned, the people of Germany feared that it might portend, not further concessions to the United States, but the keeping of the promises already made, and at once there was a combination

of parties in the Reichstag to insist that Germany should maintain the attacks with undiminished rigor. That was an advertisement to the world that Germany was insincere in her profession of attachment to the principle of the freedom of the seas. As well might she claim that she was championing the cause of neutrals when she invaded Belgium and burnt Louvain, as that she was working for the freedom of the seas in drowning American citizens and sinking Dutch and Norwegian ships. Whatever doubt there may have been before, from April of this year it became clear that in so far as the maintenance of the freedom of the seas was a cardinal object of America's policy, the best chance of furthering this ideal lay with England and her Allies.

III

The ideal of the freedom of the sea as it presents itself to advanced American thought includes two reforms. The first is the abolition of the capture of private property at sea; the second the abolition of commercial blockade. The first is one of the traditional objects of the United States' policy, and their representatives have never missed an opportunity of urging it at every international conference at which the laws of naval war have been discussed; and latterly the attitude of official England has not been one of uncompromising opposition. Sir Edward Grey, in his instructions to the British delegates at the Second Hague Conference, said that if Continental powers would agree to restrict their armaments on land, England might agree to forgo the right of capture at sea. The assumption was that the right of capture was a valuable weapon to the strongest naval power, which it could not safely surrender so long as Continental powers kept up their enormous land forces. It

was, he said, our only offensive weapon. Mr. Arthur Balfour, in an otherwise admirable recent statement on the freedom of the seas, made the same assumption. In estimating the strength of the obstacles to a complete agreement between British and American policy at sea, this assumption will need to be examined in the light of the experience gained in this war.

Again, the second element in the ideal of freedom at sea is the abolition of commercial blockade. How far this reform is part of the official policy of the American government is uncertain; its own practice in the Civil War was rigorous enough. Yet there would seem to be no alternative to the practice of the British government in this war but the complete abolition of commercial blockade. The right of blockade is worse than valueless to an island power if it can be enforced against itself and cannot be enforced against a Continental enemy with neutral frontiers. Unless, therefore, neutral countries voluntarily consent to stop through traffic to the enemy, as Holland has done in this war, they must logically press for the abolition of commercial blockade.

To recognize the right of blockade and at the same time to refuse the co-operation which alone can make it practicable against a Continental country is in effect though not in intention to favor the Continental power at the expense of the island. If, therefore, the freedom of the seas precludes such interference with neutral commerce as Holland has consented to in this war (and President Wilson has seemed to argue that it should), it necessarily involves the abolition of commercial blockade. We are getting very near to Napoleon's policy expressed in the preamble to the Berlin Decree, that war should not be extended to any private property whatever, or to persons who are not military; and that blockade

should be restricted to fortified places actually invested by competent forces.

It is too early yet to generalize on the lessons of the war, but it may be doubted whether the general assumption when the war began, that the right of capture is an advantage to the power that is strongest at sea, would now be accepted. Except by submarine, Britain's sea-power has not been seriously challenged. But the losses of her mercantile marine have been much greater than the enemy's. No doubt the loss to Germany of the earnings of her fleet by its being laid up idle in her own or neutral ports has not been negligible; but, except in so far as it has been drawn upon to meet current expenses, there has been no such destruction of her shipping capital as has taken place in England. It might be difficult to conceive a war in which the enemy's merchant ships, though his battle fleets were defeated or shut up in harbor, still kept the seas and went about carrying goods and earning dividends; but, paradoxical as that state of things might be, the paradox of a great naval power losing millions of tons of merchant shipping while its fleets maintain an unchallenged supremacy is greater still. The plain fact which will be generally recognized in England after the war, and is admitted by many now, is that the right of capture must inevitably hurt most of all the nation which has the greater shipping and which, owing to its island position and its inability to support itself, must keep its ships at sea or perish.

And what sea-power perishes. And has the right of commercial blockade been of much real value to Great Britain? This, too, is open to grave doubt. A commercial blockade would bring England to her knees in a matter of short time. But Germany could hold out for a long time, even though nothing at all reached her through her own ports or through the ports of adja-

cent neutral countries. And the same is true of nearly every other country in Europe. Indeed, if the struggle is to be prolonged, the cessation of foreign trade may be a positive advantage to a nation with great internal resources that make her temporarily more or less independent of foreign trade. A country which has the lives of all its male subjects of military age at its disposal has no difficulty in inducing them to take paper money; and if there are no foreign exchanges to be considered, paper is as good as gold as a means of purely internal exchange — so long, of course, as the credit of the government holds. In this war Great Britain has actually had to inflict on herself some of the evils of a partial blockade of the imports of certain articles, mainly because she was short of shipping tonnage, but also, no doubt, for financial reasons. A blockade, by abolishing the importation of articles of luxury, may thus ease the financial strain of such a war as this, and it is certainly arguable that, if Germany had had a foreign trade to keep up, her financial position would be less favorable for the continued prosecution of the war. In any case it is doubtful whether, if the idea of cargo-carrying submarines is practicable, a commercial blockade can ever be enforced in any future war.

Sir Edward Grey has agreed that after the war the ideal of the freedom of the seas may very properly become a subject for definition and discussion. 'After the war,' he said, because a reversal of British policy during its progress is out of the question. Great Britain has made a sincere effort — at some risk, as she thought, to her own interests — to carry on the war in accordance with law and with due regard to the rights of neutrals. If she has been driven from her early position, it is through the necessity of establishing approximately equal conditions in the

war at sea between herself and Germany, and of defending rights which were not merely belligerent but in neutral interest too. A reversal of her policy during the war would be regarded by British people as a concession to a series of crimes which demand punishment. But though the punitive measures that have been taken cannot be arrested during the war, or at any rate until the just rights that have been outraged have been vindicated, it may well be that the war will clarify the ideas officially held about this ideal of the freedom of the sea and pave the way for a complete identity of views between the American and British governments on this question.

Mr. Balfour in his recent statement seemed to take a different view; but, as his argument showed, he is most anxious for a complete understanding between Great Britain and the United States, and this ideal of freedom on the seas supplies too broad and substantial a basis of agreement for it to be neglected.

The submarine, though it has been guilty of the worst outrages on the ideal, may for that very reason be the means of assisting its acceptance if its crimes lead to a complete understanding between the British and American governments. There is no reason why, this understanding, if the materials for it already exist, should be postponed to the end of the war. Rather let it be reached now and used to strengthen the common defense. The ideal of the freedom of the seas is too fine to be left to the risk of perversion by the power which has shown repeatedly that it is prepared to violate the rights of neutrals. The United States and Great Britain are the two powers marked out by their character and history to join in securing the ideal for the advantage of the world. These two powers, great as their differences may have been

and perhaps still are, have this bond in common, that they have both a reverence for the idea of law, alike in domestic and in international politics, such as possesses no other nations. Their history, with the tragic story of the last war between them and their hopes of a firm friendship in the future points in the same direction. What better centenary celebration of the Peace of Ghent could there be than the knowledge that these two powers had at length reached a complete agreement on all the questions of policy at sea which had divided them in the past?

The external form that this agreement should take and the means that should be employed for giving it effect raise so many difficult questions of internal American politics that it is not seemly for a foreigner — even a British foreigner — to express very decided views. It is a principle of American foreign policy to abstain from entangling European alliances — a principle which is the obverse of the Monroe Doctrine itself. America, too, both on moral grounds and also because she has always a larger proportion of her population still in process of assimilation to her national character than any other nation, is profoundly attached to peace, and this horrible war can have done nothing to weaken that attachment. But the United States have never had any objection to association with European powers for a specific and limited end; nor would such an association with the Allies for the defense of the freedom of the seas necessarily, or even probably, result in war.

The association — the word alliance is deliberately rejected for the vaguer term — might take shape in two measures. The first would be an announcement that the United States and Great Britain and her allies had come to an agreement for joint action for the protection of neutral lives and shipping

against the German submarine operations. That would be America's consideration to the Allies. Secondly, Great Britain and America, with or without France and Russia, might meet and draft a code of law, to come into force at the end of the war, which should give formal expression to the agreed principles of the freedom of the seas. That would be the Allies' consideration to America.

These principles are in need of closer definition, but they would include the abolition of the right of capture, the abolition of commercial blockade, and the prohibition of the use of mines

outside territorial waters, or even in the enemy's territorial waters without notice to neutrals. The second reform would probably need as its corollary a new and more stringent list of contraband, and the third an extension of the limit of territorial waters, which was fixed at three miles because that was the extreme range of guns, but which ought now, on the same principle, to be twelve miles or more. This new code would not take effect until after the end of the war; and although the changes may be somewhat in advance of public opinion now, it is fairly certain that they will not be then.

GENERAL SMUTS'S CAMPAIGN IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA

BY CYRIL CAMPBELL

It is somewhat of a reflection on the late Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy that the two chief campaigns in the sub-continent of Africa have taken place owing to the existence of two German colonies, which were acquired largely through his indecisive, vacillating attitude — an attitude which caused Bismarck to remark that had he done as much mischief to Germany as Gladstone had to England, he would never dare look his countrymen in the face again. The sins of the fathers are visited on the next generation, which is also handicapped by having to pay for the political blunders of its predecessors. And, just as the price of the Liberal Government's too pacific demeanor after Majuba was a costly three years'

war, so the Union in 1916 has had to purify two great districts, which, under happier circumstances, would never have become the foci of Teutonic aggression.

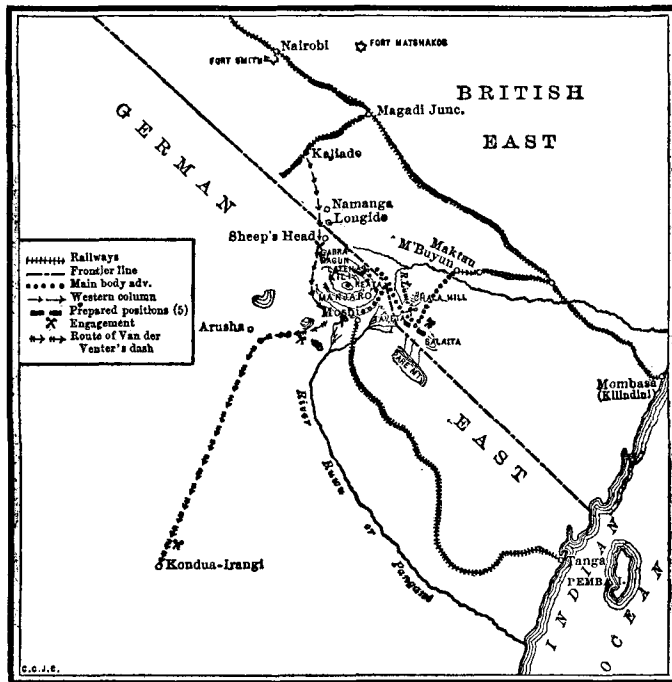
The history of operations in East Africa during 1914 and 1915 affords little but a meagre record of sporadic raids, isolated bush fights, and attacks on blockhouses, the result on the whole being in favor of the Germans, who, at the beginning of this year, still occupied a small section of British territory. As regards naval warfare, they had less cause for self-congratulation, as their surprise of the Pegasus in Zanzibar had been completely offset by the bombardment of Dar-es-Salam and the bottling up and destruction of the

Königsberg in the Rufiji River. It was plain, however, that the Germans would not be left for long in enjoyment of their partial success; and the conclusion of the campaign in Southwest Africa left the Union free to assist the mother-country in another theatre.

The Imperial government first invited the enrollment of an overseas contingent: and it was only when this

ed Johannesburg to confer with Smuts, who had already offered his services, he fell seriously ill, and was unable to take up his command.

In selecting a substitute, the Imperial government was happily inspired, for Smuts was at once offered the appointment, with the rank of full general in the British Army. This further mark of confidence in the Dutch was hailed



MAP OF OPERATIONS NEAR KILIMANJARO
FROM A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR

had been dispatched to Europe that attention was concentrated on German East Africa. A detachment of home troops under General Smith-Dorrien was sent out; and those South Africans who, for various reasons, had been unable to volunteer for Europe, were delighted at the prospect of serving under one of the heroes of Mons. But this was not to be. On landing at Capetown, Smith-Dorrien's health became impaired, and by the time he had reach-

enthusiastically throughout the country: and it was confidently hoped that he would accomplish his arduous task as brilliantly as his colleague, Botha, had done in Germany's sister colony.

The physical character of the country to be attacked (to say nothing of its evil reputation as the haunt of the tsetse fly, that dread enemy of horses and cattle) had persuaded the military authorities in the beginning to employ only infantry; but at the eleventh hour

it was felt that the innate genius of the South African for mounted tactics should at least be given a trial, and the first batch of troops had hardly been landed at Kilindini (the port of Mombasa) when a mounted brigade was raised and taken up in

[A small portion of this article has been destroyed by the Field Censor.]

At Mombasa they were then sent up by rail to the branch terminus, where they detrained and opened operations.

Anything more different from the campaign in which most of the South African troops had taken part a few months previously, than the one on which they were now embarked, could not be imagined. Instead of the arid sandy tracts of German Southwest Africa, they found a country covered with thick bush, while on the southern horizon Kilimanjaro, within a few degrees of the equator, raised its snow-capped peak nearly twenty thousand feet above sea-level.

The first march was to M'buyuni, where a light railway was already in process of construction from Maktau, to be continued up to the German frontier. The advance guard waited for the arrival of the other arms, and a reconnaissance in force was directed against Salaita Hill, which revealed the enemy in great strength upon the eastern slopes of Kilimanjaro. The terrain was very difficult, and the men deployed against the German position received a severe grueling from 'pom-poms' and mountain guns, which were admirably placed and difficult to locate. Shortly after this General Smuts arrived in person, and at once decided to employ the traditional tactics of South Africa, used in the first instance by T'Chaka, the Lion of the Zulus, who based his idea on the horns of a bull and enveloped his enemy by a double outflanking

movement before driving home the *impis* stationed in his centre. Acting on this principle, Smuts directed the mounted brigade, based north of Kilimanjaro, to sweep along the western foothills of the mountain, and concentrated his forces for a thrust at Moshi, the terminus of the Tanga-Kilimanjaro railway.

This enveloping movement achieved its object, for, as the Germans felt the pressure on their centre, they were obliged to fall back lest they should be cut off from their base; but they stubbornly contested every foot of the thrust on Moshi. The fighting took place over a terrain unique even in this world-war, for the scene of the action was chiefly in the shadows and amid the tangled undergrowth of the primeval forests which clothe the slopes of Kilimanjaro; and, as the advance progressed, the forests revealed great masses of the enemy. Apart from the exigencies of the military situation, it was desirable to convince the Askaris (German native soldiers) that white troops were more than their match even in bush warfare. Consequently, when they pulled out and bolted, the South Africans went after them with butt and bayonet in a workmanlike manner,—a procedure which proved particularly effective.

The second position taken up by the Germans in their retirement was as formidable as nature could produce. Lying behind the Lumi, they were protected in front by seven miles of dense bush; on the right by the Pare Mountains and the swamps of the Ruwu, and on the left by the dangerous broken spurs of Kilimanjaro. By a very arduous night march through the bush, the South African troops secured the passage of the Lumi, and a dash made by some mounted men resulted in the occupation of Chala Hill and other positions dominating Taveta and Salaita.

As the enemy were found to hold their line in great strength, the infantry brigades, on March 11, were ordered to attack the precipitous bush-clad hills of Reata and Latema, which formed the main position. The ground at this point was covered with a thick thorny scrub, which rendered an advance difficult and afforded little shelter from the rain of projectiles poured forth from guns of all calibres, from the tiny 'pom-pom' to naval guns salvaged from the Königsberg. What endless toil and labor their transport and emplacement must have cost the Germans and their native auxiliaries, the swamps and forests alone can tell!

The progress of the attackers was slow and painful, but at last they managed to get within one hundred and fifty yards of the German trenches. Their main objective was a green *kopje*, surmounted by a fort, at each corner of which were stationed flagposts flaunting alternately the German banner and the green flag of the Mohammedans — a striking illustration of Lutheran Germany's benevolent fathering of Islam. The first and second lines of trenches were rushed, but this proved of small advantage to the South Africans, who found themselves enfiladed by maxims, while snipers, cunningly hidden in giant baobabs and ant-heaps specially hollowed out for the purpose, took their toll of lives. These had to be silenced before a further advance could be made. But late in the evening the British secured a position and dug themselves in, until reinforcements could be hurried up in the morning, and their advantage pressed home.

Three times during the night the enemy made counter-attacks, their native troops fighting like demons — a fact which was less surprising when later investigation of water-bottles found on corpses showed they had been filled with raw spirit. At dawn the Ger-

mans were finally driven out, to retire sullenly on Moshi, consolidating their position on the interior lines and railroad. Their defeat was severe; the hills were found covered with their dead. On all ordinary occasions their dead and wounded had been carried with them, and traces of blood were the only proof of casualties; but now they were left behind. Three maxims and a gun were also abandoned.

Meanwhile the western column, comprising the mounted brigade, the mechanical transport, and some artillery, were sweeping round the foothills. A base camp had been formed at Kajiado, about forty-five miles south of Nairobi, on the branch line from Magadi Junction, and from there on March 9 the mechanical transport started on its way. The cars had all traveled down to their base by road through the Masai district — the paradise of the big-game hunter. Wildebeeste, buffalo, zebras, giraffes, kongoni, Thompson gazelles, rietbuck, and stembuck were to be seen in thousands. At first, roads were practically non-existent; the modern motor-car, however, is not to be stopped by the ordinary difficulties of veldt travel, though a series of very bad *sluits* necessitated the rescue of some cars stalled through carburetor and magneto trouble. The third stage, from X — to Y —, led through great forests and black swamps of evil reputation, to cross which a corduroy road of logs was constructed from the abundant timber of the neighborhood.

The scenery was magnificent, with its imposing vistas of heavily wooded hills and valleys, somewhat reminiscent of Switzerland, while lording it over all rose the stately crest of Kilimanjaro, which, in the vernacular, means 'the mountain of falling water' — a tribute to its abundant rain. At Namanga the General Staff, who had left Kajiado three days before the be-

ginning of the general advance, were caught up with, and the next stage was Longido, where an advance base had been established. Several regiments were stationed here, including some Indian troops, and preparations were at once made for the coming operations.

The advance guard was composed of cavalry, a sprinkling of infantry, and a mountain battery. It was the boast of this latter that it could bring a gun into action within 45 seconds, and find its range by the third shot. The men are recruited from a particular district of India; the regiment is very proud of its record and jealously resents the enlistment of outsiders, entrance to the ranks being an hereditary privilege. After this advance guard came the General Staff and the main body guarding the principal convoy. The rear guard, composed mainly of colored troops, was preceded by a second convoy, the ammunition supply, and the motor-car section attached to the artillery, the duty of which was to keep the guns provided with shells.

The enemy had not neglected to place outposts on several commanding positions, and before the next halt at Sheep's Head the cavalry got in touch with some Askaris and drove them from their hill. Next day the column proceeded on its way, the Staff and advance guard getting well ahead, leaving a portion of the convoy in front of the artillery, while the main convoy of commissariat and stores fell behind. In the afternoon, just after the guns had surmounted a steep hill at Garraragua, the enemy made a surprise attack on the main convoy, and the artillery wheeled out to march parallel with the advancing column on the side from which danger was apparent. The convoys were ordered to take up positions well to the right, so that the motor-cars might have sufficient scope to supply

the guns with ammunition. A brisk artillery fire then broke out, the men finding range quickly; but it was difficult to estimate the damage, as the enemy seemed to be scattered in small detachments among the numerous *kopjes*.

Sunset brought a lull, but up to that time the firing had been incessant, despite the fact that the Germans tried to cause confusion by sounding British army calls, chiefly 'Cease firing' and 'Retire.' The officers, however, trumped these tricks by ordering the 'Fire' to be blown on the bugles. When dusk fell, the commander decided to disengage, but the movement was not carried out without disorder. The ammunition column on a neighboring hill was now under double fire, and it was realized that a return along the road to Sheep's Head was necessary. Unfortunately, there were not many men to guard the convoys; the motor-cars turned off into the veldt, becoming separated from the column in the dim moonlight, and later they got bogged and could not move. Some Indians on mules luckily found them in time to report the approach of some Germans with fixed bayonets; after strenuous exertions, on the part of men and mules, all but three were rescued, and two of these were hidden in the long *tambouki* grass. An anxious night was passed, smoking and even whispering being forbidden; next morning, however, the convoys were reinforced, and on reaching Garraragua once again, the position was found to be evacuated.

A splendid road now helped the column across thirty miles of desert, so that the cars got within eleven miles of Moshi with no further trouble save at the rivers, through which they were towed by oxen. The country was well irrigated at this part, and a government farm, through which they passed, afforded a welcome profusion of grain and vegetables. The boundary stake

had been removed en route amid loud cheering. Kilimanjaro had presented a series of wonderful aspects, as the advance progressed. The towering peak is covered with perpetual snow, while glaciers can be traced above the forests. Seen against an azure sky, it is an unforgettable sight. At evening it seems like a marvelous jewel in a setting of delicate emerald, while by moonlight its outline is softened to a fairylike effect.

The actual advance into Moshi was preceded by a heavy bombardment of five hours, but no resistance was offered when the troops entered, as the place had been evacuated. Once, however, the invaders were fairly established in the town, the Germans, who had taken up new positions on hills commanding the station, opened up with their artillery early in the morning. Another engagement ensued, which secured Moshi, though not without heavy losses. The enemy were now in a somewhat precarious situation; their line of retreat toward Tanga was no longer safe, since at any moment they might be headed off by the mounted brigade occupying Moshi. But any doubt as to the course of action which they ought to pursue was settled by Smuts's next move. Detaching a force to his left rear along the Tanga railway to prevent the Germans breaking back on to British soil, he concentrated his main body, which had been employed in the thrust, in Moshi, and dispatched Van der Venter, the hero of the lightning cavalry raid across the deserts of German Southwest Africa, to make a dash dead west on Arusha, a junction commanding the caravan roads to Moshi, Dar-es-Salam, and Nairobi. The Germans had now split up into small bands making for their main rail artery from Tanganyika to the coast, and one scattered unit, taking advantage of a prepared position, tried to bar Van der Venter's way.

After a brief engagement they broke, leaving one of the guns of the ill-fated Königsberg in British hands, and Van der Venter occupied Arusha without further hindrance. In this way Smuts's tactics had proved completely successful, and one cannot do better than quote the concluding passage of his own dispatch:—

'During these operations the enemy has been severely defeated and has been flung south of the Ruwu River. We have cleared him finally out of British territory, and we are now in occupation of the healthiest and most valuable settled parts of German East Africa, comprising the Kilimanjaro and Meru areas.'

But Smuts is not the kind of man to sit idle while the enemy may be re-forming, so, as soon as he was apprized of the occupation of Arusha, he ordered Van der Venter to penetrate into the heart of the enemy's country. His subordinate carried out his command with marked success, and pushed straight on to Kondua Irangi, an important station only about a hundred miles off Dar-es-Salam and ominously near the Tanganyika railway. After a sharp engagement Van der Venter occupied the place, while his daring was also rewarded by the seizure of an important supply column, with rifles, ammunition, wagons, and cattle.

It would be idle to prophesy what course of action the Germans are likely to adopt under these circumstances, but it is not impractical optimism to assert that they can do little but carry on a guerrilla warfare in the faint hope of prolonging the inevitable end. There was some ground for the supposition that they intended at the worst to retire inland along the Tanganyika railway, but whether they will do so with Van der Venter hovering on their flank is doubtful. Meanwhile the cordon is being drawn closer and closer. To west

and southwest they are barred by the chain drawn through Rhodesia to the Belgian Congo, while the entry of Portugal into the war has not only closed the one remaining frontier, but has put an end to the surreptitious smuggling of supplies landed at Beira in *soi-disant* neutral bottoms. Moreover, the prospects of a guerrilla warfare can scarcely be said to be inviting, since the Germans would be pitted against men who are past masters of that game; and the Prussian school of war, with its doctrine of iron discipline and suppression of all initiative, is the last training likely to turn out soldiers who can maintain dashing operations and unconventional tactics.

Within a few weeks General Smuts has completely altered the whole aspect of this minor campaign, and the whole secret of his success is mobility. A study of the two African colonial campaigns affords a striking similarity, despite the difference of the physical characteristics of the two countries. In a previous article¹ on the Southwestern expedition I described the laborious preparations made by the Germans to defend Aus; yet the position was later evacuated without a blow. This was effected by Van der Venter striking right across from Upington and threatening the German lines of communication. Consequently the Aus garrison, confronted with the danger of being entirely cut off, had no alternative but to retire. Similarly, in this campaign mo-

bility has neutralized all the elaborately prepared defensive positions of the enemy, which became untenable owing to the menace on flank and rear. It was a maxim of Stonewall Jackson's that mobility and secrecy were the two essentials of successful strategy, and he acted up to his words by attacking his enemy where he was least expected. Aërial reconnaissance has robbed the modern general of much of his chances of secrecy, but Smuts has shown that speed and mobility, properly applied, can still play a most important part in modern war. The success of his operations was facilitated by the accuracy of the information obtained by his Intelligence Department and air scouts; and in all his movements he gave evidence that peace and politics have not blunted the skill which he displayed a decade and a half ago, when he led a cavalry raid through the Cape Province, until his burghers rode their horses down to the beaches of the Atlantic.

A final word as to the composition of the victorious army. Not since the days of the Roman Empire has a force of such diverse peoples, creeds, and castes been gathered together under one standard; but whereas Saxon and Gaul, Scythian and Iberian, Dacian and Numidian, followed the eagles through compulsion or in hope of loot, the various types under Smuts—Englishman and Dutchman, Canadian, Australian, South African, Indian, and Haussa—are fighting for liberty. And history teaches us that in the long run the defender of liberty wins the day.

¹ 'Campaigning under Botha.' *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1915.

RUSSIA'S STATE OF MIND

BY T. LOTHROP STODDARD

DESPITE Russia's recent successes in Volhynia and the Bukowina, the magnitude of her military problem should not be disregarded. Beside her present gains the expulsion of the Teutonic armies from Poland, Lithuania and Courland, to say nothing of invasions of Eastern Germany, would entail sacrifices taxing to the uttermost even her enormous latent strength. If her recuperated powers prove insufficient for the task, the autumn will disclose the disheartening prospect of a continuing stalemate, with the Teutons still firmly planted on Russian soil.

Again, it must not be forgotten that, during the greater part of the war, Germany's best efforts have been directed, not against Russia, but toward the West. It is, however, quite conceivable that the very success of Russia's present offensive may radically alter this state of things. Ever since the beginning of the war a powerful section of German thought, headed by Paul Rohrbach and other influential publicists, has maintained that Russia, not England, was Germany's arch-enemy. The prodigious recuperative power implied in Russia's ability to undertake her present offensive after last summer's shattering defeats may impel Germany to concentrate all her energies against the Eastern foe even at the cost of a sustained defensive in the West. In that case the ensuing months would witness a terrific Teutonic 'drive' launched at Russia's very heart. Of course, this drive might fail. But, on the other hand, it might not fail. Before the

blast of Teutonic massed artillery the present Russian lines might wither like those on the Dunajec and Vistula a year ago, and through the ragged gaps the seething Teutonic tide pour still deeper into the Empire.

In either of these disheartening contingencies, what would the real Russia do? I say 'the real Russia,' because it is not at all conterminous with the political entity entitled the Russian Empire. The Empire is a huge land-block stretching from Posen to the Pacific and peopled by 170 million souls. The real Russia is the 70 millions of the 'Great Russian' race, centred in the plains of Moscow, but throwing out sprays and tentacles of flesh and blood to almost every part of the vast Muscovite dominions. This is the cement of Empire. This is Russia's heart. This is 'Holy Russia,' whose fanatic faith and dogged pertinacity has swelled a petty principedom on the banks of the Moskva into an imperium covering one seventh of the entire land-surface of the globe. How would this Russia meet the test? Would it make its peace with the Teutonic victor? Or would it, acting on the recent boast of a Russian 'Nationalist' leader, 'fight to the Urals — and beyond'?

That will probably depend in great measure upon the reply to another question: How does Russia regard the German? Does it consider a compromise-peace possible, or does it see in the present war a supreme struggle which must be fought out at all hazards to the death?

The answer to this query is not an easy one. The salient characteristics of Russian life and thought are their extreme complexity, their glaring antitheses. Even if we exclude from our purview all consideration of the non-Russian elements, the stream of genuine Russian opinion is vexed by many cross-currents tending in radically divergent directions. Certain Russian circles have never approved of the war with the Teutonic Powers and are ready now for peace. Other elements, while to-day in favor of continuing the war, would accept a not too unfavorable peace if a crisis such as we have foreshadowed should come to pass. Still other elements see in the German the arch-enemy with whom no compromise is possible. Let us analyze these several elements and appraise their respective strength. We shall then be able to form some idea of how Russia would act in an hour of peril.

Strange though it may appear in view of the colossal struggle now raging between the two Empires, there are several strong currents of Russian opinion which are distinctly Germanophile. The Court, much of the nobility, bureaucracy and army, and most of Russian 'big business' have disapproved the war from the start and are working for a reconciliation with Germany at the earliest possible moment. Taken together, these Germanophile forces form a very powerful combination.

The Court alone is a factor of great importance. Half a century ago its attitude might well have been decisive; and though the rapid growth of nationalist feeling in Russia has undermined its old preponderance, its power is still great, especially with the present Tsar, a rather weak man much swayed by personal influences. Nearly all those closest to Nicholas II are pro-Germans. His wife, a Hessian princess, makes no secret of her strong sympathies for

her countrymen, and his mother, the Dowager Empress Marie, is of much the same mind. The 'tone' of Russian Court life is given by the proud and masterful Baltic Province German nobility, a notable example of this class being the leading Court functionary, Baron Fredericks, Minister of the Household and aide-de-camp to the Emperor. This highly influential personage has never made any secret of his pro-Germanism. Another tower of strength in the pro-German cause is the aged Countess Ignatieva. This remarkable old lady has long held the leading salon at the Russian Court, and her power has been greatly enhanced of late by the progress of her famous protégé, the mystic monk Rasputin. A sort of twentieth-century Cagliostro, Rasputin has gained enormous influence over many high personages, notably over the Empress. All in all, it is safe to say that Nicholas II lives in a pronouncedly Germanophile atmosphere — a fact which, in certain contingencies, might be of capital importance.

As to the Russian bureaucracy, army, and diplomatic service, we should remember that they were all artificial creations of Peter the Great — Western importations so against the old Russian spirit that for a long time they could be worked and manned only by Western Europeans. And, since most of these Westerners were Germans, Teutonic traditions and personnel have remained persistently in evidence. A glance at the Russian civil and army lists will show the striking proportion of German names. It is true that the genuine Russian nobility has long since become reconciled to Westernism and now fills the bulk of Russian official posts, but these newcomers have done little to change the professional tone since they themselves have become converts to the traditional spirit of the service.

Right here we should carefully avoid the error so persistently fostered by the Anglo-French press to the effect that the pro-Germanism so prominent in Russian official life is the fruit of mere ancestral prejudice or vulgar treason. To accept this dictum would be to miss the whole point of the situation. If the pro-Germanism of Russian officialdom were restricted to 'hyphenates' and Judases, it would signify merely a narrow cabal of traitors doomed to be swept away by the first breath of national feeling. As a matter of fact, however, the overwhelming majority of these Germanophile officials are loyal Russians, zealous for their country's welfare and resolved to do their duty. At the same time, they consider their present duty an unfortunate necessity because they regard the war as a grave error. They believe that the whole trend of Russian policy these last few years, with its aggressive attitude in the near East and its undisguised hostility to Austria and Germany, has been a great mistake. In these men's eyes both the domestic and foreign policy of Russia requires a friendly understanding with the Teutonic Empires to the West. Internally, such an understanding with her conservative neighbors would be Russia's best safeguard against a radical revolution which might plunge the backward, polyglot Empire into hopeless chaos and disintegration. Externally, Austro-German friendship would permit Russia to concentrate her energies on what these men believe to be the Empire's true field of action — Asia. The outcome of the Russo-Japanese War has merely confirmed them in their belief, for Russia can patently no longer play two rôles at the same time, but must free her hands in the West if she is to make head against the awakening East.

Such is the school of thought typified by statesmen like Baron Rosen and the

late Count Witte, and by soldiers like the present Russian commander-in-chief General Kuropatkin, who, only a year before the outbreak of the present war, was openly championing the abandonment of Balkan entanglements and a reconcentration in the Far East. Whatever one may or may not think of the soundness of their arguments, it is perfectly clear that one is here dealing, not with a mere traitorous cabal, but with a sober, well-pondered political philosophy reposing on patriotic considerations.

The best proof of the inherent strength of this school of thought is the fact that its adherents are by no means confined to official circles, but are found throughout the conservative upper and middle classes and are actually predominant in the financial and industrial worlds. The bloody memories of 1905 make the spectre of a 'Red' revolution a perpetual nightmare to Russian conservatives. As to Russian 'big business,' the leading financiers and the great industrial magnates are hearty supporters of the 'Asiatic school' of foreign policy. Russia's industries are recent growths, created by Count Witte's protective system and dependent upon high tariff walls for continued existence. Furthermore, the Russian home market is still too backward to absorb even their present output. In order to ensure its present prosperity and future development, therefore, Russian industry feels that it must secure fresh protected markets and believes that such markets are to be gained only by acquiring new protectorates or 'spheres of influence' in Asia. Once such Asiatic fields are safely inside the Muscovite tariff wall Russian industrial magnates see priceless markets for their output, while Russian finance sees limitless profits in government contracts and concessions for the development of vast untouched natural

resources. It is easy to realize the anger of Russian 'big business' before the spectacle of national energies lavished on a Western war which an understanding with Germany would have conserved for the conquest of the fabulous East.

Of course, all these feelings are today held down by the war-party personified by the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch and the 'Panslavists' of the 'Western school.' But, though momentarily silenced, the dissidents are by no means convinced, and if fresh disasters should swing public opinion against Nationalist policy, the partisans of Asiatic expansion and a correlative German entente might play a decisive rôle. What their rôle would be is patent from recent utterances of their leaders. A good example is the speech made by M. Maklahoff (Minister of the Interior at the beginning of the war) before the congress of the 'Right' (Conservative Party) at Nijni Novgorod in December, 1915. M. Maklahoff boldly declared amid loud applause, 'I am quite at a loss to understand why Russia ever went to war with Germany. Both states depend upon each other, and their historical development shows that they must live in close friendly relations.'

All this proves that there are powerful elements in Russia which are opposed to the Empire's present policy and which would work strongly for a reversal of that policy if it should be further discredited by fresh military disasters. At the same time, Russian public opinion is so complex that there is most emphatically another side to the question. And this 'other side' is decidedly anti-German — part of it so fanatically anti-German that it seems willing to fight to the death rather than compromise with the Teutonic 'arch-enemy.' How the relative strengths of the two thought-currents compare is

the important problem for the immediate future.

Anglo-French publicists are prone to descant upon the 'two Russias': 'Reactionary Russia' and 'Liberal Russia' — the one pro-German, the other pro-Ally. Unluckily, this does not go deep enough. The truth is that there are three Russias: Old Russia, Actual Russia, and Revolutionary Russia. It is of Actual Russia that we have just been speaking. Political heirs of Peter the Great, believers in the general principles underlying the present order of things, the champions of Actual Russia desire to see their country develop along the lines laid down by Peter and his immediate successors — a strong government, Westernizing its subjects and using this Westernism as the instrument of Asiatic expansion. For the reasons above sketched, this Russia must be either Germanophile or at least desirous of a frank understanding with Germany.

But the other two Russias are anti-German, albeit for very different reasons. Revolutionary Russia need not detain us long. We are well acquainted with its aspirations, which involve the overthrow of the existing régime and its replacement by an order of things similar to that prevailing in the most liberal nations of the West, albeit the demands of the extreme revolutionary wings would imply a state of affairs little short of anarchy. Naturally, all Russian radical circles hail the present alliance with England and France as the harbinger of their own triumph. They are anti-German for two reasons: (1) because the German element in Russia is the staunchest supporter of the present dispensation; (2) because an *entente* with the conservative Teutonic Empires would be the strongest bulwark against a violent revolution.

Revolutionary Russia naturally bulks large in our eyes. And yet we

should not overestimate its strength. The abortive movement of 1905 dealt it a blow from which it has never recovered. Its stronghold is, of course, the 'Intelligentsia' or educated radicals. But in 1905 this Intelligentsia displayed a doctrinaire ignorance of Russian national consciousness, a factious incapacity for constructive leadership, and a sinister indulgence toward the forces of anarchy and disruption, which disgusted moderates of all classes and horrified the intensely pious, patriotic peasantry. Since 1905 the Revolutionists have ceased to be the dynamic, driving force in Russian public life. That rôle has more and more passed to the apostles of 'Old Russia'; to the hot-gospelers of Russian 'Nationalism.'

Everyone knows how Peter the Great literally dragged Russia out of her Asiatic-Byzantine chrysalis by the hair of her head and set her protesting feet in the path toward Western civilization. But what is not generally known is the fact that this forced conversion has never been completed. The Russian upper classes, it is true, were soon Westernized after a fashion, but they thereby merely dug a gulf between themselves and the vast peasant mass which clung with fanatical obstinacy to Old Russian ideals, thereby preserving 'untouched against the future' those stores of crude national feeling' about which a Liberal thinker like Paul Miliukov expresses such frank apprehension. Thus Old Russia lived on, submerged but indomitable.

And Old Russia's two leading ideas have always been a fanatical hatred of the West and an equally fanatical faith in the supreme excellence of 'Holy Russia,' the 'Third Rome,' whose sacred destiny it is to convert and absorb the whole earth. This did not matter much in practical politics until the breath of the European 'Romanticist' movement reached Russia about the

middle of the nineteenth century. One of this movement's salient features was a chauvinistic nationalism. Accordingly, when the upper-class Russians took up this latest Western innovation, they became suddenly impressed with that older indigenous nationalism of which they had previously been ashamed. The paradoxical consequence was that a large section of Russian educated thought abjured its rather superficial Westernism and fervently embraced the old gospel with its hatred of the West and its boundless dreams of politico-religious dominion. The result has been modern Russian 'Nationalism' — a peculiarly fanatical type of theocratic imperialism. Of course it has run an extensive thought-gamut, from Katkov and Aksakov down through Danilevski to Leontiev and Suvorin. But, after all, its basic concept has remained the same: 'Holy Mother Russia' is divinely predestined to free and unite the whole Slav race, seat herself at Constantinople ('New Rome'), and ultimately purge and absorb the 'rotten West.' This cardinal article of faith, common to 'Slavophiles,' 'Panslavists,' and 'Neo-Panslavists' alike, is best summed up in Pobiedonostsev's famous dictum — 'Russia is not a State: it is a World.'

It is only since the abortive Revolution of 1905, however, that Russian Nationalism has fairly come to power. The discrediting of Radicalism left the field open for the Nationalists, and they clinched their victory by one of the cleverest moves in modern history — the Stolypin Land Act of 1907. This measure replaced the communal land-tenure of the Mir by individual peasant proprietorship. The law's political results were incredibly more important than appears on its prosaic economic face. At one and the same stroke the peasant élite was made revolution-proof and a tremendous weapon was

placed in the hands of Russian imperialism. The old Mirs had been painfully over-populated. The Stolypin Land Act took care to make the new holdings large enough to support their owners. The result was a huge surplus of landless peasants possessed by a consuming 'earth-hunger.' The Nationalists' game was now easy. They had a limitless supply of eager colonists with which to 'Russify' any desired non-Muscovite areas within the Empire, and they could also fire the peasant masses for war at any moment through self-interest as well as fanaticism by promising foreign land as the spoils of victorious foreign campaigns. This is the domestic sheet-anchor on which 'Neo-Panslavist' diplomacy has relied of late years in case its 'forward' policy in the Balkans and among the Austrian Slavs should culminate in war.

The Nationalists' task was rendered still easier by the fact that peasant fanaticism was focused toward the exact quarter against which their foreign policy was trending. Old Russia has, as we have seen, always hated the West, but a general concept like this was too metaphysical to stir the average peasant mind to positive action. The matter had to be narrowed down to some concrete issue. Fortunately for the Nationalists, that was just what had happened. The Russian peasant has long since fashioned for himself an incarnation of the West. This incarnation is the 'Niemetz' — the German. The Russian mujik's intense hatred of the German is thus explained. It is symbolic as well as personal.

The reason for this anti-Germanism is writ plain athwart Russia's history. Before Peter the Great began his forcible conversion of Old Russia into a Western state, the Russian people, scattered far and wide over the immense area of the Empire, enjoyed a typical barbarian freedom. The gov-

ernment was, it is true, cruel and arbitrary, but it stood at such an immense distance from the average individual that he rarely felt it, and since it was thoroughly Muscovite in spirit it never interfered with those ideas and customs which the half-Oriental Russian held dearer than life. But Peter now brought in the typical bureaucratic eighteenth-century state and proceeded to force it down his subjects' throats. Every canon of Old Russian life was deliberately outraged — and outraged by foreigners at that, since Peter necessarily had to use foreigners as the sole efficient instruments of this Westernizing will.

Now, as it happened, most of these foreigners were Germans, especially after Peter's conquest of the Baltic Provinces. The Baltic Province nobility gave Peter just the tool he had been looking for. A proud, masterful race descended from the German crusading Knights of the Sword, the Baltic Province nobles prided themselves on being 'Kulturträger' — 'bearers of civilization.' Accorded generous terms in their own land, they willingly recognized the Tsar as their feudal overlord, and with mediæval loyalty set themselves to do their suzerain's bidding. Peter ordered them to civilize his barbarous subjects; accordingly, if hard heads and heavy hands could do the work, civilized they should be.

This has always been the attitude of the Germans in Russia. The practical results of their activities have been far-reaching. When we remember the purblind conservatism of Old Russia it is difficult to see how the country could have reached its present stage of Westernization in any other way. But the instruments of this progress earned thereby a growing legacy of hate. A minority of the Russian people, it is true (the so-called 'Raskolniki' or 'Old Believers'), put the blame where it belonged, called Peter Antichrist, and

endured every form of martyrdom rather than bow to the new dispensation. The bulk of the Russian people, however, continued to revere the Tsar and vented their spleen upon his foreign agents. The antagonism between the two races was constantly envenomed by profound incompatibility of temperament. Few sharper psychological contrasts can be found than that between the typical Muscovite and the typical German. The result has been that the two types have never fused. However long the German may be settled in Russia, he continues to feel himself a point of light in a night of barbarism. The irreconcilability of the two race-psychologies is best shown by the 'converted' Germans. In all such cases the convert leaps clean over into the Russian camp — and the race-gulf remains as unbridged as before. Thus the generations passed: the Germans continuing their Westernizing labors, the popular hatred of the Westernizers sinking ever deeper into the Russian soul.

Until recent times, however, all this had little practical effect. The popular hatred of the 'Niemetz,' like the popular nationalism, still glowed fiercely, but both glowed beneath thick ashes, and did not show. The Court was German, the Tsars' wives were German, the Baltic Province nobles gave the tone to bureaucracy and army, and the upper classes were zealous converts of the West. Then came the Nationalist reaction of the mid-nineteenth century. The 'Slavophiles' blew away the ashes and discovered the soul of Old Russia, still aflame. They warmed themselves at its ardent fires, and their hearts inevitably kindled to its burning hatred for the Teutonic 'culture-bearers' of the 'rotten West.' A wave of anti-German feeling passed over Russia, soon intensified by the course of world-politics.

However deeply the Germans in Rus-

sia may have been disliked, no ill-will had as yet been felt against their Teutonic home-land. Indeed, there could be no rational cause for such ill-feeling so long as Germany remained a mere geographical expression. The Slavophiles' traditional foes were the Turk and the Habsburg at Vienna: the Turk, who barred 'Holy Russia' from her rightful seat in 'New Rome'; the Habsburg, who detained the Western Slavs beneath his sceptre and kept Russia from the Slav brothers of the Balkan. But no sooner had Germany become a nation than she allied herself with the Habsburg, and presently befriended the Turk. The 'Niemetz' thus stood forth as Panslavism's arch-enemy. Not until the German was broken could there be the faintest hope of realizing Old Russia's grandiose dreams. Henceforth, 'the road to Constantinople and Vienna ran through Berlin.'

The Russo-German break might have come much earlier than it did but for the change of Russian policy which occurred toward the close of the nineteenth century. Tsar Alexander III had been a Slavophile and a frank hater of Germans. But his successor, the present Tsar Nicholas II, was attracted by the arguments of the 'Asiatic School,' and turned his attention to the Far East. This of course implied an understanding with Germany and Austria, and a passive attitude in the Balkans. But the Far Eastern policy was discredited by the Russo-Japanese War, and when the 'Intelligentsia' was equally discredited by the 1905 Revolution, Panslav Nationalism came fully into its own. The result was what might have been expected — a drastic 'forward' policy in the Balkans and the Near East, thinly veiled incitements to the discontented Austrian Slavs, and a wave of anti-German feeling within Russia itself more bitter than anything ever witnessed before. The anti-German vio-

lence of the Russian press during the last few years has been truly extraordinary, and the anti-German measures of the Russian government have been drastic in the extreme. On the very eve of the present war plans had been perfected for the rooting-out of the Baltic Province nobility, the citadel of Russian Germanism, by the expropriation of their estates under the Stolypin Land Act, and the subsequent Russianizing of the provinces by a wholesale colonization of Muscovite peasants.

Since the beginning of the war the Nationalist régime has taken every possible measure for the extirpation of Germanism throughout the Empire. Even the old German agricultural colonies planted by Catharine II in Southern Russia one hundred and fifty years ago have been broken up and the inhabitants shipped away by the hundred thousand to Siberia. In the cities the popular fury has vented itself in anti-German 'pogroms' as violent as those formerly waged against the Jews. In fact, the Jews have also been terrible sufferers because of their suspected German affiliations. Toward Germany itself the Nationalists have displayed the same implacable hostility as toward the Germans within the Russian Empire. The Nationalist press has called for a war to the knife until both Germany and Austria shall have been utterly smashed into disjointed fragments incapable of future resist-

ance to the march of Russia's destiny. A leading publicist like Menshikoff, the brilliant leader-writer of the *Novoye Vremya*, actually demands the annexation of all Prussia's eastern provinces, the extirpation of their German populations, and their resettlement by Russian mujiks.

Such is the complex mind of Russia to-day. There are, as we have seen, powerful forces working for reconciliation and renewed friendship with Germany. There are other forces, such as the Liberals and Revolutionists, which, while hostile to the German government, are not fundamentally hostile to the German people. Yet the driving forces behind the present régime, the Nationalist war-party which still guides Russian policy, hates Germanism on principle and continues to call for a battle to the death. Russia's military reverses have been great and her human losses have been almost unthinkable — certainly five, possibly six millions. But the dogged fanaticism of the Russian masses has been stirred to its depths by the 'holy war' against the 'infidel' Turk and the 'accursed' German. The Russian people continues to pay the government's huge blood-drafts on sight without question. How long this would continue in face of fresh military disasters and growing internal opposition remains to be seen. Certain it is, however, that to-day Russian Nationalism is still in the saddle, with no signs of a speedy fall.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

AN UNPAID DEBT

IF one could but find them again — those flitting benefactors who unconsciously did us a good turn and, before we could manage a proper 'thank you,' were lost in the crowd! A kindly direction given in the course of travel; a beautiful face that flashed like sunshine over some drab hour; the notes of a song that touched the heart more deeply than the singer knew. We have all encountered many such unwitting Good Samaritans, but the first one recorded in my memory is the man who saved the puppy.

The puppy, led home on a leash by my enthusiastic young father, had appeared in our midst the night before. He did not stand on ceremony, but with leaps and licks and staccato yaps immediately broke down all barriers, and in no time my father, the puppy and I were all in a democratic tangle on the floor. My father was the first to regain his normal poise, and, drawing me to him, told me impressively that the puppy was no ordinary dog, but 'very valuable'; that he was 'a pedigreed pointer,' and that he would make a splendid hunter when 'broken to the gun'; and finally that on no account must he be let out of the front gate. I said I understood, and went to bed pondering on the strange and pleasing sound of 'pedigreed pointer,' and wondering if it would hurt the puppy to be 'broken to the gun.'

In the morning I woke before the household, and, as the young day appeared enticing, I clambered out of bed and scrambled into the toilsome habiliments of civilization with what dexter-

ity my six years permitted, and went out into the misty mysterious morning. There was no sound save the song of birds and my own footsteps crunching on the gravel walk, as I went toward the gate. Only recently had I received permission to go beyond its limits, and consequently the gate drew me irresistibly. The trance of the adventurer was upon me! I raised the creaking latch with exalted soul and thoughts soaring above the trivialities of life. I was on the point of breathing in the first sweet breath of freedom when, with the suddenness of a falling star, something swift and sleek and palpitating whisked by me. I made a frantic grab, but eels drenched in oil would have been less elusive. The dog — the 'very valuable' dog — was at large!

Had I not been warned against this very catastrophe? And now behold, a ramping, frisking, leering beast who mocked my every effort to reach his collar by making evasive circles around me, or by galloping off at a tangent. I tried commanding. I stamped my little foot and called him 'You dog!' in harsh and horrid tones. At which he stood stock-still some distance off and grinned, his pink tongue drooping derisively out of the corner of his mouth. I approached with caution, hope mounting skyward in my heart, but the hope was vain. Whisk! and he was off. Changing my tactics, I essayed cajolery. 'Nice puppy,' I pleaded. He halted and looked round, tail and ears alert. I made a step forward, and he retreated.

My faith both in him and in myself gave way. My spirit was broken. I could no longer do anything but attend to the sobs which began to chase each

other from the tips of my toes up to my throat. It would soon be breakfast time, and my hour of reckoning was nigh.

It was at this black moment that the man appeared. He came swinging along at a brisk pace, towering gigantic above me. I had never spoken to a stranger before, but this was a crisis demanding heroism. With a mighty gulp I swallowed the most imminent sob and gathered courage.

'Mister,' I accosted. But he did not hear—his ear was so far above me. Desperate, I felt that I must do or die. I ran after him.

'*Mister*,' I repeated, and I am sure my voice must have been between a wail and a shout this time. He stopped and looked down from his altitude. '*Could you*,' I began, realizing the magnitude of my request, '*could you make that dog go back in the yard?* He is very valuable,' I added.

The man was evidently in a hurry, for he did not pause for speech. He took three splendid strides toward the puppy (who was now sniffing a tree, the personification of innocence), and with the utmost ease he collared that 'valuable dog,' nonchalantly dumped him inside the gate, and closed it firmly.

Here was a miracle-worker, a superman, a god! With the deftness of a prestidigitator the impossible had been accomplished. In a twinkling the thing was done. By just the turn of the hand he had saved the day for me. And he was gone before I could voice my gratitude; gone, with never a thank you—gone clean out of my life!

I sat down on the stone carriage-step in front of the house to collect myself. The puppy looked at me through the bars of the gate, his jaws stretched in a friendly smile, his tail wagging amicably. He seemed to bear me no malice, but at that moment I had only hatred in my heart for him. I was hunting

through the ramifications of my hasty toilette for a handkerchief to wipe away the trace of my recent tears, when my father opened the front door and whistled. The puppy reversed and bounded to his master. My father stooped and fondled him; then, looking beyond the fateful gate, he called out a good-morning to me and added, 'You were a good girl not to let the puppy out. Come in to breakfast now.'

I rose, feeling my first pang of hypocrisy, but above everything my whole soul welled up in gratitude to the man—that noble, omnipotent Mister!

And across the years of half a lifetime I still am wishing that I could thank him.

AN IDEAL EDITORSHIP

I WAS the officer in charge of fresh (i.e. frozen) meat, serving both the British and the French armies. My customers took about a hundred tons a day, and as I had to account for every hind of beef or carcass of mutton that left our cold-storage dépôt, the job had its responsibilities. One day in March an orderly presented me with an official message. 'Report at once to the Brigadier-General at Army Headquarters,' it said. So on went my best uniform and over the side went I. I have omitted to mention that my cold-storage dépôt was the S.S. Pecuaire, well-known in the banana trade and duly fitted with a freezing apparatus covering four roomy hatches.

Ashore I found the brigadier.

'You understand newspaper work,' he began: 'I want you to edit the *Balkan News*.'

I saluted—and here I am, quite the most conspicuous editor in Salonica.

Before we go any further, I had better explain the sheet I was ordered to take over. In November, 1915, when the British first landed, a local firm of

printers and newspaper owners decided to speculate in a daily paper for 'Tommy.' There was no opposition; the whole of the Salonica Expeditionary Force would be at their mercy. They hired the one English-speaking person available, purchased a copious supply of paste, subscribed to half-a-dozen British newspapers and butted in. For news they went to Army Headquarters and were given the daily sheet that comes by wireless; also they had the use of the news-service of two local papers. The *Balkan News* as we first knew it was therefore a thing of scissors and paste, varied by a sprinkling of indifferently edited or translated telegrams. To add to the comedy, the person in charge was a hot pro-German, possibly an agent, though hardly in a position to do much harm. Our General Staff had decided to put an end to this anomalous situation, and with the full concurrence of the proprietors — hot Ententistes — had cast about for an officer familiar with newspaper work. Apparently I was the most conspicuous of such fauna.

I took over the *News* a month ago, and since that date the scissors and paste have vanished, our circulation is bounded only by the capacity of the machine, and I have to turn away the advertisers. In brief, I am holding what can only be described as an ideal editorship.

The first ideal feature of my present 'divarshon' is that none of us works for money. I edit for fun, my assistant-editor (another officer) does likewise, and so does Rifleman Gulliver, who sub-edits. Each of us receives our out-of-pocket expenses, and there it ends. We are excused all other duties. Our contributors are in the same happy plight, excepting the duties. Our contributors, however, are our readers. All the editor has to do is to wade

through about thirty manuscripts every morning, pick out the best ones, and send them to the printer. I have a three-page sheet to fill, a bare six or seven thousand words, and a third of this space is devoted to news. This last item comes to Army Headquarters by wireless from the fleet and gives us little trouble.

Another ideal feature is the absence of competition, so while I cater for everybody I need pander to no one. The ordinary editor often refuses a poem or an essay because it is 'above the heads' of his readers. I have no such concern. A youthful Keats, Chatterton, or Meredith would find instant appreciation in the *Balkan News*. Probably I would choke off a Chesterton or an Oscar Wilde as too given to fireworks, and the yellow journalist with a sensational and overloaded story would promptly get shown the door. I edit for the average healthy individual; and for an editor so constituted Thomas Atkins and his officers are the ideal contributors. And only once have I attempted a scoop. It happened this way.

There was an air-raid at 5.30 one morning. I stood on the roof of my hotel and watched it till all the glass went and my perch shook like a jelly. So the rest of the show had to be observed from the quay. An air-raid is really rather exciting if one has plenty of company, if one is wide awake and in good physical condition, and if one has not the bad luck to get hit. The thing lasted a good half-hour and then, still in pajamas and overcoat, I went to the office and stopped the press. We were the only morning paper in Salonica that had an account of the raid. Otherwise I have not yielded to 'the commercial spirit of the age,' and I'm afraid that this sole occasion was regarded rather more as sporting than as commercial.